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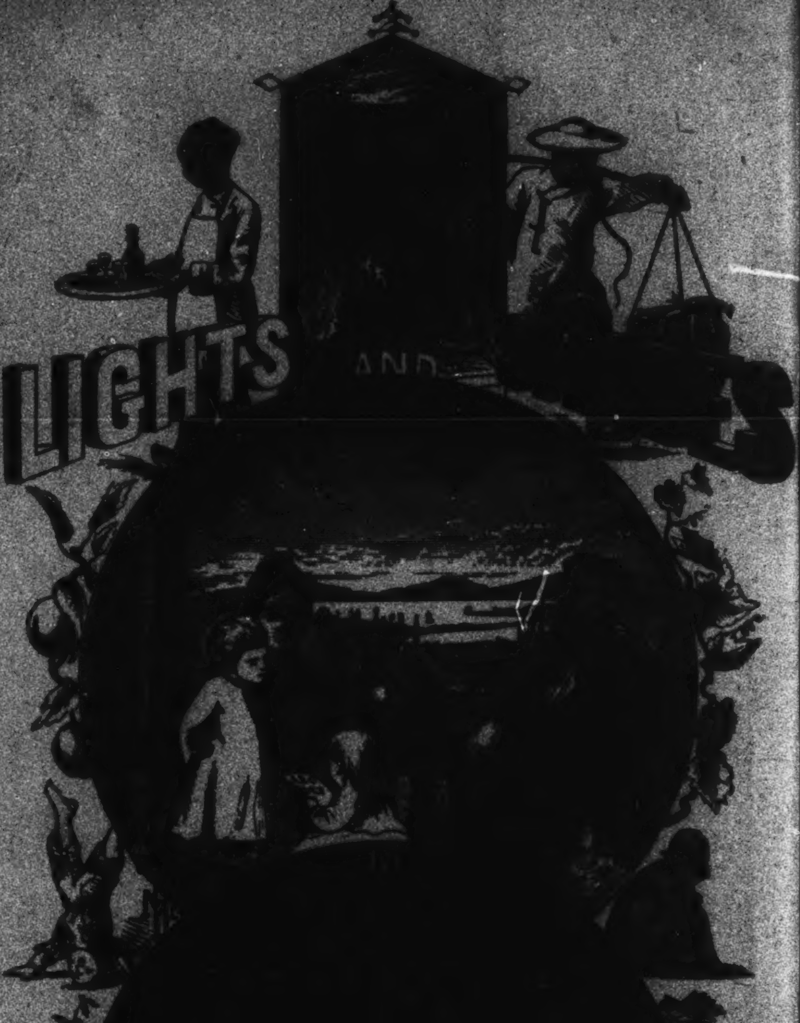
LIGHTS
AND
S
SAN FRANCISCO.

LIGHTS AND SHADES

IN

SAN FRANCISCO.

BY

B.enj E. LLOYD.

WITH APPROPRIATE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Dared I but say a prophecy,
As sung the holy men of old,
Of rock-built cities yet to be
Along these shining shores of gold,
Crowding athirst into the sea,
What wondrous marvels might be told!
Enough to know that Empire here
Shall burn her loftiest, brightest star.
—POET OF THE SIERRAS.

SAN FRANCISCO:
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WHY.

LIFE, in San Francisco, is intense, and has marked peculiarities. It is not passive in a single particular. The manners, customs, business, and pleasure of the people, are opposed to inactivity, at all seasons and in all things.

The growth of San Francisco has been rapid; perhaps, unprecedented. The exciting causes that led to this, have formed her characteristics. There is some romance surrounding her development; and, mingled in it, there was much vivid reality. But it has been purely San Franciscan.

The purpose of this volume is to give, in an associated form, sketches of the peculiar characteristics of this young metropolis; to make prominent her individuality; to show the reader San Francisco as she is to-day, and in doing this, give him, also, some insight into the causes that led to so rapid a growth.

Much that this volume contains has been previously offered to the public, in print; so, therefore, we make no claim to originality. We have simply revived, and endeavored to renew. It has been our aim to treat only those subjects that are of interest to all, and present them in a concise and terse style. How we have succeeded, the reader must judge.

THE AUTHOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 1, 1876.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE
LIGHTS AND SHADES .... Frontispiece
PALACE HOTEL 50
CLIFF-HOUSE AND SEAL ROCKS 71
INTERIOR OF THE GREAT STEEL VAULT (SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY) ... 88
MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING 116
INTERIOR VIEW OF WADE'S OPERA HOUSE 146
VIEW OF CLAY STREET SHOWING THE WIRE RAILROAD 175
REPRESENTATIVE CHINESE 218
INTERIOR OF CHINESE THEATRE 244
VIEW OF GODS IN CHINESE "JOSS" HOUSE 269
BANCROFT'S BUILDING—SECTIONAL VIEW 294
VIEW IN WOODWARD'S GARDENS 325
"GIT YOUR RAZORS' GROUND" 357
THE "BALDWIN"—HOTEL AND ACADEMY OF MUSIC 376
THE U. S. MINT 397
THE "COLIMA" OF THE P. M. S. S. CO.'S FLEET 423
THE DENMAN SCHOOL BUILDING 472
THE "FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE" 476
THE OLD MISSION DOLORES 501
THE MISSION DOLORES—RESTORED 501
DEPARTURE OF STEAMER—STEAMER-DAY 522
GOLDEN GATE (Vignette) 16

CONTENTS.

I.

SAN FRANCISCO.

PAGES.

THE MISSION "DOLORES"—ITS FOUNDERS—EARLY VISITORS TO SAN FRANCISCO—THE EFFECT OF THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD—RAPID POPULATION—FIRES—THE HOUNDS—ASSASSINATION OF JAMES KING OF WILLIAM—THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF '56—EXECUTION OF CORA AND CASEY—IMPRISONMENT OF JUDGE TERRY—THE VIGILANTS DISBAND—THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—SAN FRANCISCO, THE "PARIS OF AMERICA"—THE CLIMATE, SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, ETC.........17–32

II.

MINING STOCKS.

THE DIFFERENT STOCK BOARDS—"BULLS" AND "BEARS"—MEETING OF THE BOARDS, AND ATTENDING EXCITEMENT—"WILD CATS"—CURBSTONE BROKERS—WHO SPECULATE IN STOCKS—SOME RESULTS—A DARK PICTURE—A BRIGHTER SIDE—MAGNITUDE OF THE BUSINESS—BROKERS' SHARP PRACTICE—"PUTS" AND "CALLS"—MARGINS—THE EFFECT OF A LIFE ON CALIFORNIA STREET......................33–45

III.

THOMAS STARR KING.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE—HIS DEATH—HIS GENIUS AND LABOR...46–49

IV.

THE PALACE HOTEL.

ITS INCEPTION AND COMPLETION—ITS IMMENSITY—THE ARCHITECTURE—A LITTLE WORLD OF ITSELF—THE PROPRIETOR, WILLIAM SHARON—WARREN LELAND, THE LANDLORD.....50–57

V.

FOREIGNERS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

PAGES.

COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTER OF THE INHABITANTS—FAVORITE PURSUITS—INFLUENCE OF THE FOREIGN ELEMENT..........58–61

VI.

RESTAURANT LIFE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ABUNDANCE OF EATING-HOUSES — WHO PATRONIZE RESTAURANTS—MAISON DOREE—CAMPI'S — UNITED STATES RESTAURANT—OTHER EATING PLACES, AND WHO PATRONIZE THEM.62–66

VII.

THE CLIFF-HOUSE AND SEAL ROCKS.

THE VIEW — DRIVES TO AND FROM THE CLIFF — CLIFF-HOUSE—CAPT. FOSTER....................................67–70

VIII.

WILLIAM C. RALSTON.

HIS EARLY LIFE—ARRIVAL IN SAN FRANCISCO—CONNECTION WITH THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA—HIS DEATH—PUBLIC EXCITEMENT AT HIS DEATH—VALUE TO SAN FRANCISCO............,.71–77

IX.

BARBARY COAST.

THE CURSE-MARK ON SAN FRANCISCO'S BROW — PROSTITUTION — WAVERLY PLACE—GILDED PALACES—HOW THE RANKS ARE RECRUITED—CONTRASTING PICTURES..................78–87

X.

THE SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE BUILDING — THE COMPANY—THE VAULTS— SECURITY — THE PATROLS—J. C. DUNCAN, THE PROJECTOR 88–90

XI.

JAMES LICK.

HIS EARLY LIFE — IN SAN FRANCISCO — "LICK'S FOLLY" — HIS MUNIFICENCE 91–97

XII.

"JACK."

AT SEA—ASHORE—BETHELS—SAILORS' HOME—POOR "JACK".98–103

XIII.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

PAGES.
TELEGRAPH HILL—LONE MOUNTAIN........................104–107

XIV.

THE ÉLITE.

WHO ARE THEY—A WEDDING IN THE UPPER TEN—A FASHIONABLE FUNERAL..... 108-111

XV.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

ITS FOUNDING—SUCCESS—SUSPENSION AND RESUMPTION....112–115

XVI.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

REFINED PUBLIC TASTE—THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY—THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY—ODD FELLOWS' LIBRARY—SMALLER LIBRARIES...116–120

XVII.

SUNDAY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST BELL—SECOND BELL—SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS—PICNICS—BEER GARDENS—SUNDAY NIGHT 121–125

XVIII.

THE SUMNER LIGHT GUARD.

MILITARY—COMPANY E—AS MARKSMEN—THE "SUMNERS" SOCIALLY 126–131

XIX.

EMPEROR NORTON.

HIS EARLY LIFE—"EMPEROR OF CALIFORNIA AND PROTECTOR OF MEXICO"—DRESS, HABITS 132–134

XX.

THE COUNTY JAIL AND CITY PRISON.

THE COUNTY JAIL—THE CITY PRISON—PRISON LIFE.......135–139

XXI.

THE POLICE FORCE.

THE CITY GOVERNMENT—THE POLICE DEPARTMENT—STRENGTH OF THE FORCE—HEADQUARTERS OF THE DEPARTMENT..140–145

XXII.

THEATRES.

PAGES.

THE EMBRYOTIC PERIOD OF THE SAN FRANCISCO STAGE—THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE—JOHN McCULLOUGH—MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE AND NEW THEATRE—WADE'S OPERA HOUSE AND ART GALLERY—OTHER PLACES OF AMUSEMENT............146-158

XXIII.

MARK TWAIN'S INNOCENCE (AT HOME).

A LECTURE—HE MEETS OPPOSITION—OMINOUS PROTESTS—DEFIANCE TO ALL.................................159-161

XXIV.

CALIFORNIA'S HISTORIAN.

HUBERT H. BANCROFT—HIS GREAT LIBRARY—LITERARY WORKSHOP—"THE NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC STATES"—FORTHCOMING WORKS.........................162-171

XXV.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

THE EFFICIENCY OF THE FORCE—THE GOVERNMENT OF THE DEPARTMENT—THE UNDERWRITERS' FIRE PATROL.......172-174

XXVI.

STREET RAILROADS.

THE BENEFITS OF STREET RAILWAYS—EXTENT OF THE BUSINESS—CLAY STREET HILL RAILROAD—ABUSES—QUERY.......175-179

XXVII.

SALOONS.

DRUNKENNESS—ARISTOCRATIC SALOONS—HOT LUNCH—CORNER GROCERIES....................................180-185

XXVIII.

THE PRESS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE PRESS—THE ALTA CALIFORNIA—BULLETIN AND CALL—THE EXAMINER—THE EVENING POST—THE STOCK REPORT—THE STOCK EXCHANGE—FIGARO—DAILIES AND WEEKLIES IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES—WEEKLIES........................186-202

XXIX.

GAMBLING.

PAGES.
THE FIRST "GAME OF CHANCE" IN CALIFORNIA—GAMBLING IN SAN FRANCISCO—GAMBLING-HOUSES..................203–207

XXX.

THE SUBJECTS OF THE CELESTIAL KINGDOM.

THE MONGOLIAN'S HOME—HIS MIGRATION—INFLUENCE ON THE COUNTRY..208–217

XXXI.

THE CHINESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE NUMBER—DOMESTIC HABITS, DRESS, CUSTOMS, ETC.—NEW YEAR—A FUNERAL—A BANQUET—COST OF LIVING.....218–235

XXXII.

CHINATOWN.

ACQUISITION OF TERRITORY—ECONOMY OF SPACE—THE BUSINESS HOUSES OF THE CHINAMEN—SIGN-BOARD LITERATURE...236–343

XXXIII.

BUSINESS HABITS OF THE CHINESE.

AN ENTERPRISING RACE—FAVORITE PURSUITS—APTNESS—CHINESE EXCLUSIVELY—TAXPAYING.........................244–253

XXXIV.

A NIGHT STROLL THROUGH CHINATOWN.

UPON THE STREETS—GAMBLING-HOUSES—HOUSES OF PROSTITUTION—OPIUM DENS—BACK! A LEPER!—IN THE THEATRE.254–266

XXXV.

唐番公報

A CHINESE NEWSPAPER—MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE......267–268

XXXVI.

THE RELIGION OF THE CHINESE.

CONFUCIUS, LAO-TSZE, BUDDHA—HEATHEN TEMPLES........269–275

XXXVII.

THE SIX CHINESE COMPANIES.

PAGES.
CO-OPERATION—THE SIX COMPANIES 276–279

XXXVIII.

MISSION WORK AMONG THE CHINESE.

CHRISTIANIZING THE HEATHEN—THE WORK OF THE CHURCHES OF SAN FRANCISCO 280–285

XXXIX.

THE "HEATHEN CHINEE."

HIS TACT—THE MEMORIAL OF THE SIX COMPANIES—PECULIAR ENTERPRISE OF THE HEATHEN 286–293

XL.

A. L. BANCROFT & CO., PUBLISHERS.

FOUNDING OF THE HOUSE—BUILDING AND DEPARTMENTS ... 294–296

XLI.

THE "HOODLUM."

WHO IS HE—WHERE IS HE—PROBLEMS 297–300

XLII.

BRET HARTE AND THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

A VENTURE—THE LITERATI OF SAN FRANCISCO—FAILURE—BRET HARTE'S "FIRST" POEM 301–307

XLIII.

THE FOUNDRIES.

IRON MANUFACTURING—UNION IRON WORKS—RISDON IRON WORKS—PACIFIC IRON WORKS 308–317

XLIV.

EARTHQUAKES.

THE DREAD OF "EASTERNERS"—TWO MEMORABLE DAYS—INCIDENTS—TREMBLINGS 318–324

XLV.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.

THE GROUNDS—THE MUSEUM—THE PAVILION—THE ZOOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT—THE AQUARIUM—SEAL PONDS—OTHER ATTRACTIONS—HARRY ANDREWS, MANAGER 325–331

XLVI.

A BONANZA DEVELOPMENT.

PAGES.
A SAN FRANCISCO SPECIMEN — WHENCE CAME IT — THE STRUCTURE—THE RESERVE FUND—THE PROPRIETORS.......332-335

XLVII.

STREET PREACHING.

THE HABITUES OF THE STREET — THE PREACHERS — THE AUDIENCE.............................. 336-339

XLVIII.

THE NIGHT WORKERS.

FOR SOME MUST WORK WHILE OTHERS SLEEP 340-342

XLIX.

THE HAMMAM.

AN ORIENTAL BUILDING — THE BATHS — VALUE OF THE HOT-AIR BATH.....................................343-348

L.

SUICIDE—INSANITY.

SUICIDE MANIA—MOST COMMON CAUSES OF SELF-DESTRUCTION—DIFFERENT METHODS EMPLOYED—INSANITY 349-352

LI.

GOLDEN GATE PARK.

CONTRASTS—DESCRIPTIVE—DIFFICULTIES TO OVERCOME—VISITORS TO THE PARK—THE PARK COMMISSIONERS—PARK POLICE.353-356

LII.

STREET CRIERS.

A CITY—"TINS TO MEND"—"RAGS, SACKS AND BOTTLES"—QUACK MEDICINES—GAMINS—STREET ECHOES.........357-363

LIII.

THE CEMETERIES.

LONE MOUNTAIN—LAUREL HILL CEMETERY—CHINESE GRAVES—MASONIC AND ODD FELLOWS' BURIAL GROUNDS — CALVARY CEMETERY..364-368

LIV.

E. J. BALDWIN'S HOTEL AND THEATRE.

PAGES.
E. J. BALDWIN—THE "BALDWIN"—BALDWIN'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.....369–376

LV.

THE MARKETS.

FRUITS—VEGETABLES—MEATS AND FISH.....377–378

LVI.

DIVORCES—SUDDEN DEATHS.

SOCIETY DISEASED—ALARMING STATISTICS—"UNTIL DEATH US DO PART"—SOME CAUSES—SUDDEN DEATHS.....379–385

LVII.

ACROSS THE BAY.

OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA—CROSSING THE FERRY—OVERLAND ARRIVALS—SAN RAFAEL, SAUCELITO, AND SAN QUENTIN.....386–396

LVIII.

GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

THE MINT—THE POST-OFFICE—THE CUSTOMHOUSE.....397–400

LIX.

THE TRIBE OF ISRAEL.

THE JEWS AS CITIZENS—SYNAGOGUES.....401–404

LX.

BLACKMAILING AND CONFIDENCE GAMES.

HOW BLACKMAILING IS PRACTICED—A BIOGRAPHICAL FIEND—CLIPPINGS FROM A DETECTIVE'S DIARY—CONFIDENCE SWINDLERS—NEWSPAPERS AS ABETTORS.....405–413

LXI.

THE PALETTE AND EASEL.

THE SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION—SAN FRANCISCO ARTISTS—ELAINE.....414–419

LXII.

THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

SAN FRANCISCO'S PHOTOGRAPHERS.....420–422

LXIII.

THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

PAGES.

ORIGIN—THE FLEET—OCEAN TRAVEL AND TRAFFIC—A FLOATING PALACE—SAN FRANCISCO WHARVES AND OFFICE.......423-427

LXIV.

CHARITIES.

BENEVOLENCE—BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES—HOSPITALS—ASYLUMS 428-435

LXV.

SAN FRANCISCO'S FORTIFICATIONS.

THE WATCH-DOG AT THE GATE—ALCATRAZ—OTHER POINTS OF DEFENSE.......................................436-442

LXVI.

QUACKS.

QUACKERY—SPECIALISTS—QUACK LITERATURE—EXAMPLES OF SUCCESS..443-448

LXVII.

HOTELS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

HOTEL LIFE—FIRST-CLASS HOTELS—HOTELS OF THE SECOND RANK—OTHER HOTELS.............................449-452

LXVIII.

THE DEYOUNG BROTHERS AND THE "MORNING CHRONICLE."

AN EXAMPLE OF ENTERPRISE—THE "DRAMATIC CHRONICLE"—THE "SAN FRANCISCO DAILY MORNING CHRONICLE"—LIBEL SUITS—CIRCULATION AND MANAGEMENT—CHARLES AND M. H. DEYOUNG.................................353-467

LXIX.

CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.

"THE ARGONAUTS OF 'FORTY-NINE"—SOCIETY OF PIONEERS—THE TERRITORIAL PIONEERS..........................468-471

LXX.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

LIBERALITY—MANAGEMENT AND CLASSIFICATION—THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS—THE TEACHERS—THE COST OF MAINTAINING THEM—PIONEER SCHOOLS.........................472-475

LXXI.

THE AMERICAN DISTRICT TELEGRAPH.

PAGES.
HOW OPERATED — A CONVENIENCE AND PROTECTION — THE SAN FRANCISCO COMPANY 476-477

LXXII.

THE TURF.

THE HIGH-METTLED RACERS—THE RACING REGISTER—TROTTING HORSES—THE CALIFORNIA TROTTERS' RECORD 478-482

LXXIII.

CLUBS.

THEIR PREVALENCE AND OBJECTS—SAN FRANCISCO CLUBS — THE UNION, PACIFIC, CALIFORNIA, TURN-VEREIN, CALEDONIAN, BOHEMIAN AND OLYMPIC 483-487

LXXIV.

KEARNY AND MONTGOMERY STREETS.

FASHIONABLE THOROUGHFARES—SHOW-WINDOW DISPLAYS—KEARNY STREET AT NIGHT 488-491

LXXV.

THE CHURCHES.

PROTESTANTISM—CATHOLICISM 492-498

LXXVI.

EARLY REMINISCENCES.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINE, A. D.—A HUNDRED YEARS AGO—THE JESUIT DYNASTY—YERBA BUENA—GOLD! GOLD!!—SUPERLATIVE—DESPERADOES AND THEIR ANTIDOTES—DUELING—"STEAMER-DAY" 499-523

LIGHTS AND SHADES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

I.

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE MISSION "DOLORES"—ITS FOUNDERS—EARLY VISITORS TO SAN FRANCISCO—THE EFFECT OF THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD—RAPID POPULATION—FIRES—THE "HOUNDS"—ASSASSINATION OF JAMES KING OF WILLIAM—THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF '56—EXECUTION OF CORA AND CASEY—IMPRISONMENT OF JUDGE TERRY—THE VIGILANTS DISBAND—THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—SAN FRANCISCO, THE "PARIS OF AMERICA"—THE CLIMATE, SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, ETC.

THE MISSION DOLORES—ITS FOUNDERS.

SAN FRANCISCO is of considerable antiquity. On the 17th of September, 1776, the presidio of San Francisco was founded. On the 9th of the following month, the mission "De los Dolores de Nuestro Padre San Francisco de Asis" was established. This mission was named in honor of Saint Francis of Assisi, the founder of the order of Franciscans. In remembrance of his sufferings the mission itself was commonly known as the "Mission Dolores," while the presidio and fort kept the Saint's name. The mission system adopted by these early Fathers was for the conversion of the native Indians. The presidios were for defense. Parts of the old Mission Dolores are standing to-day—some of the outer adobe walls and patches of the interior finish. The presidio was an enclosure of about three hundred yards square, surrounded by an adobe wall from ten to twelve feet high. Part of the wall yet remains, a reminder of those early days. It has always been a matter of doubt whether San Francisco was ever a *pueblo*. In the early American career of the city, this was a subject of much dispute. The Supreme Court of the State, and also the Federal Court of the district, however, decided that it was.

From 1779 to 1830 San Francisco enjoyed an undisturbed repose; a sort of "Sleepy Hollow" drowsiness reigned supreme over all its inhabitants, the dull monotony of which was only disturbed by an occasional visit from exploring or trading vessels, drifting, as it were, almost by accident up the channel, through the Golden Gate. Among these vessels were the American ships *Alexander* and *Aser*, which entered the harbor on the 1st of August, 1803. In 1807 the Russians made their appearance.

That there was little of the spirit of progression and enterprise among the population is very evident. In 1834, more than fifty years after its founding, San Francisco, or the Mission Dolores, had only a population of five hundred Indians. Their possessions were five thousand horned cattle, one thousand six hundred horses and mules, four thousand sheep, goats and hogs, and two thousand five hundred bushels of grain.

On July 8, 1846, the American flag was hoisted for the first time in San Francisco. From this time forward, the city may be said to have been under American rule. During this month a company of Mormons from New York, with Samuel Brannan as leader, arrived and camped at the base of the sand-hills. Had it not been that dissensions and quarrels sprung up among them and caused their disbandment, it is highly probable that San Francisco, and not Salt Lake, would have been the seat of the earthly kingdom of these saints.

THE EFFECT OF THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

In January, 1847, the American inhabitants numbered about three hundred, and the city boasted of a weekly newspaper, the *California Star*, published by Mr. Brannan. The overland immigration had marked out a trail during this year, and the influx that followed gradually swelled the population of the little town until, in March of the succeeding year, it numbered over eight hundred. Everything now bade fair for the young metropolis. The older towns in the State acknowledged the superior locality of San Francisco. A hum of business was abroad in its streets. Steamers were panting on the Bay.

It had been whispered during the spring that rich gold diggings had been discovered in the up-country. Every day the rumors gained credence. Small parties packed up, and went on prospecting tours. By June, the truth of the rumor was known. Carpenters dropped their hammers. Blacksmiths closed their shops. Storekeepers left their counters; teachers, their schools; preachers, their pulpits; printers, their type-cases; and editors, their sanctums. Everybody was feverish with anxiety to be off; and suddenly, "as if by a plague, the town was depopulated." Scarce an able-bodied man was to be seen upon the streets.

However, many soon became disgusted with the rough life in the mining camp, and returned to the city. Others who had gone to try their fortunes were successful and came back laden with the precious metal. In due time the news was abroad in the Eastern States, and then it was that the great rush to the California gold field was inaugurated. San Francisco was the port of destination to those who made the journey by water, and many who came overland, after a brief sojourn in the mines, naturally drifted to the city. The inhabitants numbered two thousand in the first of the year 1849. Money was plenty —not coin, but gold dust, nuggets and ingots. Enormous prices were paid for labor of all kinds. Crime was rampant. In the summer of '49 the organization of desperadoes, known as the "Hounds," perpetrated their outrages. Gambling was in high repute. Yet the city progressed with giant strides. By the end of the year there were twenty thousand inhabitants. Six hundred and ninety-seven vessels had arrived in seven and a half months. Board was five dollars a day. A small room with a single bed rented for one hundred and fifty dollars a month. Wood cost forty dollars per cord, and flour and pork forty to sixty dollars per barrel. Commercially the port of San Francisco was up to the standard of Philadelphia. Such was the condition of affairs in San Francisco, when, on May 1, 1850, the first Legislature voted it a city charter.

Previous to this date the city government had been administered under an Alcalde. Under the new charter, this office was transferred to the Mayoralty. Colonel J. W. Geary holding the office of Alcalde when the Americanized charter was created, succeeded to the office of Mayor. So great a flood of population coming in so suddenly, was more than the meagre hospitality afforded at that time could accommodate; it was a city of tents. There was much discomfort had on account of the excess of rain during the winter. The streets were unimproved, and to those who were thus poorly domiciled it was a gloomy outlook. Omnibuses that were too heavy for the condition of the streets, were used as restaurants; old ships were beached and converted into "first-class" boarding-houses. When the rainy season had passed, those who contemplated remaining in the city set to work constructing better dwelling-places. Houses were merely thrown together. Large buildings were run up like a mushroom's growth. Constructed as they were out of redwood, with paper ceilings and cloth partitions, they were but kindling to the fire-fiend, should he start on a tour of devastation. On May 4, 1850, a fire broke out that consumed three million dollars' worth of property. On the 14th of June following, another fire destroyed four millions worth, and in September a half million dollars' worth of property was lost in a conflagration.

During the half decade from 1850 to 1855, the city enjoyed unparalleled prosperity; there was thrift on every hand. The Bay in those days was a busy scene, and commerce reaped a splendid harvest. Everything for consumption was imported, while the exports were a few hides and millions of gold. In 1852 the vessels arriving at this port averaged seven a day. Numerous wharves were run far out into deep water, costing millions of dollars for their building. Steamers were plowing through the bay, and up the rivers. Everything was alive with business, and money was superabundant.

Yet there were many trials undergone, and many obstacles had to be met by the inhabitants. Desperadoes and villains of all classes flocked to the city from all parts of the world. Crime was open-faced. The courts were inactive and lynch law ofttimes prevailed. Vigilance Committees were often formed, and would for a time take the punishment of criminals in their hands. Disastrous fires were of frequent occurrence.

ASSASSINATION OF JAMES KING OF WILLIAM.

In the common rule of nature, after a protracted calm there is usually a storm; so, often is it the experience in the lives of men, that, after a season of prosperity, follows a period of adversity. San Francisco, by reason of her exceeding prosperity, could not claim exemption from calamities. A financial breaker rolled over her that wrecked some of her most seaworthy craft. Page, Bacon & Co., bankers; Adams & Co., Dr. Wright's Savings Bank, and James King of William, were prominent among those who succumbed to the pressure. Following this, came a sort of social anarchy. Society was sore diseased. Villainy wielded the balance of power, and honesty was at a discount. "The law's delay, the insolence of office," became the chafing cause of much discomfort. Honest voters on election day felt that it was but ill-spent time to cast a vote. Ballot-box stuffing, not *vox populi*, placed men in office. In short, the town was ruled by gamblers, rowdies and State-prison convicts. "Sydney ducks" were cackling in the pond.

At this juncture, James King of William took the editorial chair, and began the publication of the *Evening Bulletin*. Notwithstanding he was a tyro in the profession, his power was felt among the evildoers. He applied the lash without respect to rank or wealth. Dealing with facts alone, he feared no libel suits. He unveiled crime wherever it existed. When it was supposed that Cora, the murderer of Marshal Richardson, was loosely held by the sheriff, he came out in the boldest terms. Said he: "If Mr. Sheriff Scannell does not remove Billy Mulligan from his present post as keeper of the County Jail, and Mulligan lets Cora escape, hang Billy Mulligan; and if necessary to get rid of the sheriff, hang him—hang the sheriff!" An attack of similar tone upon one Casey—a member of the Board of Supervisors—led to the attempted assassination of Mr. King, on the 14th day of May, 1856. Casey was an ex-convict of Sing Sing Prison, and in the editorial by Mr. King this fact was set forth. Casey revenged himself by shooting Mr. King down in the street a few hours after the article was published. The sympathy of the best citizens was with the wounded man. Fearing an attack on the jail where Casey was confined, the military were ordered out. The enraged citizens gathered about the prison. Excitement ran high. Mayor Van Ness attempted to address them from the front of the jail. He advised them to disperse, and let the law take its course; but the lion was roused. Cries came up from the restless multitude, "Where is the law?" "There is too much law and too little justice in California." "Down with such justice!" At a late hour of the night the crowd dispersed.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

But this temporary lull was only a time of quiet preparation for a general uprising of the outraged subjects of a law whose letter was good, but the administration of which was in the hands of men for whose punishment the law was made. The Vigilance Committee that had been organized as early as 1851, met and effected a reorganization. Within thirty hours after King was shot, more than two thousand names were enrolled on their books. Hundreds stood without the doors of the Committee's rooms, anxiously awaiting their turn to subscribe to a pledge, the principles of which, if carried out, would purge the city of the ballot-box stuffers, jury packers, swindlers, thieves and villains generally. The meetings were held with closed doors. This secrecy terrified the guilty, and many fled the city. Others attempted to enroll themselves among the number, but there was an "all-seeing eye" peering from the heading of the official paper, that signified that whether within the ranks of the organization or without, every one was subject to its penetrating gaze. This freed the ranks of all hypocrites.

The leading papers, although conservative in tone, with one exception, were considered favorable to the organization. The clergy withheld condemnation. One minister said in his pulpit: "A people can be justified in recalling delegated power and resuming its exercise in trying emergencies." Bulletins were posted in prominent places detailing King's condition. He still lingered, though it was evident his wound would prove fatal. The streets were thronged with armed men. With quiet tread they marched to the jail where Casey was confined. When a brass cannon had been mounted in range of the jail door, they demanded that he and Cora be delivered to their custody. With little delay the demand was acceded to. The trembling prisoners were conveyed in irons to the headquarters of the "Vigilantes." The following day, about noontime, James King of William breathed his last. The bells of the town tolled forth the melancholy tidings. Montgomery street, and in fact the whole city, soon wore the sable badge of mourning. Business of all kinds was suspended. Crape trimmings were draped upon many of the residences, and streamed from the door-knobs of the business houses. A paralyzing gloom for a time reigned supreme. One of the best citizens had gone to his death by the hand of an assassin. San Francisco was a plague-stricken city. No epidemic disease was raging; no famine was tormenting the inhabitants; but there was an even more dreaded calamity afflicting them—crime in its most dangerous form held the mastery. The streets in all directions were darkened with men hurriedly pressing on to the headquarters of the "Vigilantes." It was the prevailing opinion that the criminals confined there would be speedily executed after the death of Mr. King. But this was erroneous. Casey was having his trial. There was not to be any punishment administered to the innocent; and if *he* was found guiltless, he should go free.

On the succeeding day, a vast concourse of people slowly wended their way to Lone Mountain, where they deposited in its last resting-place the body of the mourned dead. But previous to this, Casey's trial had been concluded, and a sentence of murder entered against him.

While the greater part of the populace were witnessing the last sad rites at the grave of their dead friend, quiet preparations were going on at the committee-rooms for the enacting of a scene that would strike terror to the heart of every criminal. A scaffold had been shot out from the second-story window of the committee-rooms; Casey and Cora were placed upon it, and the same bells that tolled the funeral march, sounded the dirge of these doomed criminals. Ere the fleetest of foot had returned from the grave, the bodies of Casey and Cora were dangling from the cornice.

The Vigilance Committee had begun their purging task in earnest. They soon had arrested several of the most notorious villains, and, when a fortnight had passed, the city presented a more peaceful aspect. The coroner's work had been much reduced. The newspapers were minus the regular bloody record. No more was it considered of great risk to walk abroad at night time, and security was felt by all law-abiding citizens. But the vicious and criminal classes, if any remained, were restless with anxiety; what had been their place of refuge was now the most dangerous ground for them to tread.

There were some among the inhabitants who at this stage of its existence deemed it proper that the Committee should disband. Two of the daily papers came out in opposition to longer vigilance rule; one prominent clergyman strenuously opposed them. The politicians undertook to make capital out of its existence, and a strong faction urged that it disband. Meetings were appointed of anti-vigilante character, but the sympathy of the masses was yet with the Committee.

On the third of June, 1856, Governor Johnson issued a proclamation declaring San Francisco in a state of insurrection. William T. Sherman was commissioned major-general, and in his proclamation the Governor commanded all volunteer companies, and all persons subject to military duty, to report at once to him, and remain in readiness for further orders. The Vigilance Committee was commanded to disband.

This, perhaps, was the plain duty of the Governor, but the good results following the reign of the Committee made the existence of that organization the desire of the masses. A few men enrolled themselves, but the proclamation was by no means received favorably. Seeing that there would probably be some attempt made by the Governor and his adherents to force it to disband, the Committee opened its books for new enlistments, fortified its headquarters, and made general preparations for defense. In this dilemma the Governor applied to the President at Washington for advice and aid. The President declined to interfere. Some misunderstanding having obtained between Major Sherman and the Governor, the former tendered his resignation. This was accepted, and Mr. Volney E. Howard was appointed as his successor. A shipment of arms and ammunition, in charge of Reuben Maloney, to Major Howard, had been made from Sacramento by the Governor, and the Vigilance Committee, learning of this, sent out a squad of men, who boarded the vessel and transferred to the Committee's arsenal all the ammunition and arms. Another schooner was making a landing about this time, having on board, as was supposed, a cargo of bricks.

The Vigilants looked upon this craft with suspicious eyes, and, after going on board and turning up a few layers of bricks, discovered twelve cases of rifles and six of ammunition. This was another installment from the Governor to Major Howard. These also soon found storage in the Committee's arsenal. This was on June 20, 1856.

On the day following, a meeting of the Committee was held, at which it desired Mr. Maloney to be present, to explain the circumstances connected with the shipment of arms that he had charge of. Mr. A. Hopkins, of the Vigilance police, was detailed to go and bring him. He, with two assistants, proceeded to the office of Dr. H. P. Ashe, United States Naval Agent, where they found Maloney in company with Dr. Ashe and Associate Justice David S. Terry, of the Supreme Court. These two gentlemen informed Hopkins that no arrest could be made in their presence. Hopkins, therefore, returned to the Committee's rooms for reinforcements.

During his absence, Terry and Ashe armed themselves and descended to the street with Maloney, whom they designed to escort to the armory on Dupont Street and place him in charge of the "Law and Order" troops. Hopkins's party, however, soon overtook them. As they drew near to each other, Terry and Ashe handled their arms in so threatening a manner as to cause Hopkins to suppose that resistance would be made. Hopkins sprang upon Terry, while another officer seized Ashe. The latter surrendered at once, but Terry struggled desperately to free himself, and, before the struggle was ended, Hopkins received a severe cut in the neck from a knife in the hands of Terry. During the excitement that this conflict naturally occasioned, the three escaped. The great bell over the rooms of the Vigilant Committee sounded a call to arms. Men of all trades and professions quit their respective offices or workshops, and, in an hour's time, the streets were filled with an excited multitude rushing with great speed to the Committee's rooms. Vigilants had soon surrounded the Dupont Street armory. The soldiery that occupied this, seeing that resistance would be useless, sued for peace. The conditions of the treaty were brief and to the point. The Vigilants demanded the persons of Judge Terry and Reuben Maloney. These gentlemen were brought out, and then the whole armory, with its quota of muskets was given, over to the besiegers. In hot haste they marched through the city to every armory or place where the "Law and Order" forces were stationed, and by night the Vigilantes were masters of the city. Not a shot had been fired.

The prison cells at the Committee's rooms were filled with men who had been captured at the "Law and Order" armories. Hopkins, the officer wounded by Judge Terry, was in a critical condition, and Terry was languishing in his cell, perhaps secretly hoping that the gash he had inflicted would soon heal, for upon the recovery of his victim depended his escape from the gallows. With the Vigilants, rank and position had no influence. Terry, however, had many friends who interested themselves in his behalf. In Texas, his former home, the Legislature submitted a memorial to Congress, praying the Federal Government to interfere in his behalf. It was hotly debated and referred to the Judiciary Committee, but was never reported upon. When Hopkins had recovered, and after a protracted trial, in which over one hundred and fifty witnesses had been examined, Judge Terry was liberated, having occupied his cell as prisoner for almost seven weeks. He was advised by the Committee to resign his judgeship.

The 12th of August, 1856, found the cells of the Vigilance Committee empty. The city enjoyed unusual immunity from crime and disorder. The members of the Committee felt there was no further work, for the present, required of them; therefore they publicly signified their intention of immediately disbanding. Six days later—Monday, August 18—business in the city was generally suspended, and the streets were thronged with the inhabitants who had gathered to witness the grand final parade of the "San Francisco Committee of Vigilance." There was a flag presentation; speeches were made; and the Executive Committee published an address to the General Committee, setting forth the motives of organization, reciting that the purposes of the Committee had been accomplished, and recommending its members to return to their respective avocations, and let the civil authorities resume control of the city.

They, however, reserved the discretion of reassembling should emergencies arise when they felt the safety of life and society demanded such action. They kept their guards on duty until about the first of September, when the flag over the rooms was lowered, and thus ended the unwholesome conflict. The work they had performed spoke for itself. Four criminals had been executed; about twenty-five had been banished; and those whom fright drove from the city was variously estimated at from five to eight hundred. On the 3d of November the Committee surrendered the State arms that it had captured, to the Governor; the proclamation of insurrection was withdrawn, and things resumed their regular routine.

The example set by the metropolis, of the citizens thus taking the administration of the laws into their own hands, when the outlaws and vagabonds became too overbearing, has since been followed many times in almost all the prominent mining towns of the coast. These mining camps, in their prosperous days, become the "hunting-ground" of thieves, gamblers, murderers, and adventurers of all kinds, who sometimes commit such high-handed outrages that the law-abiding citizens are fain to rise in their wrath, and smite them hip and thigh. This sudden vengeance usually takes the form of "Lynch law," and the morals of the community are purged and cleansed by the expulsion or hanging of the leaders of the outlaws. Of late days, these Committees style themselves "601," and written "notices to quit," signed with this mystic number, generally offer sufficient inducement for suspected characters to change their places of abode, without further action being necessary. No mining camp of any notoriety has escaped the infliction of the "roughs;" but when the Committee of "601" is organized, and its official announcements are made, the towns are soon cleared of objectionable characters, who know the result of non-compliance with the order too well to brave it.

PROSPERITY.

The most exciting epoch in the history of San Francisco is now past. Since the disbandment of the Vigilance Committee in 1856, there has been a comparative exemption from riotous gatherings on her streets. Yet, almost every page of her history is crimsoned with blood, and crime and vice have always been more open than in many other cities of equal importance. This, however, can be accounted for by the rapid growth the city has made.

San Francisco is most decidedly cosmopolitan in its character. Through its broad gateway to the sea, and over its continental highway, have thronged people of all nations, all creeds, and all characters, having but one idea in common—the thirst for gold. Arriving here with exaggerated opinions of the fortunes to be made, they find that in California, as elsewhere, it takes work to make money. Many who are disappointed in their hopes of accumulating a fortune in a year's time, fall back on the metropolis of the coast as the best place to make a living without work. As this class increased, crime increased. Thieves and vagabonds of all kinds flock to "the city" to ply their nefarious vocations; and the records of our criminal courts show with what energy these outcasts carry out their plans. Notwithstanding the presence of so many of such classes, in proportion to the population, the advance of the city has been unprecedented.

In population, in commerce, in the arts and sciences, in short, in everything that tends to transform a town into a great metropolis, San Francisco has no peer. Nature has done much for her. Located as she is, on the magnificent Bay of San Francisco, whose waters can easily float the fleets of the world, and the position she occupies as to the Orient, has naturally brought through her gates the greater part of the traffic between the United States and that country. The agricultural and mineral resources of the State that have been developed in the last twenty years, have also done much toward the progress of the city.

The completion of the Central Pacific Railroad in 1869, opening up convenient and quick communication with the Eastern States and the interior, was the grand triumph for the city and State. From the time the first train came thundering down the Sacramento Valley with its freight of Eastern passengers, there has been an almost unceasing stream of travel pouring into the city. Long lines of freight cars have daily come and gone laden with the varied freights that the disturbed equilibrium of demand and supply keep in transit. It is no doubt true, however, that for a time after the completion of the railroad, the city of San Francisco itself felt its business in a measure depressed. The merchants of the city, accustomed before to receive all the orders for goods from the interior of California and Nevada, found that the interior merchants could make good bargains for themselves in the East, and that in this way much of the business of San Francisco was lost. A whole horde of "runners" from Eastern cities infested the coast, and to a great extent changed the channels of trade. The interior towns became more independent of the metropolis in the matter of supplies, and many of the country merchants began to import their own goods. However, as San Francisco commands so much capital, and all the large importers and wholesale dealers are here, these difficulties have adjusted themselves, and she still remains "queen of the Pacific." Her merchants are even more prosperous than of yore, as increase of population has brought with it increase of trade.

There have been some financial panics and disastrous fires that would for a time paralyze business and temporarily check the progress of the city; but San Franciscans seem to possess wonderful recuperative powers, and what would depress business in many cities for a twelvemonth, is but a "ten days' wonder" here. The most sudden and surprising crisis that has ever come upon the city, was the suspension of the Bank of California, in August, 1875. This calamity seemed to strike alarm to every heart. A real panic impended. The excitement it occasioned, together with the tragic events attending it, was for a few days the most intense. When, however, an official examination into the affairs of the bank was had, and an authoritative announcement had been made, that resumption would speedily ensue, the faith in the vitality of Californian institutions grew strong, and the public mind was again at ease.

CLIMATE—SCHOOLS—CHURCHES, ETC.

San Francisco has been denominated the Paris of America. This certainly should not be looked upon by her citizens as a disparagement. It is true that there are many manners and customs obtaining in Paris that are to be condemned; but what city can be named that surpasses her in the attainments that are the boast of modern civilization? If it be the good qualities of the French capital that San Francisco emulates so as to be yclept "Our Paris," then may she well be proud of the christening.

But we fear that the "fastness" of her inhabitants, their apparent disregard of the Sabbath, together with other naughty Parisian ways, is the cause of her having received that appellation.

San Francisco, as a place of residence, is preferable to most cities. The climate is pleasant at all seasons of the year. There is a bracing atmosphere that is wonderfully invigorating. The windy and foggy weather that prevails at certain seasons for a few weeks, is the most gloomy side of San Francisco climate. During the rainy season, or winter, the climate is delightful. The rainfall often occurs during the night, after which not unfrequently follows a bright sunny day. This brings light hearts and buoyant spirits, and the smile of Nature is reciprocated by the people. The bracing air tinges the cheek of the inhabitant with a ruddy glow. "Every one looks healthy in San Francisco," is a common expression of Eastern visitors. Epidemic diseases seldom prevail, but those afflicted with lung diseases or rheumatism should not tarry long in the city. There is too much moisture in the air for them, and the summer winds are too raw.

As with many other things, the climate works by the "rule of contrary." In the summer the people in the country come to the city to get cool, and the city people go to the country to get warm. In the "dry season" the interior of the State is hot and parched, while, at that time, the trade winds have begun to blow on the coast and San Francisco is seen at its dirtiest and worst. The country people, however, come to San Francisco to cool off and breathe long draughts of iodine-bearing sea air, wrapped in their overcoats the while, and the denizens of the metropolis hie themselves to the country to bask in the sunshine and loll about in their shirt-sleeves at their leisure. San Francisco itself is the windiest place on the coast, but when you get twenty miles away in either direction, north or south, you get out of the winds again and into a milder climate. The high winds, though disagreeable to some, are laden with health for the city. Those who cannot endure them must go south to the balmy atmosphere of Santa Barbara or San Diego, where they will find a climate to suit them and their complaint.

Kearny and Montgomery Streets are the fashionable thoroughfares of the city. On a pleasant Saturday evening it is bewildering to walk along Kearny Street—now the Broadway of San Francisco. It seems as if half the population were out for a promenade. Market Street also, on such occasions, is alive with walking humanity. Some of the shop windows on Kearny and Montgomery Streets are resplendent with gaudy displays.

Everything that the heart could wish can be had in San Francisco. The costliest toilettes, the richest jewels, every luxury for the table, can be purchased in abundance.

The hilly parts of the city are considered the most desirable for residence. The fog is not so dense there, and the drainage is better. On Post, Sutter, Bush, Pine and California Streets are to be seen many elegant dwellings. Those of some of the wealthy citizens are truly palatial.

Dwelling-house architecture in San Francisco differs much from that followed in Eastern cities. There seems to be a passion for bay windows—"they are all the rage." The smallest cottage and the grandest mansion have their bay or oriel windows; besides this, the architecture is more ornamental. There is a picturesqueness about it that is pleasing, but there is also, unfortunately, a great deal of sameness, as if everything was done by mill-work and by the same pattern. Very little architectural display is made on the dwelling-houses, if we except those of late date erected by stock millionaires. All the embellishment is put upon the business houses on California, Market, Montgomery and Kearny Streets, but even that is of a sameness. The houses are built lower than is usual in cities, and there are few of the immense seven-story buildings of Eastern towns. Occasional earthquakes, probably, remind the architects not to build too high and to keep their sky parlors pretty near the ground.

There are churches of every denomination in San Francisco. The clergy are able and sincere; the communicants are numerous and devoted. The public schools are excellent. The grades are well defined and the teachers must be competent educators. The attendance is very large.

The records of casualties, street fights, and runaway teams, rogues' dens, etc., that occupy prominent places in some of the daily papers, are enough to deter timid persons from visiting the city. We can assure these, however, that a watchful police at all times keep close vigil of the doings of men. The ordinary citizen does not see a street fight once a year. The inventive genius of the reporters who must furnish so much thrilling copy, it must be remembered, has something to do with these blood-curdling scenes, and the Barbary Coast must have its excitement.

There are many rich men in San Francisco, and few extremely poor. There are many good citizens, and morality has not lost its significance. There are also many vile and criminal creatures. San Francisco is a problem—it has *its* lights and shades.

II.

MINING STOCKS.

THE DIFFERENT STOCK BOARDS — "BULLS" AND "BEARS" — MEETING OF THE BOARDS AND ATTENDING EXCITEMENT — "WILD-CATS" — CURBSTONE BROKERS — WHO SPECULATE IN STOCKS — SOME RESULTS — A DARK PICTURE — THE BRIGHTER SIDE — MAGNITUDE OF THE BUSINESS — BROKERS' "SHARP PRACTICE" — "PUTS" AND "CALLS" — MARGINS — THE EFFECT OF A LIFE ON CALIFORNIA STREET.

THE DIFFERENT STOCK BOARDS.

CALIFORNIA STREET, until recently, has been the seat of all stock speculations. Between Sansome and Montgomery streets this business centres. The San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board meets there. This, among operators, is familiarly called the "Big" Board. The "Little" Board, or California Stock Exchange, has rooms at the terminus of Leidesdorff street, off California. The "New" Board, recently organized under the title of the Pacific Stock Exchange Board, occupies rooms at number 318 Montgomery street, near California. The greater bulk of the stock business, however, is transacted on California street. The great moneyed institutions of San Francisco are located there.

From Battery to Kearny street is the centre of the heaviest financial transactions. The Bank of California; the London and San Francisco Bank; the Merchants' Exchange Bank; the Anglo-Californian Bank; Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express Office and Banking Department; the Merchants' Exchange building; the Safe Deposit Co.'s building and vaults, together with many other important institutions, the conducting of which requires immense capital, are inside these limits. The buildings occupied by these various institutions are generally constructed of very substantial materials, the architecture being varied and unique. Three stories and a basement is the usual height.

The Safe Deposit Co.'s building is a beautiful structure, and that occupied by the London and San Francisco Bank is imposing and elegant.

The basements are mostly occupied by stock and money brokers, and the second and third stories by mining secretaries and capitalists. The brokers who are members of the different stock boards are mostly to be found in the best offices on California street, keeping the uninitiated and small brokers, as it were, on the suburbs of the business centre. Yet some of the most wealthy and influential operators are to be found in dingy offices on unimportant alley-ways or streets. It is possible that they retreat thither to enjoy solitude; but however this may be, there is always about them a band of hangers-on, who, when opportunity offers, obtrude themselves into their presence.

The San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board, by reason of age and prestige, enjoys the reputation of being the most aristocratic. Many of the millionaires have seats in this Board. Enrolled among its members may be seen the names of H. Schmiedell, Hon. J. P. Jones, J. H. Latham, the McDonalds, Hon. Wm. Sharon, and J. C. Flood and W. S. O'Brien of the Nevada Bank. This Board has now in process of construction a massive building which, when complete, will be occupied by it for the daily stock transactions. This building is on the south side of Pine street, between Montgomery and Sansome. On April 27, 1876, the ceremony of laying the corner-stone was performed. A vast number of curious people assembled to witness the baptismal rites as performed by the worshippers of Mammon. Col. W. H. L. Barnes delivered a brief but appropriate address, after which the metallic case containing numerous memorials was let down into its sarcophagus, and the finely wrought granite block was cemented upon it, to remain perhaps so long as time endures. A banquet and toasts followed in the evening at the Board Room, and there was much good cheer among the "Bulls" and "Bears" of California street, and their invited guests.

The building when complete will be an elegant and substantial monument to the real worth of the mineral deposits that those who erect it have aided so materially in developing. California street will have then lost its greatest attraction, and the quiet of the less exciting pursuits will reign where so long has echoed the cries of those who would woo the fickle goddess by dealing in stocks.

It is exceedingly difficult to obtain a seat in the San Francisco Stock Board. Besides having to submit to the scrutinizing search of the committee that is deputized to examine into his character, the applicant for membership must have a bank account of no mean proportions upon which he can draw should the ballot be in his favor. It is not unusual for persons to pay $30,000 for a seat in this body. The standard by which the applicant is judged is, however, not too high. Ostensibly he must possess honesty and integrity. There must be no stain upon his business character. But really if he be shrewd enough to keep the general public in ignorance of any sharp practices that he may have engaged in, this faculty will weigh well against any little "shortcomings." As a rule none but those possessing business integrity are admitted.

The California Stock Exchange is quite an old organization, and although it is called the "Little" Board there is nevertheless much business transacted in its rooms. The rules governing the admission of members are not so strictly enforced as in the other Board, and as a consequence unprincipled men are enrolled as members. But because some tares are mixed in with the wheat, we should not condemn the whole measure. There are men, members of this Board, whose characters are above reproach. The names of some of the wealthiest citizens, also, appear on its roll. The expense of a seat in this Board varies from $800 to $1000.

The Pacific Stock Exchange, although having been organized but a little more than a year, has stepped up nearly to the rank of the "Big" Board. The price of membership ranged high from the first. It would require now $10,000 to secure a seat in this body. The business done by this Board compares favorably with that transacted in the older and more aristocratic. E. J. Baldwin, John F. Boyd, A. J. Moulder, Wm. M. Lent, James M. McDonald, Geo. S. Dodge and Jules P. Cavallier are among the familiar names that occur on its list of members. During the first thirteen months of its existence the Pacific Stock Exchange Board occupied rooms at the corner of Halleck and Sansome streets. Recently, however, it has remodeled the building at No. 318 Montgomery street, into a spacious and well-arranged Board-room. The Board occupied it for the first time on May 15, 1876. This is the finest room of its character in the city. Its finish in every respect is superb. The walls are frescoed in rich tints, costly chandeliers depend from the ceilings, and the designs upon the glass doors, skylights and walls are appropriate and artistic. Paying visitors only are admitted to the main floor where the business is transacted; but no price is charged for attending in the galleries. A ladies' gallery, supplied with comfortable seats, richly upholstered, occupies the more secluded portion of the room.

The day of the opening of the Board Room was the occasion of a grand celebration by the members of the Board and their friends. The usual inaugural and dedicatorial ceremonies were performed "with appropriate solemnity," and the good feeling that exists among the members was expressed by a lavish liberality of good words as well as some handsome and very costly presents. At these exercises there were present in large numbers the elite of the city; and the magnificence of the room, together with the elegance of the toilets, made the scene one of almost dazzling brilliancy. The inaugural ceremonies were followed by a grand supper at the Palace Hotel, whither were invited the more favored of the audience.

Some unfriendly feelings have obtained between this and the San Francisco Board since its organization. Regulations restricting, and in some instances forbidding, intercourse between the two, have been enacted. The real cause of this animosity is perhaps due to jealousy, but time, no doubt, will restore friendly relations.

These Boards meet at 11 A.M., and continue in session until 12 o'clock. The afternoon meeting convenes at 3 and closes at 4 o'clock. Those having seats in either of the Boards are denominated "insiders;" and operators who do not enjoy this distinction, are known as "outsiders."

"BULLS" AND "BEARS."

Early in the day can be seen groups and knots of "outsiders" assembled on the street in front of, and in the doorway leading to, the chamber of the Board of Brokers. They are a promiscuous assemblage. The jobbing broker is among them. He is a wiry little individual, uses very emphatic language, is apparently well posted on all stock topics, confides some important information to one, quietly takes another by the sleeve, and stepping aside, tells him (always out of friendly considerations) what to invest in to-day; and, in short, is the oracle of small speculators, who gather about him eager to catch "a point" from his wise remarks.

That man who is listening so attentively to the words of the portly gentleman with a silk hat and gold-headed cane, is a Front street commission merchant, who, during the excitement of the day before, bought Ophir. He was on his way to his business, when he heard some one remark that stocks were "off," and that is why he looks so anxious. The speaker is a well-kept gentleman of leisure who "doesn't dabble in stocks himself, but merely occupies the position of looker-on." "It's a pleasant pastime," he says, "to quietly watch the excited throng. One can gain a better knowledge of how the market will be in the future by standing aloof and keeping cool. It is my opinion," he continues, as the number of listeners increase, "that there is not money enough afloat to keep up the present prices. An influential and wealthy friend of mine—a broker, by the way—told me, only yesterday, that his banker could not further accommodate him; that really the present outlook foreboded a great stringency in finances, and he added confidentially that unless there was relief obtained from some unlooked-for source, a panic impended." He continues in this strain, and by the time the Boards meet his remarks have passed from mouth to mouth, growing in intensity and becoming more authentic at each repetition. A feeling of uncertainty comes over the crowd. Timid holders grow frightened. Those who have their little all invested, scent an immediate decline, and before the calls have regularly begun in the Board-rooms there is a weakness perceptible all along the line. This man was endeavoring to "Bear" the market. He was a "Bear-capper." In every group on the sidewalk could have been found such a personage. The work of the "Bulls" and "Bears" is performed on the outside, usually in advance of the morning session of the Board and during the noon recess. When the "Bulls" are in the ascendancy the argument is directly opposite. "It is really wonderful how abundant money is," will be heard whispered around, as though it was a secret that should be kept from the masses. "Everything will be booming in a few days. Chollar this morning can be bought for sixty. In a week it will go to eighty-five, at least. You can depend on it; I have it from the 'inside.'" After this kind of street-talk, there is lively business in the Boards. Any amount of small orders will be wanted. Five shares of Ophir; ten of Belcher; twenty of Union Consolidated. Clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, printer-boys, hotel and restaurant waiters, up-town grocers, and every one that can raise from fifty to five hundred dollars ready cash, are sending in their orders.

THE MEETING OF THE BOARDS AND THE ATTENDING EXCITEMENT.

As the hour approaches for the meeting of the Boards, members of those bodies make their appearance on the streets, and quietly pass into the Board-room. Occasionally one of these is corralled by the anxious crowd, and he is plied unmercifully with questions as to how "she's going to open to-day," etc. The crowd now centres about the main entrance, and were it not for the legal authority vested in the policeman who has his station near by, ingress would be almost impossible. The officer, however, succeeds in parting the throng sufficient to admit of a man squeezing through. It is a regularly formed gauntlet. All that is wanting to make it a bloody ordeal to pass between these human walls, is the tomahawk and war-club. The excitement is not lacking. The line extends clear out over the sidewalk, and sometimes into the middle of the street.

Within the Board-room, for half an hour before the formal opening, a scene of confusion is enacted. Bids on favorite stocks are made by some, while others are offering their pets. These are generally "feelers," thrown out to ascertain the state of feeling that exists among the members. Soon, however, they get to business in earnest. Great disorder prevails. Each one, in the endeavor to make himself heard, yells at the top of his voice. One man hears an offer made that he would accept if he could only find the bidder. He rushes pell-mell through the excited crowd hunting his man. They clamber over chairs, perch upon the table, elbow each other about, and gesticulate like madmen. Amid this din of voices, the presiding officer enters, and approaching his stand, raps loudly on the sound-board with his mallet, and calls out in a stern, commanding voice, "Order! Order!" Suddenly all is quiet.

Those who but a moment before were the noisiest in the room, move quietly to their seats. Some hesitate as if dissatisfied or loth to quit the floor, then go scowling to their desks. The roll is called. If there be no miscellaneous business before the meeting, the chairman proceeds to call off the regular list of stocks that are daily sold in the Boards. Some of least importance usually come first. A reasonable time is allowed, when, if there be no response, the caller announces the next. In this manner he proceeds undisturbed until some exciting stock is called, when the whole chamber is aroused. They spring from their chairs and rush furiously into the "cockpit" or open space in front of the caller's stand. There is no order. All cry out at once. They shout their offers to buy or sell. They jostle and push each other about like frightened animals before a stampede. They rush from one place to another, wildly gesticulating, stamping and chafing as if infuriate. They froth at the mouth from excessive screaming. They yell and scream until their voices grow husky. A midnight serenade from the howling coyote is not more confusing. Bedlam let loose would scarce rival the scene. Yet, amid this Babel of voices, the quick ear of the secretary seldom fails to catch the sales that are made. "Order! order, gentlemen!" the caller again cries, "we'll hear the secretary." The secretary reads the record of sales, and if any disputes arise, the caller names the seller and buyer. Should this be unsatisfactory, a vote of the Board gives the final decision. While the excitement prevails within the inclosure, in the space without there is a surging throng of eager spectators. The excitement pervades the whole audience. Various exclamations arise from the crowd. A space in the auditorium is set apart for lady visitors, and they too become enthusiastic or despondent as their favorites rise or fall. They may have large sums invested, as many ladies speculate in stocks.

In the rooms of the "Little" Board and the Pacific Stock Exchange, spectators are admitted free, while in the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board a fee of five dollars monthly is charged. A ticket of admission is furnished on payment of this sum and the holder can go in as a spectator at will.

When parties desire a stock "listed" (that is, placed on the daily list of the Board) they must furnish conclusive evidence that the mine which the stock represents has more than a "paper" existence. Yet by sharp manipulation, worthless stock sometimes gets on the Boards, and enjoys a good run before its real character is discovered. These are termed "wild cat" stocks, and many fortunes have been swamped in deals of this kind.

CURBSTONE BROKERS.

Notwithstanding the numerous membership of the three Boards, there is yet much speculation engaged in on the outside. Small operators who are unable or not willing to pay a commission to the "inside" broker, meet in groups on the sidewalk in front of the entrance to the Board, and by keeping runners constantly watching the prices that prevail inside, take these for a guide and buy and sell among themselves. These are the "Curbstone Brokers," and to a person unacquainted with their habits, their meetings are a curiosity. By their noisy demonstrations, they attract a large crowd of idle and dissolute men who have a distaste for anything like work, but manifest a keen relish for such excitement. Not unfrequently the street is blockaded so that it is difficult for teams to pass. Pedestrians will save time and many hard knocks by making the circuit of a block so as to avoid elbowing their way through this motley throng. All day long their yells and screams are heard for half a block away. They jibber and cavil and quarrel—now howling like enraged beasts, now giving vent to maniacal screams that would almost shock the strong nerves of the superintendent of an Insane Asylum. So intent are they on their business, that even the noonday sun of midsummer or the drenching rain of a winter's day, does not drive them from their haunt. Like vultures about a carcass, whether rain or shine, they must eat or they starve.

WHO SPECULATE IN STOCKS.

If the question were asked, "Who are they that deal in stocks?" it might be answered briefly, *men of every avocation.* During an unusual excitement, almost everybody that by any means can raise money, invests it in stocks. There is no limit as to profession or trade; and we might add, as to creed or sect. Lawyers, doctors, preachers, bankers, merchants, clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, and in fact persons in every occupation are allured into this species of speculation. Women also get the mania. By private entrances they visit their brokers and give orders to buy or sell. So seductive is the influence when the excitement is once upon them, that those of the most fixed resolutions cannot at all times resist a venture. The merchant will reduce his capital stock to raise a sum for investment. The lawyer draws on his client's money; the banker temporarily appropriates his deposits; the bookkeeper tampers with his employer's cash—all honest in their motives, assuring themselves that they can replace the funds thus used at short notice, meanwhile they would have turned an "honest penny" for their own account. Many have serious cause to regret a venture in this direction. One young man—a broker's clerk—in a few months' time used money and securities belonging to his employer, amounting to more than fifty thousand dollars. For this unwarrantable conduct he now languishes in San Quentin. When he is released his best years will have been wasted. A minister had been investing for himself and a brother divine, and so long as the profits were coming in there was harmony and unity between them. A bad investment, however, swamped their mutual capital; this created ill feeling; the breach widened until a bitter animosity existed between them. A scandal was concocted, or a real one developed, by the one who had operated through his brother, and before peace was restored the holy cause in which they labored was dishonored, their own names and characters defamed, and many innocent persons scandalized. The *débris* of fortunes thus shattered is seen on every hand. Any day on California street can be seen the physical wrecks of humans who were once *men*, but meeting with reverses in stock speculations took to the cup and are now debased. The Insane Asylum at Stockton has living witnesses to what this wild excitement leads. These are the mental wrecks—men who have gone *stock mad*. On a quiet morning, when nature was all in smiles and the world looked brighter than for many a day before, a sharp report was heard in one of our aristocratic mansions. Investigation revealed that the proprietor was a corpse. He had sent a leaden messenger of death through his heart. Cause?—"Reverses in business," the evening paper sympathetically expressed it. *He had lost in stocks.* It was a stock suicide. The bay gives up its dead; and, in the ghastly bodies that have sometimes washed ashore, the features of some well-known business man is recognized. The jury finds a verdict "accidental drowning." Later developments prove that he had sought relief from financial ruin by hiding 'neath the billows. Stocks? Yes, it was stocks.

A BRIGHTER SIDE.

But a brighter side presents itself. Its effect is such as to almost atone for the misery that stares boldly out from the dark picture. With all the disastrous results attending speculations in mining stocks, there are some redeeming features. With some men the business is nothing more nor less than a lottery, with ten points against, to one in favor of, success. It is gambling. They are *sure* to lose. If they win, it is only by *chance*. But many have engaged in it with successful results at each venture. They grappled with the problem of advance and decline, and they solved it. They were not allured by the excitement, but calculated well before pushing out from shore. They considered the matter, and gave the same studious thought to the subject that any judicious person will avail himself of, before purchasing a farm, or buying a horse. They counted the cost, and did not go beyond their depth. With such men the buying and selling of stocks is as legitimate as the banking or mercantile pursuit. They are self-possessed, and at all times keep cool. It is the excitement attending the business that causes the disastrous results. If successful in one deal, some men become reckless or lose control of their wits. Those who have heaped up fortunes by stock speculations (and in San Francisco they are many), as a rule have, for the time, made it their regular business. They gave it their entire attention. They comprehended as nearly as could be, the circumstances or laws governing the fluctuations of the stock. Ignorant and ill-informed persons always lose unless by sheer luck. True, the freaks of the mining stock market are frequent and abrupt. Theory only, can account for the sudden changes. There is risk attending every investment, but it is thus in any business. The old saying, "nothing risked nothing gained," is applicable to every department of trade or commerce.

San Francisco owes her prosperity to the mines of California and Nevada. Her rapid growth in a commercial way, is due in a great measure, to them. Depopulation would ensue were these mineral resources removed. Mechanical ingenuity has done much to develop them. The powerful rock-drills that have but recently been employed, have penetrated the mountains of granite. The monster engines that propel the hoisting machinery, could not be dispensed with. The untiring stroke of the pump piston whose power diverts rivers of water from their natural course, performs an invaluable work; but the prime motor in the whole complication has been the mining stock market.

The beautiful mansions that ornament the residence part of the city are the offspring of stock speculations. The stanch business blocks that greet the eye at every turn, stand as monuments to successful ventures in this line. The dense cloud that mantles the manufacturing district of the city would drift far out to sea, and in its stead would droop upon the foundry walls the gloom of quick decay, were this source of speculation cut off. By it capital is attracted. The wealth of the old world seeks investment here. Capital has made a San Francisco.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE BUSINESS—BROKERS' SHARP PRACTICE.

An idea of the magnitude of the stock business is suggested by the number of men engaged in the brokerage business. More than three hundred such offices exist in San Francisco. All these men live either by the legitimate profits of their business or by shaving their credulous customers. They all, more or less, engage in the speculation on their own account. The small swindling schemes that unprincipled brokers engage in are various and perplexing. A person deposits the money and instructs the broker to buy him one hundred shares of stock, at a limited price, say $50 per share. The broker goes out and buys it. During the day, however, the stock advances to $55. Seeing his chance, the broker turns around and sells it, and when his customer calls for his stock, he regrets to inform him that he could not obtain it at the limit he had set. The money is returned to the customer, who no doubt feels crest-fallen at having fixed the limit so low, not entertaining the least suspicion that he has been really swindled out of a profit of $5 per share. By this little sharp deal, the broker has increased his capital $500, without a dollar invested. This practice is very common among a certain class of brokers, and yet there is no means by which they can be detected. With fluctuating stocks this opportunity is often afforded.

Another instance of depravity among this class, is, "putting up the price." Your broker is instructed to buy certain stock at a specified limit. In the course of the day this stock may fluctuate a few dollars above and below the limit fixed. The broker buys it, say at the lowest rate during the day. When he turns it over to the customer he charges the highest price it reached. Brokers frequently make from one to five dollars per share in this way, besides their regular commissions.

"PUTS" AND "CALLS"—MARGINS.

Recently the "put" and "call" system of *gambling* in stocks has been introduced in San Francisco. A "put" privilege is a contract whereby a person pays one dollar per share, for the privilege of all the stock may *fall* inside of fifteen days, counting from the price agreed upon—which ranges from one to ten per cent. below the market price on the day of purchase. A "call" is just the reverse—the privilege of a rise being given. Occasionally when a stock rises or falls very rapidly, the invester in a "put" or "call" may realize considerable profit, on a small investment. But generally the price fixed, above or below the market rate covers the fluctuating of the stock for the fifteen or thirty days, and the investment is lost.

Many persons of small capital buy on a "margin." In this way their capital represents a greater number of shares than if they bought it outright. If there is an advance, it is a profitable investment; if a decline, it is often exceedingly disastrous. More money is lost by this style of dealing than in any other way. It is simply to advance twenty-five or fifty per cent. of the cost of the stock; the broker purchases it, and retains the custody of it for security, charging full commissions and a certain rate of interest for the amount he carries. If, in the event of a decline, the purchaser can raise sufficient money to pay what is back on it, the stock is then delivered to him and he can hold or sell, at pleasure. But experience shows that those who buy on a margin seldom have money to redeem with; so when a decline comes, the broker, to save himself, sells the stock, and if there be any money left after paying himself, turns it over to the purchaser. In the transaction he has lost perhaps half of his investment, and in some instances, all.

THE EFFECTS OF CALIFORNIA STREET LIFE.

A writer, speaking of a life in Wall street, New York, says: "Men who live in Wall street live fast, and grow prematurely old. They gamble in stocks all day. They renew the contest in the hotels at night. Sunday brings some of them no repose. They live high, drink deep, and the excitement in stocks during the day is exchanged for gaming at night. Bald heads on young men, premature gray hairs, nervous debility, paralysis and untimely decay, which mark so many of the business men of New York with ruined fortunes and characters, show how perilous and unsatisfactory is life in Wall street." This is partly applicable to California street in San Francisco. While some quit the confusion and excitement and retire to the quiet of private life with independent fortunes, many cling to it with the tenacity of despair, appearing in their accustomed places day after day until driven into seclusion by extreme poverty, or checked in their exciting career by death.

III.

THOMAS STARR KING.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE—HIS DEATH—HIS GENIUS AND LABOR.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

THE pulpit, the rostrum, the world of letters, and humanity at large, lost an able advocate and ornament in the death of Thomas Starr King. He died before the zenith of his powers had been attained. Only the first sparklings of his brilliant talents had been emitted.

Thomas Starr King was born in New York, December 16, 1824. His father was an Universalist minister, whose death occurred when Thomas was but a boy. The family was left, to a great degree, dependent upon him. Between the age of twelve and twenty he was employed as clerk or school teacher, during which time he was a hard student,—applying himself principally to Theology. When he was twenty-one years old he preached his first sermon, and at the age of twenty-four was called to the pastoral charge of Hollis Street Unitarian Church, Boston. He found the congregation much divided and dissatisfied with each other. His first object was to effect a reconciliation, and restore harmony among the members. He therefore applied himself to the task of teaching them that brotherly love was among the first principles of godliness; that harmony and order were Heaven's first laws. By his own conduct he exemplified his teachings. His efforts were successful, and the church thereafter was exceedingly prosperous.

By his gentle spirit and loving counsel, as well as by his able advocacy of the cause in which he was engaged, he came to be so loved of his flock that it was the greatest sacrifice of his life to part from them. But his health was failing and he was advised to try the effect of a milder and more equable climate.

In 1860 he received a call from the Unitarian Society of San

Francisco. He had been with his Boston congregation for twelve years. Meantime he had given evidence of his oratorical powers, and had also acquired some literary fame. His "*White Hills: their Legends, Landscapes, Poetry*," a literary production of merit, which was produced during these years, had rendered the White Mountains classic. When he announced before his congregation that he had accepted the call of the San Francisco Society, there was a sadness perceptible on their countenances, that told plainly how much he was esteemed by them, and the regret that was felt at the prospect of so early a separation. They remonstrated with him, and were urgent in their solicitations for him to remain their pastor. He sailed from Boston in April, and immediately upon his arrival in San Francisco he identified himself not only with his church, but with California. He introduced himself to the San Francisco public by delivering a series of lectures on the agricultural and mineral resources of the State. He at once commanded the attention and respect of the audience, and before he had done they were held by the speaker as if spellbound. The Society over which he was to preside was impoverished and weak. It was largely in debt,—$20,000 hanging over it. In less than a year after Mr. King's arrival the debt was paid and the church was in every way flourishing. Four years later they were worshiping in a new and commodious edifice, that had been built at a cost of $90,000; and in four years he had finished his labors.

HIS DEATH.

The physical health of Mr. King was not good. An affection of the throat frequently gave him trouble. He was a hard worker and close student, and the laborious attention to what he considered the interests of humanity, tended to undermine and weaken a constitution never the strongest. For some time before his death, he suffered much from this trouble in the throat. He had a strange presentiment that seemed to foreshadow his death, and although he was no believer in signs or omens, he certainly gave this forewarning some consideration. He had a dream a short time before his final illness, in which he thought he was shaving himself, when by accident the razor slipped and inflicted a serious gash in his throat. This bled profusely; so much so, that a physician was summoned. The common remedies were applied to check the flow of blood, but without effect. The physician told him he must die—that it was impossible to stop the bleeding. He could not realize that the wound was so serious, and he thought that he held the lips of the cut firmly together with his hands and urged the physician to remain with him.

The dream, no doubt, was caused by the pain in his throat, but yet it was strange that it should end so fatally. The malady seemed to have taken deep roots, and was fast performing its direful work. To the last breath he retained perfect consciousness, and talked as rational and cool concerning his death, as if it were only a pleasure tour that he was to take. Various details of unsettled business were recalled and instructions for settlement given. In the last farewell to his friends and kindred he retained perfect composure.

After his business affairs were arranged he was much exhausted. He desired to know of his physician how much longer he could survive. When he was told that but half an hour of life remained to him, he simply said, "This is the 4th of March; there will be sad news sent over the wires to-day."

While his friends were gathered about him, lamenting even to weeping, he admonished them to withhold their tears and not mourn for him, for he was only entering into the fullness of life. In a clear, distinct voice he repeated the psalm wherein occurs—

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. * * * *

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

There was a sublimity in this recitation that was beautiful and inspiring, even though it was the expiring words of a much-loved friend. He turned to a prominent member of his church, who was at his bedside, and exclaimed: "Pay the debt on my church; don't leave it to my successor. Tell them these were my *last words.*" And when he had said good-bye to his little boy, and threw him a last kiss as he retired from the room, he died.

HIS GENIUS AND LABOR.

Aside from the duties of his profession, Mr. King was an arduous worker for the good of humanity. His brilliant powers that shone not greater as a speaker than a writer, were devoted to the interest of his fellow-man. When he set foot on California soil and decided to make his home here, he, without any hesitation stepped into the front ranks of the leaders and worked for the good of his adopted State. The prospect for future greatness of the State inspired his genius, and on the platform or at his desk, he labored for the speedy realization of this greatness.

As an orator, Mr. King took the lead in the State, and there were few his superior on the continent. He at once caught the attention of his audience, and whether he spoke at length or gave but a brief discourse, they followed every word, and were not cognizant of the duration. He warmed the coldest audience into enthusiasm. Some said that his musical voice held his hearers; others his genial manner. Some attributed his power to his great earnestness, and there were those who said the subjects of his discourses were so well chosen with reference to the tastes of his audience, that they could not fail to be interested. It matters little how the power is had, he that can, at will, provoke a miscellaneous audience to tears or laughter, is an orator nevertheless. Mr. King was a strong loyalist, and hotly opposed secession in California. The "Pacific Republic," that was much talked of during those turbulent times, met with strong opposition in him.

His tastes were purely literary. His education had fitted him for literary pursuits. Having chosen his own studies, with no dictating superior to condemn this or commend that, he followed the bent of his genius which led him into pastures prolific of food for his imagination. His language was refined and his style concise, yet brilliant. His eloquence spoke through his pen as well as from his lips. Had his life been prolonged the natural period, his ability would no doubt have been recognized throughout the whole country. As it was, the localities where his influence was directly put forth, have observed his death-bed request: "Keep my memory green."

IV.

THE PALACE HOTEL.

ITS INCEPTION AND COMPLETION—ITS IMMENSITY—THE ARCHITECTURE—A LITTLE WORLD OF ITSELF—THE PROPRIETOR, WILLIAM SHARON—WARREN LELAND, THE LANDLORD.

ITS INCEPTION AND COMPLETION.

WILLIAM C. RALSTON was the projector of the Palace Hotel, and it was under his personal supervision that it was pushed to completion. The ground upon which the hotel stands was, previous to its erection, mostly owned by Mr. Ralston. There were, however, two or three lots belonging to other parties, the largest of which was occupied by the Catholic Orphan Asylum. When the erection of the great hotel was conceived and its projector had determined that it should be built, it became necessary to purchase the lots that notched into the block. This business was entrusted to Maurice Dore, who succeeded with little difficulty in securing possession. There was, however, an elderly lady of a speculative turn, who owned a few front feet, and who stoutly resisted the encroachment for awhile. She was finally persuaded to retire with $50,000 coin in hand,—perhaps a trifle more than her share was actually worth.

Previous to the conception of this grand caravansary, Mr. Ralston had been offered $1,000,000 for his interest in the real estate, by capitalists who designed erecting thereon buildings to be occupied by wholesale dealers. It had cost him only $400,000, and perhaps to any other person than Mr. Ralston the price offered would have been sufficient inducement to part with it. He, however, was not favorable to the project of this part of the city being occupied by the unobtrusive wholesale men, as it would render it too quiet and gloomy, and unfit the locality for active business. So the Palace was conceived, and Hon. William Sharon consulted, who seized the idea as a good one, and immediately agreed to assume half the responsibility.

PALACE HOTEL.

An architect was secured and plans drafted and consulted upon, but inasmuch as neither of the gentlemen interested in it had had any experience in the hotel business, it was deemed necessary to obtain the advice and counsel of a person well versed in all the requirements in this line. The architect was sent East to examine the principal and more modern hotels there,—also bearing a letter of introduction to Warren Leland, who was then, in connection with his brother, running the Ocean Hotel at Long Branch. Mr. Leland's suggestions were so favorably received by the proprietors of the projected Palace, that he was invited to come to California and superintend its erection. The invitation was accepted, and Mr. Leland and Mr. Ralston, assisted by the constructive knowledge of the architect, devised the plan that now stands realized in the immense structure.

The superintendent of construction—Mr. Henry L. King—was appointed, who at once assumed control of everything pertaining to the workmen and the supply of material. The faithfulness of his supervision finds evidence in the substantial character of the pile and its wonderful completeness.

ITS IMMENSITY.

The hotel is bounded by New Montgomery, Market, Annie and Jessie streets, and occupies the whole block. The frontage on Market street is two hundred and seventy-five feet, and on New Montgomery (where is also the main entrance), three hundred and fifty feet. It covers an area of more than ninety thousand feet, or about two and one-half acres. The aggregate length of the corridors is two and one-half miles, the periphery of the outer wall a quarter of a mile, and the promenade on the roof one-third of a mile. There were used in its construction thirty-one million bricks, ten million feet of lumber, thirty-two thousand barrels cement, thirty-four thousand barrels lime, three thousand five hundred barrels plaster Paris and three thousand three hundred tons of iron. There are more than twenty miles of gas-pipe, six miles of sewer-pipe, eight miles wrought-iron steam-pipe, and twenty-eight miles water-pipe. There are also four hundred and thirty-seven bath-tubs, which is an important consideration. There are eight hundred and fifty rooms, offering first-class accommodations for twelve hundred persons. The dining-rooms—

of which there are three—have a seating capacity of twelve hundred. A fair estimate would place the cost of the building, furnished and ready for occupancy, at five million dollars.

THE ARCHITECTURE.

The prevailing architecture might be more properly named "San Franciscan," since that which is most conspicuous is the bow-window, there being no city in the world that gives this style more prominence. The Doric column and low arch predominate in the interior; the column never employed singly, but always in pairs. The edifice is seven stories high—the average altitude of each story being sixteen feet. The bow-windows that appear story after story in bewildering succession, render a near view of the imposing structure somewhat monotonous. Yet, when the cheer and comfort that they add to the interior chambers is considered, no apology is needed for their apparent obtrusion.

Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of the hotel is the grand court near the centre of the building. This space is one hundred and forty-four by eighty-four feet in size, has a smoothly-paved roadway for carriages, a promenade tiled with marble, and a glass roof over all. Balçonies extend entirely around it at each story, upon the rails of which are ranged, in harmonious blending, choice tropical plants and shrubs, intermingled with evergreens. The court is entered through a massive archway lighted by handsome lanterns. This central court—by day as light as the outside world, and by night brilliantly lit up by hundreds of gas-jets—its glass covering affording protection from inclement weather—is a feature of comfort that no other hotel in America offers to its patrons, and is not rivaled in the world.

Great caution was exercised in the building of the hotel to see that no imperfect material or weak masonry entered into its construction. It is bound and riveted by a perfect network of iron rods and bars, and is as near earthquake-proof as human skill could devise.

A LITTLE WORLD OF ITSELF.

With the present knowledge of what a hotel should be, it would seem that the Palace Hotel is complete in every detail. One can enter its doors, dwell therein year after year, and have every want supplied. Everything seems to have been considered. There are amusements, promenades, and every comfort for the mental as well as the physical man. Each department is a model of excellence and elegance. The kitchen, the laundry, the bar-room, the store-room and offices are not lacking in any particular.

The furniture is peculiar. It was manufactured in San Francisco, and is made of California woods. The upholstery is rich, yet modest, and the same may be said of the carpets. It receives its water from four artesian wells, sunk on the premises. The protection against fire is perfect. The building is almost fire-proof, yet there are arranged, at proper and convenient intervals, hydrants with hose attached, so that should a fire break out there would be little chance of its spreading. Each room also has a thermostatic alarm, indicating at once to the office the beginning of a fire.

THE PROPRIETOR—WILLIAM SHARON.

Hon. William Sharon, the present proprietor of the Palace Hotel, enjoys the reputation of being one of the shrewdest and safest business men of San Francisco.

He was born on the 9th of January, 1821, at Smithfield, Jefferson County, Ohio, a small town in that somewhat romantic region near Steubenville. He is of a Quaker family, whose progenitors came to America from England in the time of William Penn. Mr. Sharon's boyhood was quiet and uneventful. He remained at home and attended the public school, except at short intervals, when he was engaged on his father's farm.

Like most boys, when the first symptoms of approaching manhood is felt, Mr. Sharon was seized with the desire to "go sight-seeing about the world," and therefore, at the age of seventeen, purchased an interest in an Ohio River flat-boat and started for New Orleans. He was most unfortunate in this venture. His boat was wrecked, and his partners proved dishonest—defrauding him of the greater part of his interest. After a brief stay at New Orleans he retraced his steps homeward, thoroughly disgusted with humanity at large and entertaining great abhorence for those who had practiced their rascality on him.

When at home again his father gave him an interest in the homestead, where he remained for three years, at the expiration of which time he had attained his majority. He then entered Athens College as a student, remained two years, and again turned his attention to the farm, meanwhile applying himself to the study of law in the office of Edwin M. Stanton, afterwards Secretary of War. His failing health, however, caused him to seek a change of climate, and he therefore repaired to St. Louis. He took with him letters of introduction to Hon. Edward Bates of that city, whose acquaintance proved of advantage to him. Here he applied himself to his law studies, and in a short time was duly examined and admitted to practice in the courts of Missouri. His health continued so delicate that he abandoned the law entirely, and in 1844 he formed a partnership with his brother, Dr. John K. Sharon, and the new firm engaged in mercantile business at Carrolton, Illinois, a small town about fifty miles distant from the State Capital. He continued in this business until the spring of 1849, when, the California gold fever having assumed an epidemic form in that section, he, in company with Col. J. D. Fry, came across the plains to California. After stopping a short time in Salt Lake they proceeded to Sacramento, where in August of that year Mr. Sharon bought a stock of goods, opened a store and engaged in general trade. By the flood in the Sacramento river the following winter, which proved so disastrous to Sacramento, his stock and store were swept away. He was fortunate enough, however, to have something left, and gathering the remnant of his fortune together he came to San Francisco and engaged in buying and selling real estate. He was in partnership with Dr. Beverly Miller for a time.

From the time Mr. Sharon settled in San Francisco he worked for the interest of the city. His enterprise manifested itself in various building improvements, and he gave encouragement and support to many infant industries that were then springing up. He remained in the real estate business until 1864, at which time his earnings amounted to a sum total of $150,000.

In 1864 the Board of Brokers was organized, and Mr. Sharon embarked in stock speculations. In six months from his first "deal" he had lost all his capital. In this impoverished condition he applied to the Bank of California for employment. This institution dispatched him to Virginia City, Nevada, to attend to some outstanding business, which he duly adjusted. He thought Virginia City a good point for an agency of the Bank, or a branch business, and suggested this idea to the managers. The branch was established, and Mr. Sharon placed at its head. He was given full control of its affairs, and conducted the business very successfully. He kept this position for several years, when he retired, and was succeeded by Mr. A. J. Ralston.

Mr. Sharon's residence in Virginia City, together with his connection with the Bank, gave him a good opportunity to watch the progress of the development of the great Comstock mines. This opportunity did not pass unimproved. He secured various interests in the Washoe mining district that gave him such control of the mines that he was denominated the "King of the Comstocks." These interests also yielded immense profits.

An example of Mr. Sharon's shrewdness and tact, as well as business ability, is furnished in the history of the building of "Sharon's crooked railroad" from Reno to Virginia city. He comprehended the necessity of such a means of transit, and his foresight warned him of the profits that would accrue to the owners of the road. He secured a subsidy of $500,000, which he expended to the best advantage on the road, then mortgaged the incomplete work for money to finish it, and pushed it to completion without having invested a dollar of his own in the enterprise. His profits from this road have been enormous, being estimated by persons who profess to know at $12,000 per day.

As a stock operator, Mr. Sharon has been very successful. This is due to his shrewd business tact and management. He is quick to see and does not hesitate to act.

Mr. Sharon's political opinions are in harmony with the Republican party. He is no politician, although in 1872 he contested with John P. Jones for the United States Senatorship from Nevada. He withdrew, however, in favor of Mr. Jones on condition that he should be the nominee of his party for the Senate in 1874. These conditions were carried out, and Mr. Sharon was elected to succeed Senator Stewart.

In 1852 Mr. Sharon was married to Miss Malloy, a native of Canada, and daughter of Captain Malloy, of the Canadian Mercantile Marine. Mrs. Sharon was a lady of great refinement and culture. She died in May, 1875. They had five children, three of whom are living. The marriage of their daughter, which took place a few months prior to the death of Mrs. Sharon, was the most brilliant social event that has been recorded in San Francisco.

Personally, Mr. Sharon is medium in stature, and of slight figure. He dresses in plain black, and makes no display of jewels. He is modest, though outspoken.

He bears an honorable reputation on California street, and his business ability is recognized by all.

WARREN LELAND, THE LANDLORD.

The father of Warren Leland was the proprietor of a "wayside inn"—The Green Mountain Coffee House—located at Land Grove, Vermont, a stage station on the main thoroughfare traversing that part of the state. The present host of the Palace Hotel was born in this house. When fifteen years of age, he went to New York to assist his brother in the management of the Clinton Hotel. A few years completed his sojourn there, when he came to California and engaged in the newspaper business, conducting the *Pacific News*. He was eminently successful in this venture, and in less than one year disposed of his property, returned to New York and purchased the Clinton Hotel. This he conducted successfully until 1852, when in conjunction with his brothers, he started the Metropolitan Hotel, which proved to be a popular resort, especially for old Californians. He continued in charge of this for twenty years, and then turned his footsteps in the direction of Saratoga, the most fashionable eastern summer resort. He and his brother purchased an interest in the Union Hotel at that place, and were exceedingly successful until forced to retire by the speculative disposition of a New York combination. With wisdom akin to prescience they looked about them, and in the near future beheld Long Branch the great resort of the pleasure loving populace of the continent. With New York on the one side and Philadelphia on the other, convenient of access and great natural advantages, they believed this point the most favorable locality for starting a hotel. They therefore secured the Ocean Hotel at Long Branch, and not only the Lelands prospered, but Long Branch itself enjoyed renewed life. President Grant purchased a cottage there, and this alone was sufficient for a great influx of recreators. Charles Leland—Warren's brother—when the President went into summer quarters there, very appropriately called it, "The Summer Capital," which significant title it still retains. It was at the Ocean House, Long Branch, where the representative of Mr. Ralston intercepted Mr. Leland, and since that time he has been a resident of San Francisco.

The whole of the Leland family seem to be specially qualified for, and attracted to, the position of landlord. Of Mr. Leland's near relatives, there are six occupying the position of proprietor and landlord of leading hotels. The Leland's Sturtevant House, New York; the Delavan House at Albany; the aristocratic Clarendon, Saratoga; the Leland Hotel in Springfield, Illinois; the Eutaw House at Baltimore, and the Ocean House, Long Branch. The peculiar qualities essential to this position are developed in the Lelands: patience and forbearance, a genial and jovial disposition, making a stranger feel at home when in their presence; manliness, with cultivated intellects. Besides these, they possess the requisite executive ability, and are always able to judge whether a thing is done well or ill.

V.

FOREIGNERS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTER OF THE INHABITANTS—FAVORITE PURSUITS —INFLUENCE OF THE FOREIGN ELEMENT.

COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTER OF THE POPULATION.

ONE of the chief peculiarities of San Francisco is the cosmopolitan character of her population. There is no nation of any importance but has its representatives here. Many obscure and almost extinct races are represented. Remote islands and isolated territories, or districts, have lost some of their inhabitants by the attractions in San Francisco. The Russian, Austrian, Arabian and Swede, as well as the Frenchman, Italian, German and Spaniard, when they arrive fresh from their native lands, find on her streets or in the business-houses those who speak their mother tongue. Because some have drifted here and taken up their abode, others have followed after, until the foreigner, of whatever nationality, feels not that isolation that is so often the lot of those who quit their fatherland for foreign shores.

The existence of this foreign element in San Francisco has greatly contributed to her progress. The pluck and courage that prompted their migration has manifested itself in the enterprising efforts put forth in the various avocations they have chosen to follow. Few drones are among them. Perseverance and energy are attended with thrift, and possessing these qualities the foreign population of San Francisco is a thriving class.

The German element, perhaps, predominates. The English, French and Italian inhabitants are numerous. The native Californians (though not, properly speaking, foreigners) are well represented in the city. These latter, however, as a rule, betake themselves to the country, and find more pleasure in their quiet and somewhat romantic pastoral life than mingling in the bustle and tumult of the city.

FAVORITE PURSUITS.

The sturdy German quickly becomes sufficiently Americanized to see the advantages to be had in any avocation, and whether in accordance with his favor or not, if the opportunity offers, steps in and takes the reins. He left the home and friends in "*Faderland*," to gain a fortune in the new parts of the New World, and though he shows much sagacity in choosing his pursuit, he does not hesitate to engage in any business where the profits add sufficient to his capital. Yet he does not forego the *Bier Halle;* the fragrant fumes from his favorite *weed* tempts him to traffic in that article. He presides at the market-stall and is found behind the counter at the baker's. He is our best mechanic, and is therefore to be found at the work-bench and in the machine-shop. A brewery would be incomplete without its German proprietor, and the beer garden without its German patrons. He excels in music and is a scientific student as well as tutor. His presence in San Francisco and in America is indispensable.

Johnny Bull, wherever we find him, indulges the hope that he will at no remote time have the controlling interest in all the good things that abound. We therefore find him engaged in every branch of business. In America he does not take to the professions as readily as to the trades. This, however, is a fact with all classes of foreigners. He is our banker, merchant, mine-owner, capitalist and mechanic. He is engaged in the most menial pursuits. He is generally industrious and makes a good living. He lives well, is fond of healthful sport, and grows portly because he enjoys life and drinks London porter. In America he sticks to the old English habit of thoroughness—a habit by no means condemnable. He is very sanguine and self-assured, sometimes officious. Even though his qualities were such as to cause us to feel he had better have remained a subject of the Queen, the near relationship existing between us would influence us to give him countenance.

The French and Italian citizens pursue their favorite avocations, the one with that dash and enthusiasm so suggestive of the land whence they came—the other with that easy and nonchalant air that the sunny clime which once they called their home begets and nourishes.

The greater number of the laboring class are foreigners. Den-mark and Sweden furnish many of these. Ireland and Scotland have sent their sturdy sons.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE FOREIGN ELEMENT.

The pilgrims that first set foot on New England soil brought with them no resources but their own courageous hearts, indomitable wills and brawny hands. They had discouragements, disappointments and reverses—yet they persevered, overcame, and prospered. *They were foreigners.* That same spirit of enterprise, and the energetic labor that they displayed and performed, has ever been a characteristic of the majority of the foreign population of America. When the immigration to California began, none but the most courageous and daring of Americans would venture on the uncertain journey. This was also true of the foreigners who undertook to sail two oceans that they might share the benefits of El Dorado.

It is therefore a gratifying fact that the foreigners of San Francisco as a class are just such citizens as she has needed—full of enterprise, industrious, and intelligent. The influence they have exercised over the prosperity of the city has been for good. Their industrious habits have been emulated by her own people. Yankee ingenuity and push, directing the untiring effort of the foreigner as he put his strong shoulder to the wheel of progress, has lifted California out of a semi-obscurity and placed her in the first rank of States, and has built up out of the little Yerba Buena of twenty-five years ago a city whose commercial standing transcends many that have double the population.

The effect on society has perhaps been detrimental. Morality has been at a discount. Social vices have apparently been nourished. The commingling of the different nationalities seems to have bred dissolute habits. With many foreigners the Sabbath is not respected, but this is also true of our native population. Where this is wholly disregarded, as it has been by many in San Francisco, immorality is certain to take root. Experience teaches this. There must be some definite restriction on the wayward. The law cannot set a boundary, although society can. So when society is corrupt, then follows these evil results. This evil is not charged entirely to the foreign population; it has been forwarded as well by the "free born American citizen."

The public schools of San Francisco owe much of their excellence to the foreign element. Different nations have different ideas as to the manner of educating their subjects. Yet all highly civilized nations are greatly advanced in education. With representatives from these different countries taking a lively interest in the public schools, presenting the ideas of education that exist in their respective countries, there has been resolved from out these diverse opinions a system for instruction that is hard to excel.

The customs and habits growing out of American civilization have tended to deteriorate the physical man. The strong and physically developed foreigner coming among us operates as a check upon this disastrous tendency. The manly sports and exercises that they have introduced have already proven a boon to many, and ere long, effeminacy among the male Americans will be regarded as womanliness. Let us all say welcome to intelligent foreigners.

VI.

RESTAURANT LIFE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ABUNDANCE OF EATING-HOUSES—WHO PATRONIZE RESTAURANTS—MAISON DOREE—CAMPI'S—UNITED STATES RESTAURANT—OTHER EATING PLACES, AND WHO PATRONIZE THEM.

THE ABUNDANCE OF EATING-HOUSES.

THE numerous eating-houses that abound and seem to thrive in San Francisco, suggest the idea that there must be many persons who board exclusively at restaurants. The custom of restaurant living that obtained in early times, when there were no *homes* in San Francisco, and all the population were full grown men, has not yet been abandoned. "Winn's Fountain Head" and "Winn's Branch," that were then so famous, it is true, have passed away, but others even more pretentious have risen in their stead, to find as liberal a patronage among the citizens as was bestowed upon their predecessors by the restless gold-hunters of yore.

It is an acknowledged fact that no city offers more inducements to the saloon business than San Francisco. The restaurateur has not less encouragement. There are chop-houses, coffee-houses, oyster "grottoes," lunch-rooms and restaurants in bewildering abundance in every street, lane or alley where are located a respectable number of business houses. Throughout the resident part of the city they are met at frequent intervals.

The French, the German, the Italian, the Spanish, the China, and the American nationalities, all have their respective eating-houses or restaurants. In respectability and quality of the *cuisine* they vary very much as to their locality.

WHO PATRONIZE RESTAURANTS.

Everybody. There is scarce a person in the city but that takes an occasional "meal" at a restaurant. Those who have all the home-comforts in their residences, with well-stocked larders and unexceptionable culinary arrangements, ofttimes go out to the *Maison Dorée* to dine. The female portion of the household do this for a change; the males, for a convenience.

The gentleman repairs to his office in the morning and does not return home until the business hours have passed. He gets his lunch at a restaurant. He makes it a rule to dine at home; but not unfrequently he ignores this rule and with a message dispatched to his family that "press of business prevents him from going home to dinner," he invites, or is invited by, a friend, to dine at the "Poodle Dog," or some other fashionable restaurant.

Clerks, bookkeepers, printer-boys, and young men engaged in all the various departments of business; young mechanics and laborers, and many of the working females, occupy hired furnished apartments and board at restaurants.

The restaurant fosters the lodging-house, and the lodging-house in turn furnishes the restaurants many patrons. It is for the restaurant-livers that the sign that occurs on so many door-posts, "Furnished Rooms to Rent," is displayed.

Small families often secure furnished apartments, convenient to an eating-house, so as to be rid of the kitchen cares. Elegant mansions, whose occupants the stranger would naturally conclude were wealthy persons, are let to numerous tenants of the "shabby genteel" class, who receive their distinguished guests into "my parlor," and recline day after day upon "my silken cushions," and whose worldly effects comprise nothing but the clothes they have on their backs. The cheap restaurant feeds them. By this means they delude many of their associates as to their circumstances.

"MAISON DORÉE."

This is perhaps the most fashionable restaurant in San Francisco. It is at No. 217 Kearny Street—the centre of the most frequented thoroughfares. The up-town belles, when out on a shopping tour, stop at the Maison Dorée for a lunch or to dine. Stock actors of local celebrity, who get good weekly salaries, are frequent callers there. High-toned young gentlemen who sport delicate canes, glossy hats, spotless kids and unruffled linen, patronize the Maison Dorée while the sun shines. After-theatre-suppers are indulged in there by the more favored of the *beau monde.* Distinguished traveling visitors are entertained there by their friends. It is the Delmonico of San Francisco. The man of moderate means, who practices economy, does not feast at the Maison Dorée.

CAMPI'S.

For the last few years Campi's Italian restaurant has enjoyed high repute among those of epicurean tastes, on account of its excellent *cuisine.* Notwithstanding its unpleasant proximity to the odorous fish and fowl markets, it is very liberally patronized. The proprietors are Italians, and also all the waiters and other employees. It is the Italian cookery that attracts its customers

It is in a convenient locality for many of the business men, and is therefore patronized largely by them. Meals are served *a la carte*, or by the regular Italian dinner course. From 1 to 2 o'clock P. M. is the common lunch hour, and at that time it is almost impossible to obtain a seat at Campi's. The waiters are very attentive, and as a class are more intelligent than are found in the ordinary American restaurant.

The national Italian dish—macaroni—occupies a prominent place on the bill of fare at Campi's, and does not lack popularity among their American patrons. They are also very profuse with oils, for salad and sauces, and in the preparation of dishes for the Italian palate they are very important ingredients. Fish is much esteemed by them as an article of diet. The charges at Campi's are a little higher than the popular restaurant prices.

THE UNITED STATES RESTAURANT.

Perhaps the most popular, and the one that is most patronized by all classes—rich as well as poor—is the United States restaurant, at the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets. As its name suggests, it is an American establishment.

The prices charged at this restaurant are presumably as low as good wholesome food can be furnished. One dish for fifteen cents, or three for twenty-five cents. Of course when extras are desired a price in proportion to the rariness of the dish is had; for ordinary food, however, the above popular prices are maintained.

It would be a matter of wonder and surprise to any one unacquainted with the eating habits of San Franciscans, to spend a day inside this restaurant and observe the great number of persons that it feeds. A fair estimate of the number of meals served per diem at this one eating house would place the daily average at three thousand. On extra occasions the number is swelled to thirty-five hundred. The average daily receipts are $600, which would make the average price per meal twenty cents.

The tables are arranged in rows across the large dining room, and ordinarily four persons are seated at each. The expense of conducting an establishment where so many are fed, is of course large. But when the business is conducted properly, it is very remunerative. One reason for the existence of so many eating-houses is the profit realized from the business.

OTHER EATING-PLACES, AND WHO PATRONIZE THEM.

In strolling through the streets such signs as follow are frequently met:—"Ladies' dining parlor, up stairs." "Refreshments at all hours." "Private rooms for suppers—open all night." "Chop house—eastern oysters in every style." Over the top of the screen that shuts off a public view, can be seen brilliant chandeliers, and the pleasant clicking of the plates and glasses make the hungry looker-in exceedingly anxious to push back the silent swinging door and enter. When within, the flashy colored drapery that hangs in graceful folds, conceals from view those who may be feasting in the cozy alcoves or stalls at the side of the main room. A conspicuous card, tells the visitor that refreshments will be served in a private room if desired, and also directs him to the screened stairway. Young men and young women often meet clandestinely at such places, and the anxious parent will never be apprised of it. The object of the proprietor is to preserve secrecy, and therefore persons may come and go at pleasure, and have no fear of publicity. If exposure should be made, the excuse that is offered is plausible—"they were only indulging in a plate of oysters," which certainly would be acceptable to any one.

The "Poodle Dog" on the corner of Dupont and Bush streets, and "Marchand's," opposite, are famous resorts for the "gloved and glossy young men about town." At these resorts there is no question as to the excellence of the *cuisine*. The pastry is the most delicate, and the wines the finest flavored. The tables are artistically ornamented, and the cutlery and ware have the "real" ring. The private rooms are gorgeously furnished, and the arrangements for the comfort and luxury of the guest is complete. These places are frequented by persons, both male and female, of questionable respectability. The more favored female denizens of Dupont street are wined and dined there by their "*fellows*." Upper-ten-dom calls occasionally for a midnight banquet. If a registry were kept of all the after-dark patrons, giving also their companions, the publicity of it would be a startling disclosure to the social world.

Chop-houses, where the edibles are served on a high counter, the hungry wretch who aspires to reach them mounted on a tall three-legged stool, and where coffee and doughnuts are abundantly dispensed, are numerous. Significant titles, such as the "Miners' Restaurant," "What Cheer House," are prevalent; and down on the water front, "The Sailor's Delight" and "Fair Wind," confront the sea-faring man, so that even on shore poor "Jack" is constantly reminded of his life on the wave by the nautical terms embodied in the signs on the saloons and eating-houses.

The great tendency of San Franciscans to dispense with the family board and adopt the restaurant or boarding-house style of living, perhaps furnishes a clue to the cause of the little love and reverence the youth of the city entertain for their homes. Indeed, it would seem that restaurant living is entirely opposed to domesticity. It interrupts the private social intercourse and family meetings of members of the same household, and eventually weans them from home; thus tending to destroy the very traits and principles that our republic would have engendered.

VII.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND SEAL ROCKS.

THE VIEW—DRIVES TO AND FROM THE CLIFF—CLIFF-HOUSE—CAPT. FOSTER.

THE VIEW.

STANDING upon the deck of a vessel as it glides out of the Bay through the extreme portal of the Golden Gate, and looking southward, a line of rugged cliffs that beetle to the sea first meets the gaze. Nestled down in a notch cut in the jutting rock, a broad low house, surmounted by a flagstaff, from which flaunts the brilliant stars and stripes, is descried. The stranger would, no doubt, at first, suppose this to be a fort with frowning visage jealously guarding the entrance to the Golden Gate. But it is nothing more nor less than the famous seaside resort—the Cliff House.

San Franciscans are pardonably vain over the many grand, romantic and beautiful natural scenes that are provided to delight their gaze, and of these there is none that calls forth more universal admiration than that afforded from the balcony of the Cliff House.

To the westward lies the broad Pacific Ocean, with nothing to break the boundless view of its generally peaceful surface, save the horizon. The immensity of the ocean, its mysterious depths, its restless life, together with the illimitable expanse of the overarching heavens—at night studded with flashing stars, and at day brilliant with the splendor of the sun—furnish a rich feast for the thoughtful, or are fertile of grandeur and magnificence to the superficial observer. The charm of enchantment is in the scene. The prospect widens with the expansion of the imagination, until in the far-beyond the Oriental splendors of the Celestial kingdom loom up to view, revealing a land of beauty thronged with millions of queer and strangely civilized humans.

The picturesqueness of the scene in the immediate foreground is not lost sight of. But a few hundred yards in front are seen the Seal Rocks, protruding in abrupt outlines from the waves, and upon which are observed hundreds of sea lions, varying in size from the baby but a day old, to the gray old patriarch, whose weight would turn the scales at three thousand pounds. They hobble over the jagged rocks, sprawl at full length in the sun, leap from point to point, plunge into the foaming waters, make graceful detours through the circling eddies, ride upon the rolling billows, and return again to join their comrades on the rocks. A weird half howl, half bark goes up from these inhabitants of both land and deep, ceaseless as the roar of ocean. Myriads of wild sea-fowl that rest unmolested on the rocks add their mournful screams or guttural cacklings to the discordant cadence.

Animate and inanimate Nature is here seen in strange and wild association.

DRIVES TO AND FROM THE CLIFF.

Not the least delightful feature of a visit to the "Cliff" is the ride over the beautiful roads leading to it. Leaving Geary street, the drive leads between a cluster of cemeteries—the Catholic, Odd Fellows and Masonic on the left, and the Laurel Hill or Protestant on the right. Towering in the midst is Lone Mountain, whose peak is surmounted by an immense cross visible for miles around. From this point a smooth macadamized road extends four miles to the "Cliff."

Half way to the right is seen the channel or arm of the sea that leads to the harbor, and at its narrowest part stands out Fort Point on the one side, and Lime Point opposite—fortifications commanding the entrance to the Bay.

After ascending a slight grade of half a mile the gleam of ocean breaks upon the view and is constantly seen until the Cliff House is reached. It is a most exhilarating drive, and the fresh ocean breeze, so bracing and pure, contributes to the exquisite enjoyment.

Another fine drive to the "Cliff" is had by following any of the four streets diverging from Market street beyond Sixth, and entering the Golden Gate Park, from which a delightful view is had of Point Bonita, the channel of the Bay, and the ocean. Beyond looms up old Tamalpais, whose topmost peak is often hid by gauzy clouds, and at its base the ever verdant coast-range hills spread out. A superbly constructed road leads on to the beach half a mile from the Cliff, which distance affords the finest view of the Cliff House and Seal Rocks.

After a lunch or breakfast such as Capt. Foster will serve, the visitor is in just the mood to return by a drive down the beach.

Turning off at the creek three miles below, and taking the "Ocean House" road to the city, where it winds down from the summit of the Mission hills, the views on either side are charming. The Old Mission with its time and weather-worn adobe church, the ancient graveyard, and the crumbling adobe houses—the last relics of the primitive San Francisco—are passed, Market street entered and the heart of the city soon reached.

Another and very popular way of going to the "Cliff," is by street cars to Lone Mountain, and thence by the omnibus line—which runs every few minutes—over a magnificent macadam road.

AT THE CLIFF HOUSE—CAPT. FOSTER.

The Cliff House of itself is something remarkable, though its life and warmth is in its genial proprietor. Standing as it does on a bleak point of rock, isolated from every other habitation, and forever facing the terrible ocean, whose winds at times make it tremble; whose leaping waves lash its very foundation, and whose fogs roll over and envelop it in a gloom that is heavier than night, it would seem that it had a charmed existence, and we look upon it through a weird atmosphere.

It was built and opened in 1863 by Capt. Foster, who was for many years connected with the Ocean Steamship service on this coast. Enjoying as he has the acquaintance of all the best citizens of San Francisco for the past twenty years, Capt. Foster has made his seaside house the attraction for all the first families of the city, as well as for every stranger who visits the coast. Many avail themselves of the Hotel accommodations, recently added, and remain a few days to enjoy at leisure the magnificent marine views and the invigorating ocean air.

While the visitor always carries away with him deep-seated recollection of the exhilarating air and novel sights to be met with at the "Cliff," there will linger sentiments of another kind, even less liable to effacement from the memory, visions of the palate-tempting and delicious triumphs of Captain Foster's *cuisine*.

A drive to the "Cliff" in the early morning, a hearty welcome from Captain Foster, and an hour passed over his hospitable board discussing the choice contents of his larder, and a return to the city through the charming scenery of the Golden Gate Park, tends to place man about as near to elysian bliss as he may hope for in this world.

CLIFF HOUSE AND SEAL ROCKS.

VIII.

WILLIAM C. RALSTON.

HIS EARLY LIFE—ARRIVAL IN SAN FRANCISCO—CONNECTION WITH THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA—HIS DEATH—PUBLIC EXCITEMENT AT HIS DEATH—VALUE TO SAN FRANCISCO.

HIS EARLY LIFE—ARRIVAL IN CALIFORNIA.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

WHEN William Ralston died, San Francisco lost one of her most enterprising citizens. In his early youth he gave no promise of extraordinary achievements. Not until the fullness of manhood was upon him did those qualities, that in later years gave him the rank of a leader, manifest themselves. He was born in Ohio in 1826. His father was a mechanic, and it was his desire that his son should follow in the path the father traveled. Young Ralston, therefore, in his boyhood, applied himself to the work-bench, and became quite skilled in the use of tools. This, however, was not a congenial occupation.

When still a youth, he threw aside his tools, and quit the parental roof. He sought and found employment on a Mississippi steam packet, plying between St. Louis and New Orleans. He served in the capacity of steamboat clerk for some time, giving satisfaction to his employers. A marked characteristic in him, and a trait that is always attended with success, was his close attention to business. He applied himself to the task of mastering his business, and developing it to the highest standard. He strived for proficiency.

During a passage down the Mississippi, his business habits and tact attracted the attention of Mr. Cornelius K. Garrison of New York, who, being desirous to secure an efficient man to act as his agent at Panama, solicited his services. Young Ralston at once accepted the position. When he took charge of Mr. Garrison's Panama office, it was at a time when there was hot competition between that gentleman and the Nicaragua Transit Company. He displayed so much business ability in conducting the affairs of this office that Mr. Garrison decided that his services would be indispensable in a business that he designed engaging in in San Francisco. They therefore embarked for California, and arrived at San Francisco in 1854. Mr. Ralston was then in the prime of manhood, being twenty-eight years of age. Mr. Garrison associated in business with a Mr. Fretz, taking Mr. Ralston into the firm as junior partner. Under the firm name of Garrison, Fretz & Ralston a bullion and exchange business was inaugurated, which was conducted successfully for a time, when Mr. Garrison withdrew from the firm, and the business was then carried on under the style of Ralston & Fretz.

Shortly after the commencement of the war between the States, a business arrangement was effected, wherein Ralston and Fretz united with the firm of Donahoe & Kelly, to do a general banking and exchange business, under the firm name of Donahoe, Ralston & Co., in San Francisco, and Eugene Kelly & Co., New York. This enterprise was wonderfully successful. The great rise in gold that occurred succeeding the outbreak of the Rebellion was a fortunate fluctuation for them, and they reaped a most bounteous harvest. The San Francisco firm soon took the lead in the banking and bullion business in the State. The immense bullion shipments from the mines of California and Nevada passed through its hands.

The prestige achieved by this sudden turn of the wheel of fortune, kindled in the breast of Mr. Kelly, the manager of the New York branch, an aspiration to establish in New York a banking house that would at once take the lead in that line of business. To this Mr. Ralston was opposed. At this point in his life we find those qualities that ever after identified him with California, and more especially San Francisco, coming to the surface. For a business firm whose influence had widened until it was felt throughout the State, and had greatly elevated San Franciscan institutions in the opinion of the business men in Eastern cities and abroad, to at once transfer that influence and its interests to another and foreign field, was not, to a man of his perceptions of right, justice to that people among whom and and by whose patronage it had been so successful. He said, "We have made our money in California; let us continue our business here; and if concentration be deemed advisable, let us discontinue our Eastern connections, and build up on this coast the enterprise that has been suggested." If it had been reputation or honor that prompted the man, it would have been natural that he favor the former project. If financial gain had been the sole motive of action, his keen perceptions would have told him to encourage it. For either of these considerations policy would have led him to give assent to the transfer of the business to the great metropolis.

CONNECTION WITH THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

The controversy between the members of the firm led to the withdrawal from the business of Donahoe & Kelly, and Mr. Ralston assumed the full control. The business was transferred to the Bank of California, and Mr. Ralston was elected to the management. The history of this institution is familiar to all. From its inception to its highest financial attainments it was identified with the interests of California. It grew in influence until its nourishing power was felt throughout the whole coast.. In times of financial embarrassment of any struggling home enterprise it extended a helping hand. It was the foster-father of all the infant industries of the coast. It nourished the manufacturing institutions. It extended aid to the development of the mineral resources of California and Nevada. It encouraged agricultural pursuits by tendering material assistance to the farmers. It was the supreme motor of progression in the city and State. Rich and poor alike, if their undertakings were plausible, were the recipients of its benefits. The farmer, the mechanic, the miner, and the capitalist found in the Bank of California a friend in need. This policy was due to the management of Mr. Ralston.

The career of the Bank of California had been one of increasing success. There had been times of depression when a financial storm had impended, but this stanch craft had weathered every gale, and still rode triumphantly. But ships sometimes go down, leaving the cause of the wreck enveloped in mystery. There are often found protruding rocks within the smoothest water. Without a warning to the business world, the Bank of California closed its doors and announced to the public that it must temporarily suspend business.

Had the man at the helm steered clear of breakers; had the vessel not foundered on a rock, it is possible that his value to the community would not have been appreciated. But when the great institution that was the heart of the business interests of the country became paralyzed, and its arterial flow had ceased, then the public felt how vast had been its influence, and how strong a support it had been to the industries that have made San Francisco the great city that she now is. The people then realized that William C. Ralston had, in the management of the affairs of the Bank, the interests of the country at heart, and although there were some who spoke with condemnation of the course that had culminated in so great disaster, the general public expressed the deepest sympathy for the man upon whom the calamity had fallen with greatest weight.

HIS DEATH.

When this great misfortune came upon the enterprise, the success of which had long been, not only the pride of its manager, but also the boast of Californians, he did not shrink from shouldering the burden. His manhood asserted itself, and the same principles and rules of action that had always been his characteristics still actuated him, and he at once bared his arm for the struggle, confident that he could lift the wreck and establish it on the basis of its former eminence.

But this was not to be. Two suns had not passed the zenith before he had been removed from the managerial office by the syndicate of the Bank. He sacrificed all his worldly possessions to indemnify the patrons of the institution against loss. Even his personal property was thus disposed of.

Were this the saddest part of what we must relate, there would not come up in our bosom those regrets and sorrowful emotions that the recording of this sketch begets. Our sympathies would be aroused, but yet there would be a feeling of pleasure commingled, at beholding the man whose spirit misfortune had endeavored to break, still buoyant with hope, determined to battle with adversity, and rise again. It would seem that this sudden transition from power and affluence to dependence and poverty, was sufficient to fill the cup. This, however, only foreshadowed what was to be. In this brief period he also gave up his life.

On the morning after the suspension of the Bank, Mr. Ralston had visited it to have some conference with the officers. He was not gloomy or disheartened, but expressed himself as ready to start anew in the battle of life; was cheerful, and although it was evident that the action of the Syndicate had wounded his sensitive nature, yet he did not manifest any feeling of humiliation. Leaving the Bank he repaired to North Beach—as was his custom—for an ocean bath. While bathing it seems that he was carried out by the current beyond his depth. He was seen by some parties near by, apparently struggling in the water, and they thinking he needed assistance proceeded at once to his rescue. But they were too late. Although still breathing when brought ashore, resuscitation was not effected. The climax of combined misfortunes was reached in this tragic ending of a life that had been so fruitful of good results.

PUBLIC EXCITEMENT AT HIS DEATH.

A few days previous to the suspension of the Bank of California, two influential daily newspapers came out with prominent editorials—the tone of which reflected discredit upon the Bank of California—containing allusions derogatory to the character of Mr. Ralston. Articles of similar import were published from day to day, and although they were looked upon by most persons as political tirades, it afterward became evident that they kindled a feeling of distrust in the public mind regarding the condition of the affairs of the Bank.

Although there was much dissatisfaction occasioned by the failure when it was first announced, yet a reaction immediately followed, and the sympathy of the public was with the man whom fate had chosen as the target of her venomed arrows.

When the news of his sad death had spread throughout the city, there was a gloom of deepest melancholy upon almost every face. Flags were at half mast. The sable badge of mourning was met at every turn.

Meetings, where thousands of his friends gathered to vindicate his character and recall his good deeds, were held. The plainest mechanics told how, when they had been in need, he had extended a helping hand. The commonest laborers remembered now the kind words he had spoken, and encouragement and aid they had received from him. Brilliant orators pronounced the highest eulogies on his character. It was like each individual person had lost a bosom friend. Speeches condemning the attacks of these papers were uttered loud and earnest, and were applauded by the multitude. An under-sentiment of revenge was manifest, and for a time it was feared that a mob would attack the offices of the papers that had condemned Mr. Ralston, and make sad havoc of them.

Alarmed at the danger that was brewing, the proprietors of these journals armed their employees, called in a posse of the city police, and barricaded doors and windows—determined to resist any attack. But besides a great excitement there was no violent demonstration.

VALUE TO SAN FRANCISCO.

His value to San Francisco is inestimable. As we have previously said, Mr. Ralston was—through his management of the Bank of California—a friend to every home industry. Besides his influence through the Bank, he personally assisted various leading industrial enterprises. He was largely interested in the Mission Woolen Mills; the Bay Sugar Refinery; the Cornell Watch Factory; the California Theatre; the Kimball Manufacturing Co.; and was one of the principal proprietors of the Palace Hotel. His villa residence at Belmont—the most commodious and beautiful residence on the Coast—was built for the purpose of entertaining distinguished visitors when they journeyed to our shores. It was to offer that hospitality that the rank of the visitors and the greatness of our city and State demanded. He took it upon himself to entertain the guests of the country.

In his early career as a banker, he reduced the exorbitant rate of interest on money that was charged by money brokers. In whatever capacity we find him, that unselfish spirit that gave him so warm a place in the hearts of the people, discovers itself. His charity was broad, and his liberality extended to all who were in need. Although his ambition was to accumulate money and create capital, he was no hoarder of gold. For the benefits it brought to the community he labored to produce capital.

This was the verdict of the masses, and judging by the spirit he manifested and his actions, that verdict is correct. Yet it is hard to judge the thoughts of men, and no one can tell the motives that prompt their actions.

The light of events succeeding the suspension of the Bank and his death reveals some things that, remaining unexplained as they do, cannot but reflect some discredit upon the character of the man whose name it were hoped would forever remain untarnished by even a shadow of dishonor. But since the dark valley of death intervenes to close our intercourse with him and shade him from our vision forever, let the mantle of obscurity be dropped over his faults and misdeeds, and let his benefactions only be remembered.

Socially he was a genial companion. Rather retiring in disposition, yet at times vivacious and brilliant. His business was his study, and close application to this disqualified him from shining in society.

His funeral was the most imposing ever witnessed in San Francisco. He was buried from Calvary Church, and so great was the concourse of people that had gathered that the streets were lined in every direction. A large procession followed the remains to Lone Mountain Cemetery, where, amid the throng of solemn faces, the sobbing and weeping of friends and relatives, the dead body of William C. Ralston was lowered into its final resting-place.

By *his* fruits let us remember *him*.

IX.

BARBARY COAST.

THE [illegible] OF SAN FRANCISCO'S [illegible] — PROSTITUTION — WAVERLY PLACE — GILDED PALACES — HOW THE RANKS ARE RECRUITED — CONTRASTING PICTURES.

THE [illegible] OF SAN FRANCISCO'S [illegible].

"BARBARY COAST" proper, is in the northerly part of the city, comprising both sides of Broadway and Pacific streets, and the cross streets between them, from Stockton street to the water front. Nearly the whole length of Dupont street, running south from Broadway, and many of its intersecting by-ways, might be called the highlands to this region, as most of the dwellers therein are perhaps not a whit less immoral and vicious; and only for the distinction that rich apparel and some of the refining accomplishments bestow, would be classed in the same social grade. Like the malaria arising from a stagnant swamp and poisoning the air for miles around, does this stagnant pool of human immorality and crime spread its contaminating vapors over the surrounding blocks on either side. Nay, it does not stop here, for even the remotest parts of the city do not entirely escape its polluting influence.

It is true that inside the limits of Barbary Coast, even among its foulest dens, are some who witness from day to day the lowest phases of human depravity and yet remain undefiled. These are not there by choice; but by force of circumstances are compelled to abide in the unhallowed precincts. But the great number of those who dwell there have chosen the locality as the most fitting place wherein to pursue their respective callings.

In the early days of San Francisco, Barbary Coast was the place of refuge and security for the hundreds of criminals that infested the city. When they had passed within its boundary, they were strongly fortified against any assault that the officers of the law might lead against them. It was, in those days, an easy matter for a stranger to enter this fortress of vice, but when once behind the walls he was exceedingly fortunate who had the opportunity to depart, taking with him his life. Then villains of every nationality held high carnival there. The jabber of the Orient, the soft-flowing tone of the South Sea Islander, the guttural gabbling of the Dutch, the Gallic accent, the round full tone of the son of Africa, the melodious voice of the Mexicano, and the harsh, sharp utterances of the Yankee, all mingled in the boisterous revels.

It was a grand theatre of crime. The glittering stiletto, the long blade bowie knife, the bottle containing the deadly drug, and the seductive navy revolver, were much-used implements in the plays that were there enacted. There was no need of mimic dying groans, and crimson water, for the drawing of warm heart-blood and the ringing of real agonizing moans of death only, would be recognized as the true style of enacting tragedy.

Were the restraining power of the law and public sentiment removed, Barbary Coast to-day would soon develop the same kind of outlawry that made it notorious in the primitive days. The material is ready at all times, and should the favorable circumstances transpire to kindle it into destructive activity, scenes as startling as those that won for the locality its christening, would be re-enacted. Even in the presence of a strong police force, and in the face of frowning cells and dungeons, it is unsafe to ramble through many of the streets and lanes in this quarter. Almost nightly there are drunken carousals and brawls, frequently terminating in dangerous violence; men are often garroted and robbed, and it is not by any means a rare occurrence for foul murder to be committed. "Murderers' Corner" and "Deadman's Alley" have been rebaptized with blood over and over again, and yet call for other sacrifices.

Barbary Coast is the haunt of the low and vile of every kind. The petty thief, the house burglar, the tramp, the whoremonger, lewd women, cut-throats and murderers, all are found there. Dance-houses and concert-saloons, where bleary-eyed men and faded women drink vile liquor, smoke offensive tobacco, engage in vulgar conduct, sing obscene songs, and say and do everything to heap upon themselves more degradation, unrest and misery, are numerous. Low gambling houses thronged with riot-loving rowdies in all stages of intoxication are there. Opium dens, where heathen Chinese and God-forsaken women and men are sprawled in miscellaneous confusion, disgustingly drowsy, or completely overcome by inhaling the vapors of the nauseous narcotic, are there. Licentiousness, debauchery, pollution, loathsome disease, insanity from dissipation, misery, poverty, wealth, profanity, blasphemy and death, are there. And Hell, yawning to receive the putrid mass, is there also.

PROSTITUTION.

Some one has remarked that in Eastern cities the prostitutes tried to imitate in manner and dress the fashionable respectable ladies, but in San Francisco the rule was reversed—the latter copying after the former. Admitting this, it is not strange that there is much licentiousness here. But San Francisco has not yet overcome the immoral habits she contracted in the days when the inhabitants were nearly all males, and they had nothing to restrain them from engaging in the most vicious practices; when there were few mothers to chide their waywardness and say in winning tones, "My son, go not in the way of evil;" and fewer virtuous sisters to welcome brothers home, and by their loving kindness and noble lives, to teach them to cease from sinning. There was no standard of morality, no public sentiment to influence men to lead pure lives. Every one was free to do whatsoever he chose, if he did not interfere with anybody else, and his conduct was not questioned. So it was that in the absence of a restraining sentiment they gave full sway to their passions and desires. It is possible that this early spirit of libertinism has only been curbed by degrees, and the excessive immorality that now prevails, is the remaining effects of the influence that was once so powerful. If this be true (and we believe that it is) but a few years will elapse before the last stain shall have been removed, and perhaps the city will be all the more pure for having had her skirts so long defiled.

Prostitution in San Francisco knows no such small bounds as Barbary Coast. There, because of the character of the place and the people who inhabit that quarter, it only puts on a bolder front, making itself more conspicuous. But its soiled wings, with baleful foreshadowings to the youthful sons and daughters of this proud city, hover over every neighborhood and street. It is the one social blight. It is the secret of many family woes and the chief promoter of social discord. Licentiousness is undermining the foundations that society stands upon. What direful events may we not look for if our sons are dissolute and our daughters know not virtue!

There are few lodging-houses in the city but that are more or less used as houses of assignation. Many of these harbor professional prostitutes, and the name "lodging-house," as applied to them, is only a polite appellation for houses of ill-fame. In many of the "respectable" hotels no questions are asked as to the relation of suspicious parties who seek to patronize them; and of their illicit conduct, no tales are told. Even the real first-class hotels are sometimes infested with vile women and viler men, but who assume such a respectable demeanor and so disguise their character by rich apparel as to deceive the not too-observing landlord. Many private dwelling-houses throughout the city where the sign "Furnished Rooms to Let" is displayed, give admittance to the most questionable characters. This sign is frequently employed to attract young men in search of rooms, and when once they have entered they discover that they have been lured into the presence of harlots. In the most respectable neighborhoods such occupants are found. A general laxity of morals is manifest, and every art and device is employed to tempt young men and young women to depart from the path of virtue; and they, in the buoyancy of youthful health and spirits that the voluptuous climate begets, are only too willing to be led astray.

We do not wish to say, or even imply, that San Francisco is the wickedest and most immoral city in the world; that her men are all libertines and her women all fallen; that she has no noble sons and pure daughters. This is only a single chapter on her wickedest ways—the deepest shade among many brilliant lights. But we would say to the parents of San Francisco to look closer to their daughters, for they know not the many dangers to which they are exposed—know their associates, guard their virtue—and to mildly counsel their sons, for when upon the streets of this gay city they are wandering amid many temptations.

WAVERLY PLACE.

Waverly Place, or "Pike" street, is notorious for the boldness of its vice. It is a short lane or alley between Dupont and Stockton streets, on the outskirts of "Barbary Coast." The buildings are mostly low frame structures, rickety and dilapidated—a fit abode for the depraved creatures that find shelter within them. At any hour of the day or night, sickly, vice-worn women, abundantly painted and powdered and gaudily attired in the vain attempt to restore their lost charms, may be seen upon the thresholds or lounging by the open windows, half-dead from their excesses, yet perseveringly exerting themselves to win patronage from the vicious and dissipated men that loiter on the walks or straggle through the street. The heyday of their life of shame has past and they are on the declivity whence the descent is sure and swift.

Down Pacific street, and in the narrow alleys and by-ways cutting into it, and also along Broadway for two or three blocks—right in the centre of Barbary Coast—are the still lower dens of infamy. Here the women are shabbily clad, boisterous and almost insane from drink, and the men that are met leer at the passer-by with that idiotic expression begotten by long-continued drunkenness and debauchery. The tenements they inhabit are in a tumble-down condition that harmonizes with the occupants. Outside, they are weather-worn and bedaubed with filth, while within there are bare floors, and the furniture is old and scant—everything indicating extreme poverty. A few of the rooms are costly furnished, and comparatively cheerful; but all the surroundings show that the denizens of the place are in the last stages of human degradation—that the days are past when sinning to them had its pleasures; that disease, death, and that dreaded mysterious hereafter will follow respectively, and will come quickly.

If heaven can condone so great sin as theirs, may it be merciful to the fallen women that dwell in the tenements of Barbary Coast, and all their sinning sisters! for among the thousands of their kind that abide in the cities of the world there are few who were guilty of sin when first they gave up their virtue.

GILDED PALACES.

On Stockton, Dupont, Market and Third streets—and even fashionable Kearny shares the dishonor—are found numerous higher-class houses of prostitution. These are where the wealthy madams dwell in ease and luxury, surrounded by beautiful and accomplished young ladies, who for money sell flesh, blood and soul, that the mistress of the mansion may not be angered. But there are few real elegant houses of this character in the city. The spirit of extravagance that pervades all classes in San Francisco is particularly manifest among the *demi-monde*. They are essentially "fast," and to surpass their virtuous rivals in this regard requires a vast outlay of money for wearing apparel, carriage hire, and the like. This of course so exhausts their income that but few are able to maintain very elegantly furnished houses. But the interior appointments of some of these "abodes of sin" are rich and costly, and many are furnished in a style superior to the private dwellings of most of the wealthy citizens.

It is therefore evident that their patrons are wealthy, or have large incomes. If a register was kept of the names of all who visit these places, and published at stated periods, the day of such publication would find many husbands and fathers "absent from the city on business," and many young men and bachelors confined to their offices from the excess of work such absence would put upon them. On that day there would be a breeze of indignation among the feminine members of families, and in the feminine ranks of society there would be many epithets and invectives suggestive of brutal conduct uttered by lips curled in scorn. There would be wringing of hands and weeping; and there would be some—but not many—pierced and aching hearts. But most all this consternation among the belles of society would be assumed for effect, for they are often secretly apprised of such conduct of the men, and still smile upon them and give them countenance. If the women of the land would as heartily condemn a fallen brother as they do a fallen sister, and shun the one as the other, then there would be less immorality.

We dislike to write it—and it may be offensive to some to see in print only an allusion to the disgraceful practices that men engage in, but that all are aware of—yet it is a fact, deplorable as it may be, that prostitution receives as much encouragement and support from men of families as from the unmarried. Especially is this true when applied to the more aristocratic and retired *gilded* palaces of sin. Detectives and policemen will also tell you that of the many men who secretly keep mistresses, there are but few who have not families. And the woman thus related to a man is maintained in greater luxury than the wife of his bosom. She rests recure in her comfortable surroundings, for she has only to hint at a public exposure to extort anything from her guilty paramour that she may desire.

The occupants of the better class houses of ill-fame are generally personally attractive, and possess refined manners. Many of them have excellent educations, and some have even graduated from the best female seminaries. They have all the petty graces that are acquired only in refined society, and were it not for the previous knowledge of the character of the house the visitor would never know but that he was in the private parlor of a wealthy gentleman, and his beautiful and affable companions were the brightest stars in the most respectable society—so chaste are their manners and conversation. Some of them have been, and would gladly quit the life they are forced to lead, only that society has said, *Be ye outcasts forever*. Thus they must submit to fate, and it is not strange that after a while, when their personal charms fade, they grow hardened in sin, and make themselves repulsive even to those who now gladly seek their society. In their secret hearts they sorrow to the last, and the tenderness that characterizes innocent womanhood would fain manifest itself again; but even this must be disguised by the look of brazen wantonness that the nature of the business that gains them a livelihood necessitates. So,

"When lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?"

HOW THE RANKS ARE RECRUITED.

The lady boarders in the aristocratic houses of prostitution are constantly changing. Three and four months amid luxurious surroundings, and then the next downward step. This is the duration of their stay at the finest houses. Their beauty and vivacity has begun to leave them, and they are no longer sufficiently attractive to suit the fastidious tastes of the madam; they are no longer profitable to her. Therefore, they must go. Then follows in rapid succession the different stages of decline. But when they leave, their places must be filled. This requires the services of the procuress, the runner and agent; and more—this endangers the virtue of beautiful and attractive young ladies all over the land. None other than these are wanted for the first-class houses; the lower grade are overrun and turn many applicants away.

The agent is a shrewd, gentlemanly fellow, with polished manner, and withal prepossessing. He is a regular "ladies' man." These are numerous or few as the demand calls for. They are ever on the alert, looking closely at every lady they meet. They frequent pleasure resorts, public exercises at female seminaries, fashionable churches and hotels; they are aboard steamers and railroad trains, and follow the stream of gay life wherever it flows.

When they have discovered a young lady that suits, by strategy or otherwise, they get an introduction, and soon by having made themselves very agreeable and entertaining, are an accepted escort. They attend church and parties together. The trap is now ready to spring, and at a prearranged dinner party or refreshment table, the lady is drugged, her person violated, and when consciousness returns to her, she realizes her disgrace, and is easily led to final ruin. High prices are paid for very beautiful girls, and such are therefore in greater danger.

This is only an instance of how the unholy work is done. Various other means are employed. The procuress is generally a motherly old woman, whose silvery locks and matronly appearance would naturally win respect. She has not much difficulty in approaching the young ladies, but it requires tact in her to lure them where she wants them. She has a male accomplice who relieves her of her charge and the dastardly crime is soon perpetrated.

The chosen victims are generally the buxom daughters of rural villagers—the belles of the towns—and young ladies who reside in the country, but have visiting acquaintance in the city. The more remote the home of the young lady is from the city, the less fear is had of detection. Cases of seduction are not unfrequent, and these are oftimes accomplished for the purpose of refilling the oft-vacated rooms in the boarding-houses of ill-fame. A few young ladies are ruined by confiding too much to villainous lovers, who, only to gratify passion, blight the hopes of their most devoted female friends. These sometimes voluntarily seek to hide their shame in the palaces of sin, but the greater number are victims sought out and entrapped.

CONTRASTING PICTURES.

On the corner of California and Stockton streets stands Grace Church; but a block below, at the corner of California and Dupont, is St. Mary's Cathedral. In the one the wealthiest and most aristocratic Episcopal congregation in the city worships; in the other, the pride of Catholicism in San Francisco praises God for His blessings. Devout Christians assemble at these churches and engage in the solemn service of the sanctuary. The loveliest of lovely women and noble men thither repair upon the Sabbath day, and unite their voices in praise and thanksgiving for the goodness and mercy of the Lord, that has continually followed them. Within those walls there is evidence that this is a Christian city—a block away the streets are lined with houses of prostitution; and a stone's throw beyond, is Barbary Coast reeking in infamous filth.

Nearly half a score of churches point their spires heavenward in this immediate vicinity, indicating the upward way that leads to life; two days in every week the bells in those steeples sound the call to assemble and worship, and the worshipers who meet in these temples of religion, accept that Bible that pronounces a great woe upon the workers of iniquity; that visits vengeance upon crime; that utters a curse upon adultery; that denounces harlotry as one of the most dangerous evils, and sets up the warning, "Beware! go not in her way!"

Kearny street at night, until the hour of ten is struck, is a brilliant scene of gayety and life. It is thronged with all classes of human beings that furnish the motive power to a city's progression. Male and female, rich and poor, the artist and the unskilled laborer, youth, age and beauty, are mingled, forming a constant, moving stream of life. The shop windows are richly decorated, and within flash brilliant lights. The scene is interesting, is pleasing, and impresses the observer with the beauty, grandeur and value of a high civilization.

Dupont street, running parallel to this scene, is likewise in its gayest dress. But how different is the picture! There are upon the street skulking groups of men with muffled faces, who seek its darkest side lest they be recognized by others likewise shunning observation; bold, boisterous fellows, uttering oaths and obscene jests; but not a single female form is seen unless it be a flitting figure moving rapidly along and suddenly disappearing in another street. But peeping through the window-shutters, or standing at the thresholds, door after door, block after block, are women whose calling is branded on their foreheads, may be recognized in the twinkling of their eyes, and *is boldly called out to you* as you pass along the walk. The doors are left slightly ajar, or the blinds turned, so that he who will may look within. In their rooms is a warm, hazy light, and everything is invitingly arranged. Almost every passer-by is hailed, and invited in. If he declines, he is urged; and if he still refuses, he is entreated and sometimes taken by the hand and playfully forced to enter. These are some of San Francisco's inconsistencies. It is a disgrace to San Francisco, a stain upon her brow; but it is more disgraceful to those property-holders and speculators who permit their tenement houses to be used for such vile purposes.

X.

THE SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE BUILDING—THE COMPANY—THE VAULTS—SECURITY—THE PATROLS—J. C. DUNCAN, THE PROJECTOR.

THE BUILDING.

IN the heart of the money centre of San Francisco is located the building occupied by the Safe Deposit Company of San Francisco. It has a frontage on Montgomery street of 137½ feet, and 68¾ feet on California street. The building is five stories high, and the material used in its construction is iron and ornamental stone. It is majestic in its proportions. The architecture is highly ornamental but is harmonious in all its outlines. It is a perfect model of strength and symmetry.

THE COMPANY.

The Safe Deposit Company was incorporated in 1874, and the building was completed and business inaugurated in the fall of 1875. Eugene Casserly was elected President, and J. W. Raymond Vice-President and Manager, with B. F. Le Warne Secretary. The capital stock of the company is two million dollars, divided into twenty thousand shares of one hundred dollars each. The sole object of the company is to provide an absolute safe place of deposit for treasure, money and valuables, a provision greatly needed in every city. With this aim in view they have constructed their vaults so as to be proof against fire and water and the most ingenious burglars. It is a matter of impossibility for the bank robbers, with all the skill and mechanical aid they can command, to gain entrance to these vaults.

THE VAULTS.

The construction of the vaults is simple in general outline, but complicated in detail. The plan adopted is one immense vault inside of which the thousands of small vaults are ar-

INTERIOR OF THE GREAT STEEL VAULT. (Safe Deposit Company.)

ranged. The largest dimensions of the main vault are thirty by thirty-five feet, and eleven feet high. The walls, floor and ceiling of this is a solid fire-proof casing composed of burglar-proof metal, in thirty courses of steel and iron, welded and bolted securely.

Within this impregnable cell are four thousand six hundred small safes, built in solid tiers, the doors of each being furnished with key and combination locks of the finest construction. Surrounding the great vault is a corridor completely inclosed by a network of iron and steel, and here continually, night and day, the armed patrol, under charge of the superintendent, make their rounds.

The small safes are made of burglar-proof material, and each door, besides having the combination locks, is provided with key escutcheons, the key to which is in the hands of the officers. This renders it necessary for an officer to always attend the renter to his safe, as it is impossible for him to unlock it, unless he first have the officer release the escutcheon. There is also an ingenious contrivance which prevents the withdrawal of the key until the safe is again locked by the renter.

Upon entering the vault-room an imposing sight greets the eye. The vaults stand out as a monument of mechanical skill. The engravings of the vaults and vault-room, the different avenues around it, the massive entrance and exit doors, the offices for renters, and the ladies' parlor, all impress one with the grandeur and beauty displayed in their construction.

SECURITY—THE PATROLS.

The safes, and the vault in which they are placed, were planned and constructed by the most skillful mechanics, and under direction of the company's engineers. The quality, not the cost, of the work was considered. No two locks are alike; hence there is no danger of a renter, if he be so inclined and opportunity offers, opening any other than his own safe. Every renter, before being admitted to the vault, must be identified by the proper officer. With every change of renter the lock is also changed. A satisfactory introduction is invariably required of a renter before he can obtain a box.

When the company was organized, Mr. F. E. R. Whitney was appointed to the position of Superintendent of Vaults and Chief of Patrol. Mr. Whitney has under him five patrolmen, who are citizens of known reputation and undoubted integrity. They are armed and uniformed, and guard the premises day and night. Every thirty minutes, communication is had between the armed watch outside and the patrol within. A telegraphic report is sent half hourly to the Police Headquarters. The windows are strongly barred and the room is brilliantly lighted all night. With these precautions it is scarcely possible that any attack upon the vaults would prove successful.

There are four sizes of safes, and these are rented by the day, month or year, at prices varying as to their size. With so secure a depository for valuables, there is no reason why any future conflagration in San Francisco should destroy any very important documents or valuables.

J. C. DUNCAN—THE PROJECTOR.

There is no person to whom is due more credit for the completeness and security of the vaults and building of the Safe Deposit Company, than Mr. J. C. Duncan—its projector. Being an old resident of the city, and having been long identified with its progressive interests, he fully understood the need of an institution of this character. His sagacity discovers itself in the fact that he awaited patiently the coming of the time when the people would heartily co-operate in the enterprise. When that time did come, he did not let it pass unimproved, but quickly seized the opportunity, initiated the project and pushed it to completion.

He organized the company, and his personal supervision was given to the erection of the building, with its immense vaults. He not only has the satisfaction of viewing the realization of his plans in this magnificent structure, but is also apprised by the patronage extended that the public fully appreciate his work.

Mr. Duncan is the largest stockholder in the company. He is also largely interested in the Pioneer Land and Loan Bank of Savings, which occupies rooms on the first floor of the Safe Deposit Company's building, and holds the office of Secretary of that institution. It is by the enterprise of such men as Mr. Duncan that San Francisco has made such rapid strides in material progression, and to whom is due an acknowledgment of their labors.

XI.

JAMES LICK.

HIS EARLY LIFE—IN SAN FRANCISCO—"LICK'S FOLLY"—HIS MUNIFICENCE.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

PENNSYLVANIA was honored by her Girard. She is also honored again by having produced a James Lick. France has the credit of the former's nativity; but Pennsylvania fostered and developed him, and on her was bestowed his benefactions. It was reserved to the young and vigorous State of California to nurture the latter, and she has reaped the benefits.

James Lick was born in Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania, August 25, 1796. His grandfather was a native of Germany and emigrated to America in time to serve in the army of the Revolution. His father was a Pennsylvanian by birth. James had but meager educational advantages, receiving only the benefit of the common schools, which in those days were, perhaps, models of strict discipline, but wanting in excellence. When yet in his boyhood, he was employed by an organmaker at Hanover, and with him learned the first principles of the trade that he afterward followed. In 1819 he was given a situation in a prominent piano factory at Baltimore, Maryland. The following year he was attracted to Buenos Ayres by the inducements that country offered to enterprise and the advantages it afforded for money-making. There his ability as a shrewd speculator and sharp financier manifested itself, and after a sojourn of about twelve years he returned to Philadelphia with a capital of $40,000. Upon his arrival in Philadelphia he determined to start a piano manufactory, and with this object in view leased certain property for the purpose. This notion was immediately abandoned, and he purchased a large invoice of pianos and returned with them to Buenos Ayres.

We next find him at Valparaiso, Chili, engaged in piano-making. He remained there for some time, and then embarked for Peru, where he was constantly engaged in the same business for ten or eleven years. While there, just previous to a contemplated visit to California, his workmen deserted him and went to Mexico. This left him in quite a dilemma, as he had a number of contracts for pianos yet unfilled, when his workmen went away, and it was impossible for him to obtain other experienced mechanics. He, however, determined not to throw up the contracts, and instead of making the journey he had anticipated, applied himself to the task of finishing the instruments. This cost him two years of hard labor.

IN SAN FRANCISCO.

In 1847 Mr. Lick arrived in San Francisco. He brought with him $30,000. He looked about him for some profitable investment. His former experience in new localities served him well here. In prospect, he saw San Francisco Bay floating a vast commercial fleet. The bare and desolate sand-hills of the peninsula his imagination covered with beautiful dwellings and well-kept streets. The water-front he pictured as noisy with the turmoil of trade. With this lively view before him, he bought large tracts of suburban real estate, which could then be obtained for a nominal sum, and also invested largely in the most desirable business lots. A large lot at the corner of Montgomery and Jackson streets he purchased for $5000, and shortly afterward sold a part of it to Duncan, Sherman & Co. for $30,000. The year following his arrival in San Francisco (1848) the gold excitement broke out. While almost every one was off to the mines, Mr. Lick remained in the city purchasing real estate. All these transactions were performed quietly, and even after San Francisco had attained an enviable rank as a city, his intimate associates could not tell the extent of his purchases. During those bustling times there were in the city many of that class of land grabbers known as "squatters." With these Mr. Lick had considerable trouble. At one time he kept men employed at $20 per night, guarding his property from their encroachments.

"LICK'S FOLLY."

San Jose, by reason of its location in the centre of a rich agricultural district, had been, previous to this time, a town of more importance than San Francisco. Mr. Lick turned thither. He purchased a favorable mill site and proceeded to erect a large flouring mill. Persons who were oracles of wisdom, laughed at his project. He, however, kept his own counsel and toiled on at his structure. The principal part of the woodwork was built of mahogany. The whole edifice was a perfect model of mechanical skill and workmanship. It was made on the most substantial plan. The cost when complete amounted to $200,000. The finish and ornamental work was not surpassed in the palatial drawing-room. Some one facetiously spoke of it as *Lick's folly*, and this title was passed from mouth to mouth until it became its historical sobriquet. Notwithstanding the jests and witticisms this mill provoked, it did turn out first-class flour, and commanded the respect of every good housewife whose pride was to set before her guests whiter and lighter biscuits than her aspiring neighbor.

It has been said that Mr. Lick had private reasons for building the structure in so expensive a style. Rumor intimated that at a very remote period in his life, when he was but a boy, and almost penniless, he was in the employ of a rich miller who had an accomplished and beautiful daughter. Mr. Lick, it is said, became infatuated with her and aspired to her hand, and went so far as to hint to the old gentleman the state of his feelings and the height of his ambition. The old miller treated his overtures jestingly and taunted the young aspirant of his poverty. This was a severe wound to his sensitive nature, and he vowed openly that the time would come when he would build a mill of his own that would so much surpass that of the old gentleman, as to bar all comparison.

Whether this be but an idle rumor, or has a shade of truth about it, it certainly shows the disposition of the man—to do anything he undertook. Perseverance and great industry have been his leading traits. He tenaciously clung to any plausible undertaking until he accomplished his object.

The Lick House, on Montgomery street, which has for so long commanded the patronage of the fashionable and wealthy public, was built by him. The principal feature of attraction in this building is its magnificent dining-hall.

Mr. Lick is very unostentatious in his demeanor. He usually occupies a plain suite of rooms in the Lick House. He rather shuns society, and rarely takes part in, or even attends any public reception, banquet, or select social gathering. He is retiring in disposition, and has simple habits. There are no modern luxuries in his living. All he seeks is modest comfort. He is dignified and gentlemanly in manner, and in conversation is concise and brief. He is thoughtful, sometimes unto moodiness; he perfects his plans without consulting any one, and gives personal attention to their execution. He is now in his eightieth year. His grandfather enjoyed unusual longevity—having lived to the ripe age of 104 years—from whom Mr. Lick no doubt inherits his strong constitution. For the past few years, however, he has been in bad health, and is confined closely to his room.

HIS MUNIFICENCE.

Mr. Lick was so successful in business that he amassed a large fortune. Feeling that in the natural course of events but few years of life at most would be spared to him, he wisely chose to attend to the desired distribution of his property personally, not leaving its adjustment to be quibbled over in the courts.

By a trust deed dated July 16, 1874, in which five of the most prominent citizens were appointed trustees, he bequeathed property, the aggregate value of which exceeded five million dollars, to various public institutions of art, science and benevolence.

The full control of the property—its disposal and the distribution of the money realized from it—was vested in the trustees. Some large sales had been made by them, and everything seemed to be going forward in perfect compliance to the letter of the deed, when the following communication was placed in the hands of the trustees:

SAN FRANCISCO, March 24, 1875.

MESSRS. THOS. H. SELBY, D. O. MILLS, HENRY M. NEWHALL, WILLIAM ALVORD, GEO. H. HOWARD, JAMES OTIS AND JOHN O. EARL.

GENTLEMEN: When I executed the instrument in which you are named as my trustees, I supposed I had a very short time to live, and that if my intentions of founding an observatory and other public institutions were ever to be carried out, it would be through you. I was therefore induced, hastily and without due and proper consideration, to execute the instrument referred to. It is still my intention, and ever will be, to carry out the general purposes therein expressed, but I now find upon a cool and careful study of the provisions of that instrument which my improved health has enabled me to make, that there are many and serious mistakes and errors of detail in it which ought to be corrected. One of the most serious of these is, that by the terms of said instrument, the execution of the great works which I have contemplated, is virtually postponed until after my death—a result that I certainly never intended. Another serious objection is that some of the beneficiaries (whose claims upon me I perhaps did not sufficiently consider) have declined to accept its terms, and this fact, as I am advised, will indefinitely delay, if not entirely prevent, the carrying out of the plans, for the execution of which you were appointed my trustees and agents.

Under the circumstances, and as I desire while I still live to see the works contemplated at least started, and as I am advised and am entirely satisfied that the instrument referred to does not and cannot accomplish the purposes desired by the public, as well as myself, I respectfully ask you, and each of you, to resign or to revest in me the subject of the trust, so that by the execution of other papers better calculated to carry out my plans, the works contemplated from the beginning may at once be commenced and carried on to completion without delay.

I request you not to sell any more of the property included in my deed of trust, and I beg of you the favor to answer this communication immediately.

I remain, with great respect, etc.,
James Lick.

The letter explains itself. Three days later, a complete revocation of the trust deed was filed with the Recorder.

This action elicited much unfavorable comment from the public and the press, yet Mr. Lick's determination was not altered.

On the 21st of September, 1875, another trust deed was executed, in which Richard S. Floyd, Faxon D. Atherton, Sr., Bernard D. Murphy, John H. Lick and John Nightingale were appointed trustees. It bequeathed as follows:

To the Regents of the University of California $700,000 is bequeathed for the erection and maintenance of a "more powerful telescope than has ever been constructed," with a suitable observatory and buildings, to be called the "Lick Astronomical Department of the University of California."

For the founding of a school of mechanical art for educating males and females in the practical arts of life, such as work in wood, iron, stone, and all the metals, to be named the "California School of Mechanical Arts," and located at San Francisco, $540,000 is donated.

For the erection and maintaining of free public baths in San Francisco, $150,000 is given.

For the erection of a bronze monument to the memory of Francis Scott Key, author of the song "Star Spangled Banner," $60,000 is bequeathed.

For a group of bronze statuary representing, by appropriate designs, the history of California, and to be placed at the New City Hall in San Francisco, $100,000 is set aside.

For the erection of an Orphan Asylum in or near the city of San Jose, California, to be free to *all*, of whatever nationality, sect or creed, $25,000 is apportioned.

There is bequeathed to the Protestant Orphan Asylum, San Francisco, $2500; to the Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, $10,000; to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, $10,000; to found an institution called the "Old Ladies' Home," $100,000; and to the "Ladies' Protection and Relief Society," San Francisco, $25,000.

To the California Academy of Sciences and to the Society of California Pioneers he bequeathed the remainder of his valuable property.

After all the bequests are made, except that to the Academy of Sciences and Society of Pioneers, he reserves to himself for the term of his natural life the use and exclusive management of his homestead property at San Jose, but at his decease this also goes to the California Academy of Sciences and the Society of California Pioneers. After discharging the trusts and making the payments mentioned, the residue of the proceeds of all the property is given in equal proportions to the California Academy of Sciences and the Society of California Pioneers, to be expended by them respectively in the erection of buildings, and after that in the purchase of a library, natural specimens, chemical and philosophical apparatus, rare and curious things useful in the advancement of science, and generally in carrying out the purposes of the societies.

Before the deed was made Mr. Lick had already given to these societies each a lot 80 x 275 feet on Market and Fourth streets. The lot of the Academy fronts 80 feet on Market street and that of the Pioneers 80 feet on Fourth street, the rear ends of the lots meeting, and leaving the corner between for other purposes. It is Mr. Lick's intention that the buildings of the societies be erected on these lots. It is estimated that the lot belonging to the Academy is worth from $200,000 to $250,000. It is also supposed that the residue of the property which is bequeathed to these societies will amount to from one million to a million and a half dollars to each. With this magnificent endowment the California Academy of Sciences will have the best financial condition of any scientific society in the United States. Even supposing that they never receive any more than the lot already donated, which they hold in fee simple, the Society is in excellent financial condition.

His son, John Henry Lick—whose name appears as one of the trustees—receives as his portion $150,000, and $20,000 is set apart for the erection of granite monuments to four of his near relations.

The name of James Lick will ever be revered by Californians, and his memory will not fade.

XII.

"*JACK.*"

AT SEA—ASHORE—BETHELS—SAILORS' HOME—POOR JACK.

AT SEA.

TO those whose habitations are remote from the sea; upon whose ears the roar of ocean never harshly breaks; whose eyes seldom or never behold the mighty deep wrought up to furious wrath; to those who dwell amid inland quietude, where Nature is seen only in her more lovely aspects,

> "A life on the ocean wave,
> A home on the rolling deep,"

is surrounded by a halo of romance, the contemplation of which is exhilarating and inspiriting. Even the horrible details of shipwrecks fail to impress them with the perils to which those are exposed "who go down to the sea in ships."

There is no class of fiction devoured by youthful readers with greater gusto than "Tales of the Sea," or "Sketches from Log-books of Old Tars." Imaginary heroes of "haunted vessels" are topics of eager talks among ambitious urchins, who, in their dreams, float over silver seas, "brave sailor boys" upon some phantom ship.

But to the sailor who has been ordered aloft, and is desperately clinging to the swaying yards as the ship reels before the furious gale, putting his feeble efforts against the maddened elements, there is a terrible realization of the dangers that beset him; though his heart be steeled against fear, and his arm strengthened by manly courage, he feels and knows that he is at the mercy of the pitiless storm.

A life at sea may have charms for some; but for those who are but sailors, there is little attraction. It is exile; often slavery. The ship may be rotten; the officers may be brutal; an epidemic may rage, and death become a fellow-mate; there is no escape.

Above, the heavens may become overcast and frown with muttered threatenings; beneath, the angry waters may lash and seethe—a vortex here, a moving mountain there; but there is no escape. Within the narrow confines of the ship he must remain, to meet storm, famine, pestilence, disease and death. Birds of ill omen flit above him, uttering weird screams in mockery to his slavery; monsters of the deep chase him amid sunshine and storm; *they* come and go at will; *they are free.*

Shut out from all mankind, encompassed by danger, all is monotony. The lashing of the water is heard, unceasingly; the beating of sails, the creaking of masts, or the regular stroke of the engine is forever in his ears. The mind becomes dwarfed for lack of diversion. The same unchanging scenes are around, the same monotone of sounds are heard, until the intellect fails to comprehend that there is a great world of restless, active life beyond this glinting horizon. Hence the superstition that torments sailors.

ASHORE.

Dickens probably did more to expose the schemes by which the credulous sailor is entrapped when ashore, than any other single person. Although the general public was shocked at the character and extent of the abuses practiced upon unsuspecting Jack, and were disposed to attribute the extreme cases to the very fertile imagination of the novelist, his sketches did much toward directing the attention of the proper authorities to the evil; since when there has not been such a catalogue of infamous practices to record.

Yet Jack is everywhere and always so credulous that the temptation to take advantage of his credulity is so great that there are found in every seaport of any importance, many who subsist upon the booty nefariously obtained from him.

When a vessel from a foreign port is announced off the heads, there can be seen shooting out from the water-front numerous small boats bearing the boarding-house crimps, each endeavoring to be the first to board the vessel and get into the good graces of Jack. A lavish display of glittering chains and ornaments—for which Jack Tar has ever had a weakness—a clinking of coin and a "long pull" at a capacious bottle, are a few of the attractions that a sailor nearing port cannot withstand; and even though his intention has been to remain faithful to his ship, he not unfrequently yields, and slips stealthily over the side of the ship and is not seen again by his officer.

Deep-water Jack, on shore, is as much out of his element as a bunko sharp would be following the plow. He is at the mercy of the land-shark. It is "hale fellow well met" until the earnings of his last voyage and the prospective advance coin of a future one are exhausted; then there is no room in any of the sailor boarding-houses along the water-front for muddled, crazed, besotted and penniless poor Jack, and he is unceremoniously shipped on the next outgoing vessel.

Deep-water ocean vessels require able seamen for crews, and there is therefore a good demand for experienced sailors. When a captain is making up his crew for a voyage, he applies to the boarding-house master for a certain nnmber of men. The prevailing custom is to pay in advance to each of the crew a certain part of their prospective earnings—$60 generally being the amount. Herein is the secret of the friendly feelings that the boarding-house masters entertain for Jack. When drunk (and on shore he is seldom sober) Jack is a genial, jovial, whole-souled fellow; intent on having a real jolly time—which he certainly deserves—mirthful even to boisterousness, taking infinite delight in "spinning yarns." As to the manner in which his money goes, he has little or no thought, and therefore he is easy game for the smooth-tongued boarding-house master.

So, then, by the time the vessel upon which Jack has (many times unconsciously) signed a contract to ship upon is ready to sail, not only his pocket-money, but the advance due him at sailing, is gone, and under cover of darkness he is led down to the wharf, placed in a small boat, and before his stupefied brain realizes his position, may be out of sight of land—embarked upon a long and hazardous voyage, without having made any provision for his personal comfort, and not even aware of his destination.

Coasting Jack is more of a worldly-wise kind of a man than his deep-water fellow. He is usually of that vagabondizing class who, when they cannot get an easy job on shore, take to the sea. Hence he is not so easily entrapped, and perhaps oftener comes out a trick ahead at any sharp game that is indulged in, than the wary boarding-house master. He is equally at home on land and water, and is therefore not dependent upon any of the "friendly" shipping agents. He is not much sought after by the crimps, unless it be for the opportunity of avenging some "beat" that he has perpetrated upon them.

When seaman are scarce the captains often pay a bonus to the shipping master for every man shipped. The shipping master in turn fees the boarding-house master to supply the men, and Jack, whose services have commanded the bonus, gets—not a cent.

In the event of an excess of seamen the boarding-house masters pay the captain a bonus for the privilege of shipping men; then Jack is recognized as a party to the transaction, and must "put up" the money required to obtain his position.

That Jack is drugged, robbed, and kidnapped; violently abused in person, and not unfrequently sent on his last long voyage by being launched into the waters of the bay, when stupid, from drink, has been told over and over again; that there is much truth in such statements, has been asserted and reasserted; that in San Francisco such misdeeds are frequently enacted, has been said; but it will ever continue very much the same, so long as the "Almighty dollar" is the most potent influence in life, no matter what laws may be enacted; by talking and writing, the public may be so directed to it that it may be kept in certain limits, and perhaps checked to a degree which results would certainly repay the trouble.

BETHELS—SAILOR'S HOME.

No matter what his avocation, or how depraved man may have become, there are always a *few* good souls who earnestly strive for his reformation. They would elevate him and restore him to a pure manhood, could their holy desires be gratified. But such philanthropy meets with so many checks; there are so many opposing forces against which it must struggle, that the good that might be done is not manifest, and the good that *is* accomplished is scarcely revealed.

San Francisco has a Mariner's Church located near to the water front, wherein the sailor of every nationality is invited to participate in religious worship. The services are conducted in different languages, by earnest and able clergymen, and are perhaps more largely attended by the sailors than such churches are in more populous cities. A Sabbath school held at the same place is also well attended. Prayer meetings are held almost every evening during the week, and temperance meetings, too, are frequently conducted there.

The absence of the well-to-do up-town residents from all these meetings is marked, and there is no stronger indication than this of the lack of interest in the welfare of the sailor. It is a fact that the more favored persons in life are more careless of the needs of the poor than those whose portion of this world's goods is meagre and scarcely adequate to their necessities. No saying has been more certainly verified than that which says, "to them that hath shall be given, and from them that hath not shall be taken away."

The meetings conducted at the Mariner's Church are unsectarian. There is a wide field for fruitful labor in this congregation. Missionary work on the street, in the boarding-houses, and on ship-board, and the distribution of tracts, religious papers and bibles among all this class, for whose benefit the church was established, constitute a large and responsible labor.

The Mariner's Church receives much support from the San Francisco Port Society, which was established in 1860—its objects being the moral improvement of the seamen and others connected with the sea in this port.

The Ladies Seamen's Friend Society, organized in 1856, though not nearly so well supported and efficient in its objects as it might be, is nevertheless what its name signifies, and is constantly though silently working for the good of the sailor. Its intentions are, to surround the sailor, while on shore, with proper influences, administer to his needs, and provide a Home wherein he will be protected from the impositions that otherwise beset him.

POOR JACK.

Who in this wide world is more deserving of sympathy than Jack? His is a life of toil, of privation, and of incessant peril. We read with tearful eyes of the last agonizing wails of those passengers who went down with the ill-fated *Pacific*. O, how heartrending was that scene where so many persons were suddenly launched into the pitiless depths of ocean, to rise no more! Innocent childhood, blooming youth, the strength of manhood, and feeble, tottering age, all passengers on that doomed craft, met the same terrible fate, and their memory has been watered by briny tears, even as their bodies are watered by the waves of ocean that roll above them.

Where were the crew of the vessel when this fearful tragedy of death was enacted? Were they not among the number that perished? Are there not some hearts in those shabby dwellings down near the water's edge that were made to bleed when the fate of the vessel was announced? In that long list of horrors it was simply said that "the crew also were lost."

Why do we look so tenderly into the eyes of a loved friend as he steps aboard a vessel bound for some foreign port? Why do we press that hand so warmly, and cling to it so long as we take the parting grasp? And as the vessel glides rapidly away, and nought is visible upon her deck but phantom-like outlines of human forms, in whose shadowy hands flutter handkerchiefs—the last parting signal—why do we, even after the vessel has disappeared, continue to gaze out upon the water? We realize the dangers that overshadow them in the journey they have set out upon, and we fear that we shall "never see that face again." Such are the perils that forever threaten the life of poor Jack. Nay; they are even greater. How often does the cry escape through the teeth of the storm—"*Man overboard!*" "Who was it?" "A sailor from the rigging, sir!" 'Tis a simple story, and shortly told. His duty called him aloft; he lost his hold, and was hurled far out into the water.

It is said of the sailors that not more than one in ten have families. This is certainly very fortunate; for what a life that wife must lead, whose husband is ever upon the sea. It is a life of watching and waiting, and many times she waits forever!

We should think more of Jack; care more for him; and, above all, *do* more for him—for he is invaluable, and to him we are greatly indebted for the progress we enjoy.

XIII.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

TELEGRAPH HILL—LONE MOUNTAIN.

TELEGRAPH HILL.

SAN FRANCISCO reposes among the hills. For this reason there is no one point from which a topographical view of the city can be taken that will do it anything like justice. In the early days of this "upheaved city," its inhabitants, when they wanted to facilitate their communication with the outer world—and enough is known of the character of the place at that period to warrant the belief that probably this desire never prevailed in a community more strongly than among the early San Franciscans—climbed the heights of the highest of these hills, in what is now the eastern border of the city, whence they could obtain a view of at least all the shipping hovering about the bay, and especially the new arrivals as they approached the city through the Golden Gate.

A station was erected there, from which the approach of the vessels entering the harbor was announced to the anxious population below. Separate and easily understood signals were arranged by which the keeper of the station could communicate to the people the kind of craft, whether sidewheel steamer, propeller or sail ship, that was heading for the city. Thus were they apprised in advance, of the arrival of unexpected or long-looked for vessels, and sometimes for hours before "their ship had come in" and effected a landing, the eager populace stood waiting on the shore.

Because of such use, this prominent point soon became known as "Telegraph Hill," and coming generations will probably know it only by that name. It is now climbed daily by scores of busy artisans who, with their families, occupy the houses that are perched along its southern side, extending almost to the summit. Visitors, who for the view it affords, or perchance to revive some cherished recollection that it alone can awaken, or those representing that large and influential class who, when asked,

> "Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
> An' never brought to min',"

always answer *no*, often scale its tortuous paths, and lying prone upon its summit, indulge in reveries that recall its interesting associations that now linger only in memory.

Such a visit to the top of Telegraph Hill shakes off the dust from memory's page, and affords the visitor a rare opportunity for ventilating his warm sympathies with a community of people whose ways have been imperfectly understood. And the view of the Bay, Goat Island, Alcatraz and Mt. Tamalpais, far beyond, which it affords, is an ample compensation for the labor required in the ascent; but it is of little avail in forming a correct estimate of the topography of San Francisco. Montgomery Street, it is true, one of the finest and liveliest streets in the city, is open to the observer, from beginning to end; but the life is not clearly defined in the distance, and the surroundings are anything but picturesque. The business part of the city, with its massive and monotonous blocks, here and there relieved by a tower or steeple rising far above the sombre roofs—spreads out from the base of the hill far to the south, and to the water front on the east. Where now stand the principal business houses, a quarter of a century ago the waters of the bay were sparkling in the sunlight, and huge ships rode at anchor. Above this, ugly sandhills rose up to check the westward march of improvement; but a progressive people have uttered the prayer of faith, and these hills (that were almost mountains) have been cast into the sea, the tide has receded, and where then spread the waste of water and towered the barren hills, are now the many temples of Commerce.

LONE MOUNTAIN.

In the opposite part of the city Lone Mountain rises, another prominent landmark. A tax on the imagination must be levied to make a mountain of this hill; and its loneliness is not apparent, for it is surrounded on nearly every side by eminences, some of which might be denominated mountains with much more propriety. In shape it is rather symmetrical, and its surface is covered with a profuse growth of wild flowers and native shrubs, exhibiting in its few bare spots good samples of

California soil. Could a liberal supply of water be brought to the summit of Lone Mountain, the project of converting it into an ornamental park, and making it one of the most attractive points of San Francisco, would be strictly practicable. All that is requisite is a complete system of terracing, liberal and judicious planting of trees, shrubs and flowers, and an abundance of good walks.

Lone Mountain and much of the land about its base is owned by the Catholic Bishop of San Francisco. Its summit has long been very appropriately crowned with a large Catholic cross. Unfortunately this relic of early days, with its curiously carved niches and initials, was leveled with the ground during a recent gale. In its stead another, of larger dimensions, with a more substantial foundation, was promptly reared, and having received its complement of white paint, now stands conspicuous as a monument of the worthy Bishop's religious zeal and executive ability.

Standing in the shadow of this mammoth cross, to the west, lie the undulating sandhills, beyond which is seen the gleaming surface of the ocean; while to the north the Golden Gate and an arm of the bay is in the view. Looking eastward, the city spreads out over a broad and uneven surface, and the smoke from the steamers and the topmasts of ships that lie at anchor in the harbor, rise in the gloomy distance.

Here the observer sees but little of the life that is within this busy city, but there are no intervening hills to obstruct the view of the several "cities of the dead" dependent upon San Francisco for their supply of inhabitants. Lone Mountain Cemetery is conspicuous at the north; the Masonic at the south; the Catholic or Calvary at the east; and the Odd Fellows at the northwest.

These latter scenes are somewhat sombre in their suggestiveness; still, the sad reflections that they awaken are immediately dispelled by casting a glance in the direction of Golden Gate Park, which lies to the south and west, toward the ocean, for there may be seen at almost any hour of the day one of the brightest and gayest phases of San Francisco life. Its magnificent drives are thronged with fine equipages, and upon the stiff breeze that comes in from the ocean is borne a sound of life and merriment—the joyous voices of the happy occupants of the swift-moving vehicles.

Besides Telegraph Hill and Lone Mountain, there are numerous other prominent elevations in the city proper. Russian Hill in the northwest is notably prominent, and affords a splendid view of the city, country, bay, and ocean through the Golden Gate. Clay Street Hill, the highest in the city, being three hundred and seventy-six feet above the bay, is a near neighbor to Russian Hill, and its summit is likewise sought as a point of observation. This hill is crowded by residences, and is considered one of the most healthful localities on the peninsula. Rincon Hill is a small elevation rising from the low lands in the southerly portion of the city, and in the earlier history of San Francisco was the most aristocratic residence locality. But when the "Second Street Cut" was projected, dividing the hill into two half cones, its beauty was endangered, and wealthy persons began to look in other directions for building sites, and the completion of the excavation has rendered it an undesirable place of abode. However, some of the finest and most homelike private houses of the city stand on Rincon Hill. Mission or Twin Peaks, the loftiest points in the county, form a picturesque background in the southwesterly suburbs, about three and one half miles from the City Hall; and Bernal Heights, two miles beyond—recently a scene of wild excitement, because of the reported gold discoveries thereon—almost traverse the width of the peninsula, and shut off a further view.

XIV.

THE ELITE.

WHO ARE THEY—A WEDDING IN THE UPPER TEN—A FASHIONABLE FUNERAL.

WHO ARE THEY.

FEW cities have so great a proportion of wealthy inhabitants as San Francisco. Some of them have acquired fortunes by close application to business, long and constant effort, and a strict integrity. But these are few. Many of the wealthy men of San Francisco have, at a stride, stepped from a cottage into a mansion. The getting of much gold has been a chance game. The "pot" was full; they played and won. A sudden turn in stocks has often lifted men from poverty to affluence. It is a game that all play at, and some must, of necessity, win.

It is those who suddenly secure great wealth who compose the elite. Money gives the most vulgar, rank. Fashionable society opens its arms to the man who has gold, be he a knave or a fool.

The greatest ambition of the elite is to be leaders of their clique; their sole motive, to keep well up in the fashionable world. The person is adorned, and the mind neglected. They study to be brilliant, vivacious and amiable, in the ball-room or at the banquet, but relapse into a peevish and fretful mood at home in the family circle. Their nights are spent in revel, their days are dull and mopish. Gaslight is more favorable to decaying beauty than sunshine. There is much social vice among the elite. Immorality is not unknown, and even virtue is tainted. Theirs is a life of excitement and dissipation.

A MARRIAGE IN THE UPPER TEN.

When it was announced a month in advance, that a daughter of one of the most fortunate California Street speculators was to join in wedlock with a gentleman of acquirements as well as a fashionable star, all the *ton* was in a hubbub of excitement, and gossipers had palatable food. It was the society talk, that the forthcoming event would be the most brilliant affair that had illumined San Francisco's upper world. There was every reason to suppose that nothing would be spared by the parties most interested to make it so, as the bank account to draw from, as well as the inclination to surpass anything of that nature that had hitherto set the gay world astir, was sufficient. There was not a little flitting to and fro among the belles, and papas oftentimes were seen to run over the columns of their bank-books and contemplate the "balance" with a scowling countenance. Wardrobes were replenished, and *toilette artistes* were consulted and engaged. There was also much speculation as to who would be omitted when the invitations were sent out, and who would be the recipients of the special "cards of honor."

At length the evening came. At eight o'clock gay equipages could be seen whirling rapidly in the direction of the mansion, bearing on their silken cushions the richly attired guests who had been invited to witness the ceremony. They were handed to the carpeted sidewalk by courteous gloved attendants, and were admitted and ushered to their rooms by servants in full dress. Within was a scene of rare splendor. Crystal fountains were playing; mysterious strains of music soft and sweet, echoed faintly in the arches. The air was perfumed with the fragrance of the choicest flowers. Pyramids, wreaths, arches and graceful festoons of delicate, trailing vines, studded with camelias, jessamines, tuberoses, mignonettes, carnations and white roses, added gorgeousness to the rich and costly upholstering. A brilliant, yet soft illumination was emitted from the sparkling chandeliers. Jewels, rare and brilliant, decked the heads and throats of beautiful women. The ceremony was performed, and the hidden orchestra touched their harps anew, and the halls and chambers of the glowing mansion were filled with lively harmony.

By this time, the numerous guests who had been invited to the reception, were pouring in. The blushing bride and pale-faced groom stood 'neath a gorgeous floral arch, to receive the congratulations of the company. Refreshments had been distributed at convenient intervals throughout the building, so that all could partake as they desired. Chinese lanterns illumined the grounds, porches and balconies. In the dance-hall a bower, nestled in a forest of evergreens, had been arranged for the musicians. Tropical plants, placed in rustic borders, shadowed by waving palms and graceful ferns, with here and there a spreading cedar, bordered the hall. Rare exotic shrubs of every description were met in graceful groups at every turn. The orchestra was composed of the most skillful artists, and numbered more than twenty-five pieces.

At ten o'clock the banquet began, and from that hour until the early crowing of the cock, a scene of revelry, and mirth, and splendor, such as the ordinary person would not witness during a lifetime, was enacted. Such is the wedding ceremony among the elite.

A FASHIONABLE FUNERAL.

Death is no respecter of persons. His reaper is industrious, mowing every field in its season. In the bog-land, and on the highland the sound of his sickle is constantly heard. Though there be luxuriant fields that wave their strengthening stalks in the bright sunshine of exuberant life, and nod and laugh in mockery, as his swift wheeled chariot rumbles past, a blight may at any moment come upon them, and so weaken and speed their decay that they, too, must be garnered.

Why do the bells toll so, as we write? 'Tis not the deep-toned fire-bells that fill the air with clangor! It is a solemn note they strike—a dirge for some departed soul.

A star in society has gone out, and these are the funeral bells. The friends of the departed are already gathering to witness the last rites. The corpse now lies in state in the drawing-room of yonder dwelling. The casket containing it is made of the costliest wood, and trimmed with solid silver. It is mounted on a gorgeous catafalque. The columns of the room are trimmed with smilax, and the coffin is profusely decorated with flowers.

The house is thrown open to the public, and hundreds throng the halls and doorways, pass in and view the remains, and then retire. The most prominent members of the society circle in which the deceased moved, are chosen as pall-bearers. The body is conveyed to the church. Here the floral decorations are even more elaborate than at the residence. Wreaths, crowns and crosses, of the costliest and rarest flowers are heaped on the coffin until it is almost hidden from view. Every seat in the large edifice is full, and the aisles and vestibule are packed with curious persons who have come to witness this brilliant funeral. The services are brief. An eulogistic address is delivered by the minister. A requiem is sung by the prominent professional singers. The grand procession forms, and slowly marches to the cemetery. There are perhaps a hundred private carriages and nearly as many public conveyances. The cemetery reached, the remains are deposited in a vault for future disposal, the côrtege turns about, and when without the cemetery gates drive rapidly to their respective homes. "That was a triumphant funeral," said one of the leading belles as she threw her cloak on the sofa and confronted the mirror to adjust a white rose at her bosom.

XV.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

ITS FOUNDING—SUCCESS—SUSPENSION AND RESUMPTION.

ITS FOUNDING.

THE Bank of California has ever been distinctively a Californian institution. It was conceived by William C. Ralston, for the purpose of utilizing, by association, the vast capital in the city that was lying idle and unproductive.

In April, 1864, the first meeting was held, and an organization effected, and in the following July the association was permanently established and incorporated, with a paid up gold capital of two million dollars. The Board of Trustees was composed of Wm. C. Ralston, D. O. Mills, Louis McLane, J. B. Thomas, W. Norris, J. O. Earl, Thos. Bell, Hermann Michels, A. J. Pope, O. F. Giffen, and J. Whitney, jr.

With this nucleus the Bank was continued until July, 1866, when it was decided to increase the capital stock to five million dollars. Previous to this, however, it had paid one or two dividends, and besides had accumulated one million dollars in undivided earnings. The books were opened to the public for subscriptions, and the balance of the increased capital was raised. From this time to January 1st, 1875, it paid a regular monthly dividend of one per cent., when these were discontinued, and in lieu of which a semi-annual dividend of six per cent. was declared and paid on the 1st of July, 1875. But a little more than a month later it was forced to temporarily suspend business, its doors were closed to the public, from which cause a financial panic ensued.

SUCCESS.

Up to this time the Bank of California had enjoyed remarkable prosperity. Few institutions in the world have so rapidly risen to such influence and importance, and nothing had done so much for the State of California, by inspiring the world with confidence in her proclaimed greatness. It had built up a reputation for itself, and representing not only the name, but the resources of California, had also materially aided in raising her into the first ranks of the sisterhood of States. Its letters of credit were available all over the world, and it had established correspondents and connections in all the principal cities of the United States, Europe, India, China, Japan and Australia.

The Bank of California, at its founding, at once became identified with the development of California. Its managers and supporters were men who had faith in the future greatness of the State. They were mostly men possessing large individual capital that had been accumulated here, and, let it be said to their credit, they followed the example of the projector of the Bank, who, when urged to transfer his interests to an eastern city, said: "I have made my money here, and it is but just to the country that I should use it here to build up a business that will not only benefit myself but the whole State."

The influence and capital of the Bank were directed to the development of the resources of the State. Mining received an impetus from it that soon made it a self-sustaining and profitable industry; and agriculture, that was yet an experimental project, was developed into the chief resource of the State by its friendly support. Manufacturing in all its branches, by the encouragement it offered, sprung into a flourishing activity, and commerce, although prematurely great, was strengthened in its sinews by its upholding touch. It was the guardian of the infant industries on the coast, sustaining them until they had grown strong enough to stand alone.

It is not strange that while thus extending aid on every hand, some unworthy and unsafe enterprises should slip in and share of the bounty. In a number of instances, heavy loss resulted from this cause. Injudicious loans were made and unprofitable investments. When New Montgomery Street was opened, two million dollars of the Bank's capital were locked up in the project. By the Kimball Manufacturing Company and the Woolen Mills, a million and a half was rendered unproductive and not available. May it not be, however, that while the Bank suffered these losses, and others of a similar nature, the city and country has been reimbursed, and many laborers have been furnished with employment that otherwise would not have been, by the existence of these enterprises among us? Thus may we look for good results even in disaster.

SUSPENSION AND RESUMPTION.

When, on August 26th, 1875, the Bank of California suspended payment, the excitement of the San Francisco populace knew no bounds. Vague rumors were heard on every side of the rottenness of this, and the instability of that bank, and murmurings of fraud and treachery floated upon every breath. Other banking-houses were forced to close their doors—some only to hold in check the excited multitude and stay the ebbing confidence—others because of inability to meet the demands upon them. The very air seemed to inspire the feeling of panic. Not since the reign of the Vigilance Committee in '56, had there been such a spirit of uncontrolled and wild excitement manifest. A sort of volcanic sentiment, pent up and ready at the slightest rupture, to burst forth in devastating violence, seemed to pervade the masses. The tragic death of Mr. Ralston, the president of the bank, only intensified this feeling, and caused the cool and reasoning lookers-on to tremble for the financial safety of the city.

The causes that led to the disaster are not yet fully explained. Some assigned as a reason, that the capital of the bank had been withdrawn for speculative purposes, to such an extent that it could not meet the ordinary demands upon it. But the most reasonable explanation of its suspension, and that most generally accepted as true, was the scarcity of available money in the city, caused by the heavy drain from the Atlantic States, and the amount circulated through the country to move the crops.

Men well posted as to the condition of the finances of the coast assert that during the twelve months preceding the suspension of the Bank of California, thirty million dollars had been shipped to the East and that three millions were at that time locked up in the crops. So great a reduction of available funds would naturally depress the money market, and by the great demand thus created, cause depositors in banks to draw upon their accounts for operating capital.

There are few banks that can stand a continued "run" upon them. There would be little inducement to engage in the banking business if it were required of each bank to keep lying idle all the money deposited with it. In conducting a healthy banking business, there is always a large surplus in reserve above the amount required for the ordinary daily transactions, the excess over this being used as operating capital by the institution. So when anything transpires to cause an extraordinary and sudden withdrawal of deposits, because of not having time allowed to call in loans and convert various securities into available capital, the soundest banking-houses are sometimes forced to temporarily suspend.

The suspension of the Bank of California tested the recuperative vitality of the financial heart of the city; it gave the opportunity to show how much stamina this "mushroom metropolis" possessed. In this, it was a blessing to San Francisco, for she showed herself *master of the situation.*

There were many who had grave doubts as to the bank ever resuming business, and during the heat of the excitement rumors of its utter rottenness were heard and eagerly reported by gossiping croakers. But in less than six weeks, confidence was restored to the public mind, the wealthy stockholders had subscribed to a guarantee fund of seven and a half million dollars; and the doors of the Bank of California had been opened amid the din of cannon and the shouts of the multitude.

On the opening day, it was anticipated that there would be a heavy drain on its vaults, but when the balance was struck at the close of the day it was found that the deposits exceeded the amount withdrawn by thousands of dollars. This was an unlooked-for expression of confidence, and was a most encouraging discovery to the managers.

The time that has elapsed since the reopening day has only strengthened the faith in the stability of the institution and there is now, no reason why the Bank of California shall not in the future maintain the financial reputation that it had acquired previous to its embarassment; its influence meanwhile widening throughout the world and its sustaining power being exercised in the further development of the resources of the State whence it takes its name.

XVI.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

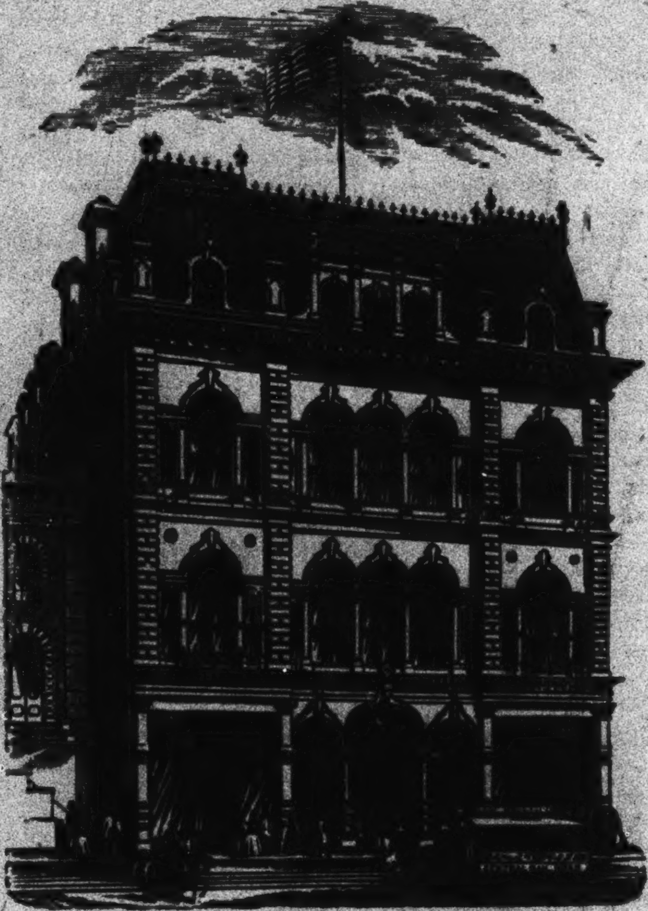
REFINED PUBLIC TASTE—THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY—THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY—ODD FELLOWS' LIBRARY—SMALLER LIBRARIES.

REFINED PUBLIC TASTE.

WHEN the circumstances that led to the rapid building of San Francisco, and in fact the settlement of the whole State, are considered, the natural conclusion would follow, that the majority of her citizens were distinctively wed to business; that money-making was their sole object to the exclusion of more refined ambition. This was true to a very great extent among the earlier gold-hunters, but each succeeding tide of immigration has brought with it those whose ambition led them into intellectual pursuits, and the result is, that in a race of a quarter of a century refined culture—art, science and literature, has kept well up with the more brusk and dashing business acquirements. The one has upheld the other, and the benefits accruing are mutual. Polite literature, scientific research and the mellowing influence of art, are not lost sight of by the San Francisco public. They are supported and cherished by willing hands—not by the select few, but by the masses.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

San Francisco has reason to be proud of her public libraries. Indeed, the Mercantile Library would be an honor to much older and more populous cities. It was organized on January 24, 1853. Its beginning was modest, but it has grown to enviable proportions already. The Library building is a massive and imposing edifice, and its internal finish and arrangement are very complete. It is situated on the north side of Bush Street, between Montgomery and Sansome. The building is three stories high, with attic and basement. On the first floor is the library, reading-room, reference library, ladies' reading-



MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING.

room, parlor, and trustees and janitor's room. On the second floor are the chess and smoking-room, writing-room, museum and store-room for periodicals. The basement contains a spacious lecture-room and supper-room, with ladies' and gentlemen's dressing-rooms.

This building was erected in 1868. Its value at that date, together with the ground upon which it stands, which is also the property of the Association, was estimated at two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Since then, by reason of the vast improvement of the part of the city in which it is located, it has very much appreciated, so that its present value perhaps exceeds three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

In 1870, the method that has in recent years obtained much favor in other cities and states, for raising money for public use—that of holding gift concerts—was tried by the Mercantile Library Association, and resulted in great success. By the profits it yielded, the Association was placed upon a stanch financial basis, and as it has always been exceedingly fortunate in choosing wise and judicious persons to manage its affairs, it is not unreasonable to expect it to not only grow more voluminous, but also to extend its usefulness in the community that has so cheerfully sustained it. Its refining and civilizing influence cannot be spared, and it is therefore important that every citizen in San Francisco, especially the members who are constantly enjoying its intellectual benefits, should exert their individual influence for its continued prosperity. If the Library is accomplishing the objects to which the eloquent orator in his dedicatory address at the completion of the building, consecrated it, it is not only worthy of, but imperatively demands, the supporting influence of every intelligent San Franciscan. He said, at closing:

"And now I dedicate this Temple to the true Mercantile Spirit; to the spirit of true honesty, which, rejecting the letter of the written contract, looks to its spirit, which disdaining all deceit, all mean and petty advantages, takes the just for its rule and guide; to the spirit of true equality, which, stripping off from man all accidental circumstances, respects and reverences him according to his merit; to the spirit of enterprise, whose field is the earth, the air, the sea, the sky, and all that in them is; to the spirit of munificence, that never tires in lavishing its treasures on all good objects on the scientific expedition, on the library, the university, the cause of religion, and on the soldier battling for the right; to the spirit of loyalty, that submits calmly and patiently to that great bond which holds society together—the law—which aims to reform, but never to resist or overthrow; to the spirit of patriotism, which follows with affection, pride and devotion, the daring mark of our country's flag; and to the spirit which worships God."

The library contains between forty and fifty thousand volumes, consisting of standard works on every department of science, art and literature. There are choice collections of French, Spanish, German and Italian literature, together with bound volumes of all the standard periodical publications of Europe and America. The bibliography also is very complete. A light iron gallery extends across two sides of the room for the convenience of the Librarian.

On the next floor above, the regular files of the newspapers, magazines, etc., are arranged on convenient tables and stands. In this reading-room there are one hundred and sixteen magazines, about twenty-five illustrated papers—some of which are foreign—over one hundred Atlantic and about one hundred and fifty Pacific Coast papers. There are also regular files of papers from the Sandwich Islands and the Cape of Good Hope. During the past year there were over eighty thousand volumes taken from the library, indicating that those who avail themselves of its benefits are numerous. For the last six years the average yearly circulation has exceeded eighty thousand volumes.

An idea of the literary tastes of the members may be gained from the number of volumes taken out of the different classified departments. During the year 1875, there were furnished to members the following: Romance, 55,175 volumes; Juvenile, 4,078; Travels, 2,940; Biography, 2,366; Belles-Lettres, 1,677; Science, 3,468; History, 2,355; Poetry, 1,525; Spanish, 81; French, 2,683; Collected Works, 1,327; German, 1,637; Theology, 597; Periodicals, 175—making a total of 80,084 volumes.

The total membership of the Association, in January, 1876, was 2,135. Of these, 1,726 were subscribing, 318 life, and 91 honorary members.

Any one in good standing in the community can become a member of the Mercantile Library. Two dollars for initiation and three dollars quarterly dues, paid in advance, entitles one to its full benefits.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY.

The Mechanics' Institute was organized March 29, 1855. The object of the organization was to establish a library and reading-room and collect a cabinet of minerals, etc., scientific apparatus, works of art, and for progress in mechanical science. The Institute has been very prosperous. It now has in its library-rooms about thirty thousand volumes, among which are many valuable and rare scientific works; also on its tables are found numerous standard periodicals, magazines, newspapers and illustrated publications. It is the official repository for the United States Patent Office Reports and contains many volumes of Foreign Patent Reports.

The library has recently received a magnificent donation from the English Government of a complete set of British Patent Office reports, the third set in the United States. A large room has been fitted up for their special reception. The books are most valuable for reference as they run back to the earliest date. All the necessary drawings accompany them.

What has given to the Mechanics' Institute its greatest popularity are the Industrial Exhibitions that have been held from time to time under its auspices. The public have taken much interest in these and they have always met with hearty encouragement. The tenth exhibition of this Institution began on the 18th of August, 1875, and continued open to the public up to the 9th of the following October. As many as thirty thousand persons have visited the Pavilion, in which the fairs are held, in a single day.

By the profits, accruing from these exhibitions the Institute has made many valuable accessions to its library and apparatus, and is in a most flourishing condition. Any one can become a member by the payment of one dollar initiation and one dollar and fifty cents quarterly. The Institute building is at No. 27 Post street.

THE ODD FELLOWS' LIBRARY.

At No. 325 Montgomery Street, the Odd Fellows' Society of San Francisco have a commodious and well appointed Library room, containing over twenty-five thousand volumes of the various departments of literature. In this library is a very extensive collection of works on the early history of the Pacific Coast. Their cabinet of mineral fossils, etc., is said to be the choicest in the State. No other secret society in the city has as fine a library, and the Order is justly proud of its success in this line. The Odd Fellow's library was organized on the 30th day of December, 1854. It is largely patronized by the members and friends of the Order.

SMALLER LIBRARIES.

Almost every literary, art, or historical society in the city has its collection of books pertaining to its special objects. Some of these are quite extensive. The Society of California Pioneers, the Academy of Sciences, the Young Mens' Christian Association, the San Francisco Verein, together with numerous other literary, benevolent, or religious associations, all, have libraries more or less voluminous.

There is a Military Library, that was incorporated in January, 1873; its objects, to acquire, preserve and conduct a library, to consist of books, magazines and periodicals of a military character. They have on their shelves some six hundred volumes, and about one hundred maps.

The San Francisco Law Library, is an important accessory to the law student. It contains about fifteen thousand volumes of standard legal, biographical and miscellaneous works. Some of the hotels have collections of books and periodicals that are quite attractive to their studiously disposed guests. There is no lack of choice reading matter in San Francisco, and we believe that this fact is attested by the intelligence of the people.

XVII.

SUNDAY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST BELL—SECOND BELL—SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS—PICNICS—BEER GARDENS—SUNDAY NIGHT.

THE FIRST BELL.

THE first utterance of the divine command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," has reverberated in swelling echoes from the walls of centuries, and is caught up to-day by thousands of eloquent tongues; the bells in the steeples, by their harmonic chimes, proclaim it to the world; yet, the children of men go their ways unheeding. Sunday in San Francisco! Well, what does that signify? A day of rest? Yes; to a few. A holy day? To some. A day of sport, of mirth, of levity, jollity, riot and dissipation? Aye; to many.

In the early morning of a Sunday, San Francisco presents a quiet and peaceful scene. The streets are almost deserted, and the clatter of the swift-rolling wheels of the milk-wagon, as it whirls over the glistening cobble-stone pave, echoes and resounds like a shot in the solitude of a forest. San Francisco slumbers late on Sunday mornings. Saturday-night dissipations call for rest, and not until nine o'clock on Sunday mornings does overtaxed humanity revive to open out the shutters and let in the light of day.

But by this time the first bells are sounding, calling the children to the Sabbath-schools. Doors begin to open, and gates turn on their hinges, and soon the little feet go pit-a-pat upon the sidewalks; and

> Some clad in the richest robes,
>   And some in threadbare dresses;
> But Nature knows no rank or caste
>   In lavishing her tresses.

But few older persons mingle in this throng of little folk. Their breakfasts are not yet eaten, their toilets not performed; they await the sounding of the second bell. The joy-notes of the Sunday-school children will have floated up through the archway of the gold-paved city, and the angels in the seventh heaven will have given echo to the strain, before their older brothers and sisters have even tuned their sacred lyres.

SECOND BELL.

Down at the ferry-slips the throng of pleasure-seekers are hurrying on the boats. On the rolling waters of the Bay small excursion steamers puff and pant, and make the timid occupants of white-winged yachts that drift along their course scream out with affright. Street-cars crowded with all classes of persons dressed in their best suits pass to and fro. Carriages drawn by dashing teams hurry through the streets. The sidewalks are gaudy with the gayly-dressed pedestrians that press past each other. Some are on their way to church, while others are hastening to the various picnic and pleasure grounds across the Bay or in the suburbs.

In the more fashionable churches the display of toilettes is bewildering. The costliest fabrics, the most delicate tints and shades, the artistic blending of colors, together with the flashing jewels that adorn the persons of the ladies, contrasted with the sombre garb of the gentlemen, make a scene of splendor, the attractions of which are sufficient to divert the attention from the most eloquent sermon. Operatic music intermingled with sacred staves swells up from the choir of professional singers, and the deep-toned organ pipes forth its tremulous notes in harsh vibrations. And the preachers preach.

The "good old gospel sermons that were wont to thrill the souls of all the hearers in the earlier history of our country" are now but seldom uttered from the pulpit. In every age the heart of man has new desires. "Meeting-house *exhortations*" are superseded by modified and altogether delightful *lectures*. St. Paul is eulogized for his brilliant powers; the writings of St. John are chosen as the theme of discourse, because of the sentiment of love that pervades them; David, the psalmist, is praised for his poetic style and classic rhetoric; the Book of Revelations furnishes favorite texts for speculative theorists. He whose eloquence enkindles and stimulates the morbid imagination of his congregation is the popular preacher of to-day. What a contrast of sentiment in the birth and centennial anniversary of the American Republic!

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

Sunday is play-day to San Franciscans. But few work. Even the Jewish people, either for lack of patronage or because of a desire to join in the general frolic, do not as a rule keep open shop. By noon, almost all Sunday-workers have quit their labors, donned their Sunday clothes, and are off to the scene of revelry.

There are very few Sundays in a year that a steamboat excursion or picnic cannot be enjoyed. The climate puts no check on out-door amusements. Hence there is scarce a Sunday but what there is a festive gathering at some of the many recreation grounds near the city.

Oakland and Alameda furnish pure air and country scenery, and therefore many pleasure grounds are there provided and kept open on Sundays. These are choice resorts to the working classes, and persons of moderate means, as the mode of travel is comfortable, quick, and cheap. Woodward's gardens, and the various Plazas, are also numerously visited by the same class. Golden Gate Park and the Cliff House are the attractions to the fashionable and wealthy.

After the morning services in the churches are over, all lines of travel are crowded by the pleasure-seeking populace. Livery establishments reap a rich harvest on Sundays. The most public thoroughfares and well-kept drives are teeming with life. Private carriages throng the highways and the suburbs that are so quiet during six days, on every seventh become the busiest and noisiest part of the city.

Beer gardens become rivals of Babel. Not only the German population centre there on Sundays, but foreigners of different nationalities, and many Americans, join in the eating, drinking, and merry-making. Dancing, swinging, bowling, jumping, running and singing constitute a part of the amusements. Sweet music is discoursed from rustic balconies. Summer houses hid behind hedges of cypress and sheltered by the golden acacia and drooping willow, furnish quiet retreats for romantic lovers. A "free and easy" feeling pervades the whole throng, and nothing—not even the still small voice of conscience—is permitted to disturb the charm of hilarity.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

There are few Monday issues of the morning papers that do not employ their stereotyped heading "A chapter of Sunday horrors." Sunday night is a busy time for the policemen. The hoodlum element is in its glory. A day of riot prepares the vicious for a night of crime. Those who pass the afternoon at pleasure resorts out of curiosity, for the recreation it affords, or merely to see and be seen, have had enough of earth's follies for one day, and are glad when the thickening gloom of darkness warns them to their beds. But the rowdies and dissolute who bibble and carouse all day grow boisterous at twilight, and when night has enveloped the city, are emboldened and do not hestitate to commit the most fiendish crimes.

The low dives are thronged with cut-throats and ruffians, and the frequent outbursts of profanity and ribaldry startle the quiet passers-by. Dance cellars and concert saloons teem with inebriated life. Saloons, both high and low, are in full blast. Corner groceries—those nurseries of vice and intemperance that abound so numerously throughout the city—are filled with boys and men who gather there to jest, and smoke and drink.

The tide runs high on Barbary Coast, and the filth and slum of society floats upon the surface. The lowest dens of infamy are brilliantly lighted up, and in the doors and by the windows the most debased of fallen women stand gaudily attired and beck and nod to viler men that promenade the walks in front. The gilded palaces of sin charm the listener by harmonious strains of music. The "hot-houses" of hell receive more propagating warmth on Sunday night than during all the week beside.

All the theatres and play-houses are open—the lower class putting on the boards the most obscure and sensational plays. The better and first-class houses are mostly devoted to German plays. The attendance is unusually good. Many persons visit the theatres on Sunday nights who never attend on other evenings. Dancing academies are filled with merry assemblages, and every variety of amusement meets with encouraging patronage on Sunday night. Churches that were thronged at the morning service are almost deserted at night; but lecture rooms, where expounders of modern and "progressive" religious ideas spout their well-learned homilies, are filled with curious listeners.

In the midst of this revelry and riot; this mockery and dissipation; in this same San Francisco that has so little old time reverence for the Sabbath, there are some who do not forget that their ancestors called this day the Lord's, and are strict in the observance of the command to keep it holy. They are devout in their religious service, and although composing but a small minority, do not hesitate to take up the cross and follow their chosen Leader, always endeavoring by word and precept to lead others with them.

XVIII.

THE SUMNER LIGHT GUARD.

MILITARY—COMPANY "E"—AS MARKSMEN—THE "SUMNERS" SOCIALLY.

MILITARY.

BESIDES the regular United States soldiery, San Francisco has within her limits military organizations comprising a numerical force of over two thousand five hundred men. This body consists of three regiments of infantry, one battalion of cavalry, and one light battery of artillery—all attached to the second brigade of the National Guard of California; also fifteen independent military companies numbering about a thousand men. The force is made up of the citizen soldiery, and considering the civil duties devolving upon them, it is remarkable how skilled they have become in the difficult art of war. Many of the companies comport themselves at drill in a manner that betokens the veteran warriors. Although they come from the office, the store, the workbench and forge, and from every peaceful industrial pursuit, they are a hale band of men, ready at any time to shoulder their knapsacks and step from the luxury of domestic life into the tented field.

California's loyalty to the Union, during the war of rebellion, was due more, perhaps, to the patriotism of her home soldiery than to the preponderance of a loyal sentiment among her citizens. The military in San Francisco has ever been loyal to their country's flag—and was, during the war, even radical in their devotion to the Federal Government.

COMPANY "E."

While there are other companies in the National Guard of California that are equal in military accomplishments to this, Company E, or "The Sumner Light Guard," is perhaps most widely known, because of having produced a rifle team that has particularly distinguished itself at several important contests in marksmanship.

Fourteen young men, all members of the First Congregational Church in San Francisco, took the first step in organizing this company, by each signing the following preamble: "Believing that our duty to our God and our country is paramount to every other duty, and that our country's safeguard consists in the ability of her citizens to defend themselves against the assaults of *foreign* and *domestic* foes, we, the undersigned, hereby form ourselves into a military corps." On August 16, 1861, they called a meeting in the vestry of the Church, at the corner of Dupont and California streets, and invited a number of their friends to attend. The meeting resulted in the election of a President and Secretary, and the appointment of committees to procure a suitable drill hall, and to make all the necessary arrangements for a permanent organization. Turn Verein Hall, on Bush Street, near Powell, was secured and retained for a place of meeting and drill, until the present Armory of the First Regiment was erected. The first drill officer was D. D. Neal, a gentleman of varied acquirements, who has since achieved quite a reputation as an artist in Germany.

The company was formally organized, according to the law of the State of California, on October 14, 1861, Col. John S. Ellis, commander of the First Infantry Regiment, presiding at the election of officers. The commissioned officers elected were: Captain, Thomas B. Ludlum; First Lieutenant, Stephen Barker; Second Lieutenant, Rufus W. Thompson; and Brevet Second Lieutenant, Abram Moger.

In July, 1864, Capt. Ludlum was elected to the office of Lieut-Colonel of the regiment, and was succeeded, as Captain, by Abram Moger, who in turn was succeeded by Charles H. Daly, Oscar Woodhams, and Henry J. Burns, the present Captain. Three of the "Sumners" commanders have held the position of Lieut-Colonel of their Regiment—Capt. Ludlum (who has also held the office of Colonel), Mogers and Woodhams—the latter yet acting in that office.

The "Sumners" have always been reliable, and in any excitements where the presence of the military was deemed necessary to restore order, they have been a willing and chosen company, to such service. A few years ago, when the miners in Amador County "struck" for higher wages and grew so belligerent in demeanor as to intimidate all local authorities, this company, in connection with company C—the "Nationals"—was detailed to go to the scene of disorder, and promptly responded to the order. Fortunately, the military in San Francisco have not been introduced to the rigors and dangers of actual conflict on the battlefield, but there is no reason to suppose but that, should the emergency require, they would "fight as Kosciusko fought, and, if needs be, fall as Kosciusko fell."

AS MARKSMEN.

The Sumner Light Guard was the first military company on the Pacific Coast to introduce the Hythe system of scientific shooting into their drill practice. In July, 1873, it was discovered that two members of the company, Messrs. James Gowrie and W. B. Grant, were proficient in the new method of shooting; and, in August following, classes were formed to engage in this practice, under competent instructors. Shortly thereafter, target practice in the field was begun, and has since been kept up, though at times under very adverse circumstances. The Hythe system has recently been adopted at Creedmoor, and is fast coming into general use all over the country.

Under command of Captain Burns, the Sumners have given much attention to target shooting, and the popularity they have gained in their several contests has prompted most of the military organizations on the coast to emulation in the practice.

In a match for the championship between States, the Sumners were victorious over Company D, 12th New York State National Guards and the "Emmet Guard" of Nevada—winning for California the championship over New York and Nevada. The company recently made the highest score in short-range practice that has been recorded in the United States, and at the annual target practice at Camp Schofield it has been victorious in several brigade matches.

The Sumner rifle team that has engaged in the principal contests, is composed of the following members of the company:

H. J. Burns	Captain.
E. O. Hunt	Lieutenant.
G. H. Strong	Sergeant.
Chas. Nash	Corporal.
David Watson	Private.
John Steed	"
J. Robertson	"
Wm. Burke	"

Chas. B. Preble	Private.
R. A. Sable	"
W. F. Murray	"
A. S. Folger	"
Wm. Dove	"
V. C. Post	"
Thos. Murphy	"

If, in our future wars, when "foe meets foe in battle array" the "beads" are drawn upon each other as deliberately and accurately as in the target practice of to-day—if their nerves do not grow unsteady at the thought of death, the havoc will have been so universal that few, if any, will be spared to shout the victory, or tell the tale of defeat.

THE SUMNERS, SOCIALLY.

During the earlier years of the company's existence it was an exceedingly popular organization in society. Many of its members ranked high in the social scale, and frequent parties and entertainments were the offspring of their social dispositions. Nearly all the members were young, and buoyant of spirit, and nothing was more enjoyable to them than a mirthful "frolic." By the townsfolk, it was considered a mark of distinction to receive an invitation to a ball or party conducted under the auspices of Company E, of the 1st Regiment.

But of those who were young and light-hearted then, some have joined the army of the dead, others have dropped out of the ranks and have been lost sight of in the hubbub of the world, while those who yet remain have mostly taken upon themselves family cares, and are so held down by the pressure of business that little time can be devoted to the company, except as discipline demands.

The name "Sumner," adopted by the company, is in honor of General Sumner, who was in command of the U. S. Military Division of the Pacific, at or near the time the Sumner Light Guard was organized.

XIX.

EMPEROR NORTON.

HIS EARLY LIFE—"EMPEROR OF CALIFORNIA AND PROTECTOR OF MEXICO"—DRESS, HABITS.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

EVERY city has its share of eccentric characters. There are always some persons who, either from a desire to be odd and peculiar, or because of a fancy resulting from a diseased or unbalanced mind, adopt a manner of life entirely different from any other of their fellows.

The forms of this peculiarity are as varied as the persons assuming or bearing it are numerous. With few exceptions, however, they—like many of those who, by the ordinary standard of human intelligence are adjudged to be sane—assume to be persons of much greater worth and importance than they really are, and entitled to greater consideration from their fellowmen than they receive.

Perhaps the most original and best sustained character that is met on the streets of San Francisco is that of "Emperor," adopted by Joshua Norton, an English Jew. To look upon him, knowing his early history in the city, one feels like exclaiming with Ophelia, "how great a mind is here o'erthrown!" His is not merely a character assumed for effect or peculiarity, but results from a disordered mind—a mania or hallucination. Yet there is much of "method in his madness."

His early life is shrouded in mystery. He was born in England, and from there went to the Cape of Good Hope, where he entered the military service as a member of the colonial riflemen. How long or how well he served in that capacity we are not informed.

In 1847 or '48 he came to San Francisco, and is remembered by the early pioneers as having been a shrewd, safe and prosperous man; possessing more than ordinary intelligence, fertile of resource and enterprising. His business pursuits were varied. At one time he was buying partner for three or four mercantile houses in the interior of the State, and in this capacity manifested great business ability. Then he engaged in the real estate business, in which he continued with apparent prosperity a number of years. While in this business he became possessor of much valuable real estate, and judging by the frequent occurrence of his name on the city and county records, and the monetary values represented, he was one of the largest land speculators in those early times. If the truth were known, it is very possible that he is to-day the legitimate owner of property, the present value of which if stated would greatly astonish the majority of citizens. A thorough examination of the records would reveal the fact that since he has been afflicted with a mental disorder, he has been induced to relinquish title to property for a mere nominal consideration, the value of which was far up into the thousands. Since this centennial year has inaugurated an era of "investigations," it might be remunerative for some one who has a relish for removing patches, scraping off long accumulated whitewash, and rumaging among archives, to devote a little time to this matter. It would be interesting, if nothing more. When his former partner disowns a knowledge of his history in California, and persons to whom he has transferred his interest to valuable real property, "know nothing of his real estate transactions," the interest in this question is naturally intensified.

It appears that his business career culminated in a grand effort to get a "corner" on rice, which staple was, some ten or twelve years ago, a favorite article for speculation. He purchased all that was in the city and (as rumor has it) all that he could ascertain was in transit, paying large prices with a view of controlling the future market. Of Macondray & Co. he bought a large cargo, to arrive, agreeing to pay fifteen cents per pound (or thereabout). Other shipments, however, that he knew not of, were reported in the meantime, and upon the arrival of Macondray & Co's cargo the market was so "flat" that he could not meet his contract, and a protracted law suit followed, during which the mania that he was "Emperor" first became manifest. It is said that he proposed to compromise the matter with Messrs. Macondray & Co. by marrying Mr. Macondray's daughter and investing her with the royal title of Empress.

EMPEROR OF CALIFORNIA AND PROTECTOR OF MEXICO.

His hallucination is, that he is Emperor of California and Protector of Mexico. In accordance with this belief, his sole purpose in life is to properly administer to his subjects, and like a wise ruler should, do everything possible for the promotion of prosperity and the advancement of his dominions. His diplomatic relations with other countries are not lost sight of, and he profits by closely observing the progress or downfall of other nations, using their experience in his home policy. His power is duly recognized in times of international or civil wars. He claims to have reconciled the French and Prussians, and brought about the peace that was established between them at the close of the late Franco-Prussian war. The war of the Rebellion was terminated through his interference, and the success attending the reconstruction of the Union, is due in a great part to his wise counsel.

His own Empire is vigilantly watched. He is not only skilled in the arts of war, but his wisdom extends to the pursuits of peace. The great resources of California are his pride, and to their proper development his greatest exertions are directed. How he gloats over the mineral wealth of his domain, and the agricultural value of his broad acres are a source for delightful contemplation! San Francisco, his favorite city, he calls the "Queen of the Pacific," and the world pays tribute to her. The municipal authorities receive his praise or condemnation as their administration pleases or offends him. By proclamation (sometimes to humor his whim published in the city press) he communicates to his subjects his ideas of progress and justice, and never fails to attach his signature with the imperial seal, "Norton I. Emperor of California and Protector of Mexico *Dei Gratia*." Thus, from day to day, he busies himself with the affairs of his Empire, the belief that he rules most royally being strengthened by the allegiance that all show. On his head his crown rests lightly.

DRESS, HABITS.

Emperor Norton may be known by his dress, as he pays no attention whatever to the varying fashions. His coat is navy blue, cut in the military style, and lavishly trimmed with brass buttons. On the shoulders are heavy epaulettes usually tarnished from exposure to weather, though sometimes brilliantly polished. His hat, the regular Jehu style, is trimmed with some brass ornament, from which extends two or three waving cock-plumes. His boots are notorious for their size, and are less frequently polished than otherwise.

During the day he passes the time upon the streets, traveling from one part of the city to another, without apparent object, unless it be to see that the policemen are on duty, the sidewalks unobstructed, and the various city ordinances promptly enforced. He occasionally calls at the offices or business houses of acquaintances, stops for a few minutes, talking on general topics, and proceeds on his round—never calling at one place so often as to render his presence offensive, nor remaining so long as to be considered a bore. He is a good conversationalist, and having free access to all the libraries and reading-rooms, keeps well posted on current topics. He will talk readily upon any subject, and his opinions are usually very correct, except when relating to himself. He is more familiar with history than the ordinary citizen, and his scientific knowledge, though sometimes "mixed," is considerable.

Of evenings he may be found at the theatre or in the lecture room, a cool observer and attentive listener. His face is a free ticket for him to all places of amusement and public gatherings, and oftentimes he makes quite extended journeys by rail and other public conveyances without expending a dollar. Sacramento is a favorite resort during the sessions of the Legislature, whither he goes to see that legislators do not prostitute their privileges. He is on familiar terms with all officials, high or low, feeling of course that they are only his more favored subjects. He is perfectly harmless, and unless his mind be occupied with some more than ordinarily grave question relating to the Empire, is jocular, and disposed to be humorous.

His living is very inexpensive. He occupies a cheap room, is temperate in his habits, boards at cheap restaurants, which, with many privileges granted him that others have to pay for, reduces his expenditures to a very small sum. When he wants money he will draw a check on any of the city banks, take it to an acquaintance who humors his delusion, and get it cashed, thinking, no doubt, that it is a legitimate business transaction. Some of the merchant Jews contribute to his support, and he is much better cared for than many who labor hard every day for a livelihood. Thus does his affliction secure him a comfortable living, happy to-day, without care for the morrow, and free from all the annoyances that to many renders life a burdensome existence.

XXIX.

THE COUNTY JAIL AND CITY PRISON.

THE COUNTY JAIL—THE CITY PRISON—PRISON LIFE.

THE COUNTY JAIL.

THE jail building is a low two-story brick structure resting on a stone basement. It is located on Broadway, just on the northerly border of what is known in common street parlance as "Barbary Coast." The entrance is guarded by a huge iron gate. Passing up the stone steps and entering through this gate, the first floor is reached. This contains the jailer's office, store-room and kitchen, in front, while leading through the back portion of the building is a corridor, on either side of which is a row of cells, then a yard about fifteen feet square, beyond which is another row of cells. The size of the cells is quite uniform, most of them being twelve feet long, five feet wide, and eight feet high. The walls are of brick, and the doors of heavy iron. A small grated window, opening outside, with a smaller wicket in the iron door, affords all the light and air that the criminal (or otherwise) occupant obtains. Three or four men are generally confined in these, and if the modern ideas of the benefits of light and ventilation are correct, it is possible that much discomfort and disease attends a long confinement in these cells.

The second floor contains the matron's apartments and sleeping-rooms for the jailers. In the rear of this is a corridor and cells similar in arrangement to those below. On this floor, and somewhat removed from the others, are the cells for females. The only means of admitting light or air in these, is through a small opening in the door.

A straw mattress answers the double purpose of bed and seat—no chair, stool or bench being provided. This, with a tin pan, tin plate, tin cup, and pewter spoon, constitutes the furniture of a cell. A shelf or bracket—the prisoner's own make—usually adorns the wall, and upon this is arranged the "plate." Notwithstanding the inevitable periodical whitewashing, the prisoners continue (as has been their custom since newspapers first became a public commodity) to cover the walls of their cells with various illustrated papers; the *Day's Doings* and *Police Gazette* are usually most sought after for this purpose. It would seem that these criminals revel in the thought of crime; and that they may not for a moment indulge in a sober thought of life, they place these vice-reflecting periodicals about their cells so that they will be a constant reminder of the continued existence of vice and crime. May it not be possible, however, that a lack of other and better papers is the cause of their using these? They are criminals. Their friends are vicious, if not criminal; and it is among the vicious and criminal classes that such immoral and corrupting periodicals circulate. Their friends furnish them these because they have them. If some of our philanthropic citizens whose souls are yearning for a subject in need of humane assistance would but look in upon the imprisoned criminals that crowd our jails and prisons, they would find abundant material upon which they could bestow their humanitarian labor.

The county jail is usually crowded. It is the goal of the petit criminals. The hoodlum, the house burglar, the sneak-thief and the rioter are gathered into this fold.

The prison bill of fare might seem to the poor laboring class—who struggle along from day to day, and barely succeed in securing enough of the plainest food to keep soul and body in union—a great luxury. Printed, it would read: Coffee, mush, bread, beef, potatoes, molasses and soup. Tasted, the coffee *might* be coffee, the soup *might* be soup, but following the rule that "the proof of the pudding is the eating," there would be little argument favoring the assertion that it was really *coffee* and *soup*. The mush and the beef are certainly *mush* and *beef;* but mush and beef may be either good or bad, and the latter term is generally applicable to the quality that is served to the prisoners in the County Jail.

THE CITY PRISON.

The City Hall of San Francisco stands on the corner of Kearny and Washington Streets. The stranger might pass this building a dozen times and not observe that it is devoted to any public use; unless perchance the unwholesome odor that emanates from the small barred windows 'neath the side-walk should arrest his attention. It is a modest looking building and withal somewhat weather-worn.

Underneath the City Hall is a series of dark and gloomy cells, over the main entrance to which is painted, in black letters, "City Prison." There are two divisions of cells, one part called the old and the other the new, prison. The former comprises two rows of cells, poorly ventilated, dark, and when overcrowded with prisoners—which is of frequent occurence—very foul. The new prison consists of some five or six cells, constructed more in accordance with the rules of health as to ventilation, but poorly lighted, and in no respect a desirable place of occupancy.

This is the probationary house of the criminals, where they await the decision of the Police Court, whose decree shall acquit them or give them a passport to the County Jail or San Quentin. The Police Court, which is at once the clover-field of numerous pettifoggers and shysters, and the branding-yard of the law-breakers, is located on the floor above, within easy access of the prison. When the New City Hall is complete, the criminal classes of San Francisco may thank the honest tax-payers for more comfortable quarters wherein they may atone for their sins against the law.

PRISON LIFE.

As long as a prisoner is under the direct charge of Judge and Jury and the higher officials, he generally has justice meted out to him; for the persons occupying such positions perform their work openly in the presence of a discriminating public. Of the under officials, who gloat over their badges of authority with disgusting pride, the same can not be said. Their acts are hidden from the general public, and hence they have no fear of the lash of criticism.

A prison-keeper may be a brute, and the public be ignorant of the fact. His aids may be the worst criminals under sentence of imprisonment for crime—and there are often some such in the County Jail and City Prison of San Francisco—and the public at large think they are serving out a sentence in the ranks of the chain-gang.

When a prisoner is brought in, his name is entered on the prison register, and the offense with which he is charged is set opposite. If the caste of his crime and the cut of his clothes indicate that his rank is above the "vulgar," he will be treated courteously, and assigned the most comfortable berth. His talents are recognized, and are a convenient capital that commands respect. He is a smart villain, but a villain nevertheless. But should he be a poverty-stricken wretch, whom want, perhaps, had pressed to dire extremity, and whose looks and dress betoken his condition, then is he the butt of blackguard ridicule and vulgar jests, and fully realizes the truth of the old saw, "it is hard to be poor." The contents of his pockets are displayed for the amusement of those around, and he is hustled off to some obscure and foul den, and if any complaint is made of ill treatment, is violently thrust into his cell, when the door slams behind him and he is at the mercy of the brutal turnkey. Such instances have occurred in San Francisco's prisons (we hope not frequently), and they are not worse than many other prisons in the land.

Were it only the guilty that suffered such abuses it would be a matter of less moment—but even such treatment of *criminals* is inhuman. It is a fact, however, that innocent persons alike are forced to submit to such usage, and in almost every instance they have no recourse. Because a person is under the ban of suspicion, does not signify his guilt; and until his guilt is proven, the law assumes him to be innocent. Yet once in the City Prison, no matter how notorious a villain his prosecutor may be, he is thrust into a cell among a mob of low and vulgar drunkards and criminals, and must await "the law's delay" and bear the "insolence of office."

When prisoners are transferred from the City Prison to the County Jail, they are generally handcuffed in pairs and led through the public streets. The man who, when his trial is had, will be proven innocent, may be linked to the vilest criminal and forced to go out on the street, where he is subjected to the curious gaze of sidewalk loafers until he reaches the Jail. There is no distinction, if he be a prisoner, guilty or not guilty.

Circumstances lead to the arrest of many innocent persons. If the officials did their duties, they would not be forced to languish in the foul cells where they ofttimes contract diseases that injure them for life. It is not a difficult matter to get *in* jail; but to get *out* when once in a San Francisco prison, some strategy as well as considerable coin must be used. If the prisoner has no coin, he may as well sit down and patiently await his appointed time. If he have a friend who would bail him out, it will cost him $2.50 to send a message to that friend. Numerous small taxes of this kind are exacted, which during a month swell the perquisites of certain attachés to a considerable sum.

If a prisoner has coin (sugar money), he may live luxuriantly as far as eating is concerned. The grocer who keeps across the corner will take his daily order and supply him with anything he may desire, even his daily whiskey, for a good round price. The restaurateur is on the lookout for him, and stands ready to serve him with any delicacy in his line. Some "trusty" will, of course, get his commission on all this. There is little doubt but that the prison fare is frequently made unpalatable, for the sole purpose of increasing the demand for outside nicknacks. Influences are brought to bear on the various departments of prison management that the outside public know nothing of, and until the public demand a change it will not only continue, but grow worse. Grand Juries may make their monthly rounds of investigation, but their stereotyped reports of "all things pertaining to the condition of the prisoners are satisfactory," will continue to be accepted until public sentiment demands a stricter investigation and a more detailed report.

The intercourse permitted between the male and female prisoners is a disgrace to San Francisco. The frequent recurrence of the same criminals, arrested for the commission of the same kind of crime, indicates that there is something lacking in prison discipline.

XXI.

THE POLICE FORCE.

THE CITY GOVERNMENT — THE POLICE DEPARTMENT; STRENGTH OF THE FORCE; HEADQUARTERS OF THE DEPARTMENT.

THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

PREVIOUS to the year 1856, the city and county of San Francisco existed under separate governments, and maintained separate officers; but, in July of that year, an act, passed by the previous Legislature, consolidating the two governments, took effect. The municipal government has therefore since that time been exercised over both city and county.

The principal public officials for executing the laws are: the mayor; board of supervisors, of whom there are twelve, with the mayor as president; superintendent of common schools, with twelve persons composing the board of education; the judges of the district, county, probate, municipal criminal, city criminal, police and justices' courts; the chief of police, sheriff, county clerk, recorder, auditor, treasurer, assessor, tax collector, and coroner.

Until the consolidation was effected, the necessary outlay for conducting the dual system was enormous; besides, the laws were so lax as to admit of official peculation and various lavish expenditures, without any criminal liability being attached to such conduct. Previous to that time, also, the city had been at the mercy of thieves and criminals of all classes, because of the insufficiency of the constable or police force and their co-operating officials, whose duties were so ill-defined as to be construed as was desired. When the lawless class would become so numerous and bold as to be considered intolerable, the citizens would temporarily assume the responsibility of administering justice, regardless of any existing laws, ordinances, and officials, hang a few of the most notorious desparadoes, frighten the others into flight, and resume the "even tenor of their way," giving little or no attention to municipal affairs. But under the new code there has been more wholesome rule; its provisions and restrictions, with the additions and alterations that have from time to time been found necessary for its more perfect working—have proven well adapted to the proper management of the affairs of the city and county.

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.

Although there is more business ability, erudition and legal wisdom requisite to judiciously perform the duties of the higher offices, those to whom the lives and property of the citizens are intrusted for safe keeping, occupy positions of more vital importance to the general public. The police force of a city should therefore have at its head men of undoubted integrity and honor, and every member composing the body should be first of all brave and intelligent, and have a keen desire to see justice administered to every creature; and also fully appreciate the rights and liberties of citizens, and the enormity of crime. But police departments are proverbially corrupt; especially is this true in the early history of thriving cities. So unlimited is the authority with which they are invested, that, if they be so disposed, they can violate their trust and abuse their privileges to such an extent as to utterly disarm the law and bind the hands of justice. For this reason, every office connected with the management of the police department should be sacredly protected from political manipulation, and the whole police force should stand independent of any influence whatever that might be exerted by political chicanery. Merit, and the proper discharge of duty should be the only qualifications that would entitle a man to any position in the department, whether high or low. It is far better to have no police and no law at all, than to have the one in league with the lawless classes, and the other administered by corrupt politicians, whose only aim is personal profit and aggrandizement.

At the fountain-head of the police department of San Francisco there is apparently some impurity, but the officers of the force and the patrolmen as a body have not been, since the consolidation of city and county, excessively negligent, neither have they been as zealous in the performance of duty, as is frequently the case with such bodies. They seem to have chosen a mean course, avoiding extreme efficiency as well as extreme neglect and carelessness. Either from the monotony of the life they lead, which it would seem, in a city with such a restless population as has this, would be interspersed with various exciting episodes, or from downright indifference, the San Francisco police appear to dwell for the most part in a dreamy region, out of which they can be called only by a long and loud cry of alarm. They seem to prefer to be driven by public sentiment, rather than lead and win public commendation. Frequent reminders of duties not performed are necessary; but it is seldom required to curb their zeal.

But when they once become aroused they are most formidable foes of disorder. A riot seldom develops beyond its incipient stage; a hoodlum outrage is speedily avenged; gambling-houses are sacked; vice is exposed and reproved; and criminals of all classes hunted down with a spirit and earnestness that proves beyond doubt that the material for a most efficient police force exists, and all that is lacking is strict discipline. The organization is good, but the rules governing it are not enforced. The executive officers seem to forget that by pursuing a conservative course there will be nearly as many votes cast against them by the good citizens at some future election as they will gain from the bad element of society.

The system of employing "special" or "local" officers, as practised to a very great extent in the city, while perhaps well adapted to the residence portion of the city, does not give satisfaction in the heart of Barbary Coast or in any part of the city, notorious for the lawlessness of its inhabitants. Only regular officers, paid by the city, should be assigned to duty there. If the officer is paid by criminals to watch over their interests, he can not be expected to inform against them or arraign them for misdemeanor as readily as would one who was not in the least dependent upon them for his salary. The bribes and "hush" money that are held out, are many times too tempting to the regular policemen, but if he be fitted for his position, he will not long be troubled with such offers, and will soon make crime and vice shrink from public gaze.

In the pamphlet of "General Regulations" published by order of the Chief, for the benefit of members of the force, and of which every officer is presumed to carry with him a copy, in Section 47, under the head of *Patrol Duty*, occurs the following clause: "Officers whose beats cover houses of ill-fame, will be held responsible for the preservation of order and decency on the streets; women of the town must not display themselves at their doors or windows to invite custom, nor solicit custom on the streets." There is no pretension made, whatever (as any-one may see who will take the trouble to stroll along Dupont Street, Waverly Place, and any of the disreputable streets or lanes, after dark) to enforce any part of this clause, except that relating to the preservation of order. Decency is outraged hourly, both day and night, by prostitutes standing in their doors or lounging at their open windows, whistling or calling out to every man passing by. Dissolute fellows will stop on the public highway and engage in vulgar and obscene conversation with them, and boys scarce in their teens may be seen loitering along the walk, stopping occasionally to converse with them. And many of the officers on these beats are "specials."

STRENGTH OF THE FORCE AND EQUIPMENT.

The numerical strength of the force, including the local or special officers, exceeds five hundred. Of these there are only one hundred and fifty regulars, appointed by the Police Commissioners, and receiving pay from the city. The local officers or "specials" are appointed in the same manner as the regulars, and operate under similar regulations, but receive their pay from citizens residing on their beats.

The higher officers are—Chief, Captain of the Detectives, Captain of the Harbor Police, three Patrol Captains, and five Sergeants. There are about one hundred and twenty regular Patrolmen and ten Detectives, the remaining number of the regular force being employed in various special and detailed capacities. They are a fine body of men, mostly above the medium stature, of solid build, and muscular. Their uniform is gray, with any kind of hat or cap preferred. The badge of office is a single silver star, with the officer's number engraved thereon, worn on the left breast, in plain view while on duty. Each officer when on duty is required to carry a Police revolver, whistle and baton, but no weapon is displayed except in emergencies.

In the detective service, there are a Captain and nine assistants. These are all members of the regular Police force, but are generally engaged on detective business. The San Francisco Detectives have been very successful in their line. I. W.

Lees, the Captain, has been on the force for over twenty-two years, and has proven himself a very skillful and efficient officer. Henry H. Ellis, the present Chief of Police, is also an experienced detective, displaying much tact and shrewdness in that capacity.

In Eastern cities, the detectives are wonderfully successful in recovering stolen money or property, but in most instances the robber or person guilty of the crime is permitted to go free. The San Francisco detectives, however, seldom fail both to recover the property and arrest the criminal. In this respect, they are superior, for it certainly shows their honesty of purpose. While it is sometimes impossible to discover the real criminal and secure his conviction, an expert detective can, as a rule, accomplish this as well as recover the articles stolen; and the frequent failures very naturally awaken the suspicion that he desires to make capital out of the thief, by leaving him free to commit more crimes, and therefore give himself more business, and a chance to gain other rewards.

The Police Commissioners are—the Mayor, Chief of Police, County Judge, Judge of the City Criminal Court, and Police Judge. The salary of the Chief is four thousand dollars per year; of the captains, one thousand eight hundred; and the patrolmen, fifteen hundred dollars. The climate being so uniformly mild, there is not that injurious exposure to the members of the force that attends police service in the Eastern States.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE DEPARTMENT.

The City Hall is the headquarters of the Police Department. The office of the Chief, the Police Court-rooms, and the City Prison, are there. The police telegraph lines, from different stations throughout the city, also centre there. In this vicinity there are always many rough-looking persons, both male and female, loitering. At the opening of the Police Court, they gather out of curiosity to see justice dealt out to their kind, or to testify against friends and foes, who have been so unfortunate as to be compelled to lodge for a night behind the City Prison bars. All nationalities are represented, both in the prison and among the spectators in the court-room.

The greater number of the prisoners, as to nationality, is perhaps Chinese. Because of the public animosity toward them, and also because of their ignorance of the various city laws and ordinances that "Melican man" is pleased to put in force, there always appears many such names as Ah Ki, Chung Wang, Sing Song, and Wah Lee, upon the prison roll. The Chinamen are the pets of certain shyster lawyers, who precariously exist by looking sharply for the crumbs that fall from the mysterious pockets of the prison-persecuted heathens.

There are many amusing and many harrowing incidents almost daily occurring in the rooms of the Police Court. All manner of family difficulties, broils, street-fights, the strange freaks of drunken men and women, disreputable conduct, trickery, villainy and petty crimes of all kinds, and committed under all circumstances, are here ventilated. The position of Police Judge is certainly not very desirable, unless one is pleased to daily witness the meanest phases, and ugliest side, of humanity.

A year's work of the San Francisco police force may be briefly summed up as follows: Total number of arrests, sixteen thousand eight hundred and twenty; value of lost or stolen property recovered and restored to owners, fifty-five thousand and seventy-four dollars; number of witnesses subpœnaed, seven thousand six hundred and twenty-five; nuisances abated, one thousand and fifty-two; and lost children restored, five hundred and nineteen. Of all the arrests, the largest number for a single crime was seven thousand two hundred and thirty-four, arrested for drunkenness. There were two thousand three hundred and forty-eight arrested for assault and battery; nine hundred and ninety-two for petit larceny, and six hundred and seventy-two for using bawdy, lewd, profane, provoking and obscene language. There were thirty-six arrests for murder, and one hundred and thirty-four for attempt to murder. Few persons guilty of the greater crimes have escaped arrest.

Comment on this statement is unnecessary. It may not be improper to add, however, that from this showing it appears that San Francisco, with two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, is not an excessively lawless city; nor, with all their shortcomings, have the members of the police force been idle.

XXII.

THEATRES.

THE EMBRYOTIC PERIOD OF THE SAN FRANCISCO STAGE—THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE—JOHN M'CULLOUGH—MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE AND NEW THEATRE—WADE'S OPERA HOUSE AND ART GALLERY—OTHER PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

THE EMBRYOTIC PERIOD OF THE SAN FRANCISCO STAGE.

THE play has ever been popular with Californians. In "early days" when the real life drama was a shifting panorama of tragedy, comedy, burlesque and farce intermingled, possessing more thrilling attractions than the truthful delineations of Shakespeare's most interesting characters, San Franciscans were not content without their mimic shows. Play houses were even more numerous than in later years, and although the character of many of them was somewhat questionable, there were some that would at the present day command a degree of respect.

The circus was the pioneer entertainment bordering nearest to the histrionic art. Early in the year of 1849, a Mr. Rowe pitched his big tent on Kearny Street, near Clay, and day after day, and night after night, entertained hundreds of eager spectators by feats of equestrianship, and other performances ordinarily enacted inside the circus ring. Next, and shortly, followed Foley's circus, which was established on Montgomery Street, near California. These circus amusements constituted the bill of public entertainments, and hence were very numerously patronized. It was a change from the monotony of the every-day life of the population, and although the performances in these days of "excellence," would be denounced as third-rate and unworthy of notice or patronage, those forty-niners were only too glad to welcome them as some of the "varieties" that go to make up the much relished "spice of life." The prices charged for the privilege of attending them were, however, of the very highest order—three dollars being

INTERIOR VIEW OF WADE'S OPERA HOUSE.

charged for pit seats, five for box places, and for the dignified and altogether superior privilege of a private stall, fifty-five dollars had to be counted out to the door-tender.

"Jeems Pipes, of Pipesville," then entirely (and yet unprofessionally) known as Mr. Stephen C. Massett, next sought to amuse the San Francisco public, by giving a concert (in which he alone was first, second and third principal, and *full* chorus) interspersed with some comic recitations. Therefore, on the 22d of June, 1849, the little school-house on the plaza was thronged to suffocation, and Mr. Massett successfully deported himself; winning, besides many encomiums for his wonderful versatility, the snug net returns of five hundred dollars. The only piano in the country at that time, was used on the occasion, and although it was announced on the bills that "the front seats would be reserved for *ladies*," there were only *four* present.

The first real theatrical performance, was given in January, 1850, in a building on Washington Street, opposite the plaza, known as Washington Hall. The play was *The Wife*, a fit subject for the almost exclusive male population, and certainly a play well chosen for the attractiveness of its title. The acting, however, was indifferent, and did not win the anticipated applause. The tastes of the people were not as crude as their appearance indicated, and then, as they have ever since done, they demanded some proof of merit in addition to extraordinary assumption.

The circuses had ceased to be attractive, and to supply the popular demand for a higher class of entertainments, Mr. Rowe converted his tent into a theatre, and fortunately secured the services of a traveling company of English actors, some of whom possessed undoubted talent. These artists endeavored to excel, and their efforts were heartily appreciated. Under the uncouth garb, and hid away beneath the shaggy and unkempt locks of the rough looking humans that composed the audiences at these places of amusement, there lurked a degree of intelligence and refinement that was surprising; and only by the various common-place performances that sought to win approbation was it awakened to assert itself, and demand more worthy entertainments. This, then, was really the beginning of legitimate theatricals in San Francisco. *Model artists* had hoped to profitably (to themselves) corrupt the public taste and morals by repeated disgraceful exhibitions; and numerous much-self-praised dramatic companies had striven to win recognition by giving commonplace and vulgar entertainments; but the public taste was not so vitiated as much of its conduct would betoken, and these were for the most part unsuccessful.

In April, a small theatre was opened on Washington Street, near Montgomery, and was occupied by a French company nearly the whole time of its existence—it being destroyed by fire very soon after opening. The evening of the 4th of July following was celebrated by the opening of the "Dramatic Museum," on California Street (near Montgomery), by a company of amateurs, who acquitted themselves very creditably, and in September the dramatic season was inaugurated by Mr. Maguire's "Jenny Lind" (No. 1) being duly opened to the public, with a good stock company and some "stars" of ability. During the season there were some very talented actors at both of the latter theatres, who played well, and were therefore well patronized. Meanwhile another theatre had opened on Clay Street, near Montgomery, but this, for some reason, never became popular.

The disastrous fire of May, 1851, swept away most all these buildings for amusement, some of which were never rebuilt. The "Adelphi," a French theatre, on Dupont Street, which had been built during the preceding year, escaped, and continued in successful operation, while the "Jenny Lind" (No. 2), and the "Dramatic Museum" were both speedily rebuilt and reopened.

The "American Theatre," a superior structure for those days, was next to call for a share of public patronage. It was opened October 20, 1851, and at once by the talent its management secured, attracted full houses.

On the 14th of February, 1852, Mrs. Lewis Baker was announced to begin an engagement at the Jenny Lind, (which theatre was now the most substantial and elegant in the city, having been reared on the ruins of "Jenny Lind No. 2," destroyed in the fire of June 22d preceding). This lady won golden crowns of praise from Californian audiences. Her engagement at the "Jenny Lind" was wonderfully successful. Although she was poorly assisted (except by her husband, who accompanied her), from the first night's performance, she was greeted with hearty applause, and so long as she remained, the enthusiasm that she had awakened grew more intense, until she finally became to be almost adored by the whole theatregoing public. There have been other actors and actresses in San Francisco, some of whom have by their ability won worldwide renown, and stand unrivalled in their profession; but there has not been among them a single one who was so warmly received and retained, and who had such a powerful though gentle hold on the sympathies and love of the people as Mrs. Lewis Baker.

Miss Matilda Heron—who appeared on the San Francisco stage during Mrs. Baker's stay, and who San Franciscans delight to claim as their own creation—by the reform movement she led in dramatic art, by her intelligent renditions, and her gentle, womanly disposition, shared the meed of praise, and was lifted into considerable renown; but all the glory she won, and all the esteem she merited and received, did not lessen the love that was bestowed upon Mrs. Baker.

Mr. Baker, during the sojourn of himself and wife in San Francisco, had the management successively of the "Adelphi," during the season of 1852-3, and the "American" during 1853 —Mrs. Baker in the meantime playing almost constantly at these theatres. On January 2d, 1854, they departed from San Francisco, and repaired to Philadelphia, where, among their former associates, they retired to the enjoyment of the competency their noble exertion in California had gained for them.

In the latter part of 1853, the "Metropolitan," then said to be "the most magnificent temple of histrionic art in America," was opened by Mrs. Catherine N. Sinclair and James E. Murdoch.

From the time Mrs. Baker first appeared in San Francisco, up to the present date, there have been maintained constantly, numerous theatres and halls for theatrical performances, at which have appeared successively almost all the prominent dramatic and operatic artists of America, and many of the leading professionals of Europe; giving the San Francisco public the same opportunity for seeing and hearing persons possessing the best talent, that the residents of the larger and older cities of the world enjoy. Even in earlier days, the theatre buildings were of a superior order, both as to convenience and elegance; and to-day the temples dedicated to histrionic art, in which the beauty and "chivalry" of San Francisco assemble to be charmed or repelled—as the case may be—are not anywhere surpassed.

After the legitimate play had been established, there were no peculiarly marked epochs or periods in the history of the stage in San Francisco; but everything moved along in the proper channel, succeeding stars striving to excel preceding, and each new theatre being an improvement upon those that had previously existed, a higher excellence being aimed at by actors, managers and builders. We therefore have stepped over the period intervening between the embryotic and present. Among the theatres that in this interim flourished or failed, but that are now known only as of the past, were the "Union," "Eureka," "Olympic," "San Francisco," "Lyceum," second "Metropolitan," and second "American."

The local dramatic talent of to-day is superior. Few cities in the United States are equally favored in this respect. This is perhaps due to public discrimination; for there is no city where the general public is more fault-finding with their actors and actresses than San Francisco. Yet the public is also appreciative and generous. It is therefore natural for talent to seek recognition in such a community, and, having sought and found, to remain and enjoy the benefits resulting.

THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

The California is the oldest theatre in the city devoted to legitimate drama. Of the numerous others that have from time to time ranked first in popular favor, none remain, they having been converted to other use, torn down, or destroyed by fire. The California was built in 1869, at a cost of $125,000, and was the largest and most commodious theatre until the erection of Wade's Opera House, recently opened. It was built by a stock company, and under the management of Mr. John McCullough has proved a profitable investment. Since the opening night, it has been the favorite resort for amusement seekers, and no doubt will long continue to attract its old patrons, even though it has superior rivals. Bush Street, near Kearny, has so long been the gathering place of the theatre goers that, although there may be dazzling attractions at the new play houses, they will continue to travel the familiar path for some time to come, from sheer force of habit.

Did the foot-prints of those who, in the diversity of their impersonations, tread the stage with the firm steps of a conqueror, stamp upon it in an ecstacy of assumed rage, move with the measured pace of burdened melancholy, or with the elastic step of boundless joy, remain undisturbed, there would be seen upon the boards of the California the tracks of many dramatic and musical celebrities.

JOHN McCULLOUGH.

It is not unfrequently that the history of the lives of those who choose the stage as a profession is interspersed with romantic episodes. But with a majority of actors and actresses life has a reality that is oftener sad than sweet. What the public sees of them induces the belief that their life is a book of illuminations—the turning of each new leaf revealing a more brilliant picture. But what the public sees is the bright side—to which there is a darker. The theatre itself is emblematic; to the audience, it is rich in ornaments, brilliant with the work of the artist; the ceilings and walls, the curtains and scenery, glow in their warmth of colors, and are radiant with beauty. But behind the scenes are unpainted timbers, bare walls, dusty canvas, and all is cheerless.

John McCullough is a native of Ireland, born November 15, 1837. His father was a small farmer, and therefore John's only educational advantage was the county school, which he attended quite regularly until he was fourteen years old, when he conceived the notion of coming to America. He left home and arrived in New York, having only enough money remaining to keep him two or three days. Without delay, he hastened to Philadelphia, where he hoped he might find some trace of an uncle who had formerly lived there, but from whom he had heard nothing for many years.

Passing along the street one day, he saw a sign over a door, bearing his uncle's name, and a young man standing at the front, who resembled his father. Upon inquiry, he was happily surprised, for it was really his uncle's place of business.

His uncle was engaged in a fancy chair manufacturing business, and John was immediately transferred to the factory as an apprentice—and, although it may appear strange, it was here that the first spark of ambition for the stage was enkindled in him. And this was how it came about:

There was a young man by the name of Burke, a fellow apprentice, who had a wonderful fondness for stimulating stomachics and Shakespeare. Often when in a hilarious mood, and during the absence of his master, he would indulge in dramatic recitations, his favorite declamations being from Shakespeare's most tragic scenes; and if it were necessary to make his acting more forcible by illustration, John was his chosen victim. He would often grasp him by the throat, hurl him upon a sofa, and stab him to death with a paint-brush, asking him to be Julius Cæsar, while he would play the part of Brutus and Mark Antony, by turns. This procedure was most astonishing to the young Hibernian, who was alike ignorant of Cæsar and Antony, and to whom Shakespeare was only a queer-sounding word. Yet he enjoyed the business, and suspected Burke to be a person of unusual importance. From this time, it was not long until John had extended his acquaintance among the stage-struck youths of the city, and by the son of a lager beer saloon-keeper was introduced into an amateur dramatic club. His great fondness for the drama was here developed, and by close application to dramatic studies, he made such progress in the new profession that he secured an engagement for a small weekly salary, at the Arch Street Theatre. Two years elapsed, during which time he had passed through the vicissitudes to which young actors are singularly subjected, when by accident he met and was introduced to Edwin Forrest, who had then won his great renown. He thought nothing of this meeting until, a few days after, Mr. Forrest spoke to him on the street.

Forrest was pleased with him, and invited him to accompany him to Boston; and to release him from an engagement with Mrs. Garretson, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Mr. Forrest played gratuitously at that lady's benefit. McCullough's salary was doubled, and he received much encouragement from Mr. Forrest. This recognition of his ability developed his greatest power, and no doubt changed his future career.

In 1866, he accompanied Mr. Forrest to San Francisco, where, at Maguire's Opera House, he supported him in the characters of *Iago*, *Edgar*, *Pythias*, *Macduff*, etc. Mr. Forrest being uncertain as to his future course in the East, McCullough decided to remain in California, and therefore continued at Maguire's. His first prominent part, after Mr. Forrest's departure, was *Richard III.* He supported different stars that came along, and in their absence took leading parts himself, being most successful in *Richelieu*.

When, in 1869, the California Theatre was opened, he and Mr. Barrett became lessees. Mr. Barrett soon after retired, and Mr. McCullough became sole lessee, and with Mr. Barton Hill as "acting manager," has continued in that capacity ever since.

Under Mr. McCullough's management, the California has been very popular. Perhaps his greatest success as manager was the production of *Monte Cristo*, which, during its four weeks' run, yielded an aggregate sum of $30,000. The most successful local play that has been produced in the city is *Solid Silver*, written by Col. Barnes of this city, which was produced in the California by the stock company, the author taking a prominent character.

As an actor, Mr. McCullough is a great favorite in California, and has gained universal applause in the principal cities of the United States. His *Richelieu*, which is his best-sustained character, is a fine study, and his *Hamlet* has been much admired, though his famous rivals in the latter role have gained so many merited laurels that the public will not accept any representation of that character that is not finished in every respect.

Much of Mr. McCullough's success is due to the talented stock company that has so ably supported him. In this particular the California Theatre has been more fortunate than many of the larger theatres in Eastern cities. The San Francisco public have also greatly encouraged home talent, and their verdict as to the merits of an actor has become to be accepted as pretty nearly correct.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE AND NEW THEATRE.

Thomas Maguire is the pioneer theatrical manager on the Pacific Coast. So many conquests has he made for the stage, under so many adverse and discouraging circumstances, that he is considered the "Napoleon of the Drama."

He is a native of Ireland, and came to California at the time of the great "overland rush." He first became part owner of the Parker House, which stood on the ground now occupied by the City Hall. He had part of it converted into a theatre in 1850, which he named the Jenny Lind. On May 4th, 1851, the whole building was destroyed by fire, but was rebuilt at once, and the theatre opened as "Jenny Lind No. 2," on June 13th, and on the 22d, was again burned. A brick building was now constructed, and "Jenny Lind No. 3" was opened, on the 4th of October, 1851. This building yet stands, and is now used as the City Hall. The Jenny Lind dynasty, though supreme, was brief, the last successor of the line, having ceased to rule Aug. 15, 1852, at which time the city purchased the building for $200,000.

Three months later, Mr. Maguire opened the San Francisco Hall, on Washington Street, above Montgomery; in May, 1853, changed the name to "San Francisco Theatre," and in November, 1856, christened it Maguire's Opera House. This building was torn down when Montgomery Avenue was opened.

In May, 1864, Mr. Maguire had, at great expense, completed a new building, which he named Maguire's Academy of Music. This was opened to the public and continued as a place of amusement until 1867, when it was sold at auction and converted into stores. His loss on this venture was over $200,000.

He has been connected, as lessee, with every theatre on the Coast outside of San Francisco. Many of the San Francisco theatres also have been under his management. He was owner and proprietor of the first, lessee of the second Metropolitan, and lessee of the first and second American; in 1872, he became lessee of the Alhambra, on Bush Street, now Maguire's New Theatre; and in the year following, he assumed control of Maguire's Opera House—both of which continue under his management. He is also present lessee of Baldwin's Academy of Music.

Maguire's New Theatre is a very commodious building, capable of seating sixteen hundred people. The stage is conveniently arranged for all kinds of performances—the spectacular play of *Black Crook* having been creditably produced upon it. During the theatrical season, there is always good talent secured for this theatre, and the local company number among its members some able artists.

Maguire's Opera House is of small capacity, though well arranged for its purpose. It is mostly devoted to minstrels of the higher grade, sometimes, however, giving a series of operatic performances. It is well patronized, almost every person going occasionally, while many are regular patrons.

WADE'S OPERA HOUSE AND ART GALLERY.

In 1873, Dr. Thomas Wade, a successful dentist of San Francisco, conceived the idea of building an Opera House that would rival in size and elegance any building of its character in the United States. The site chosen was on Mission Street, somewhat remote from any other places of amusement, though a central location in the city. It was projected under the name of the "Grand Opera House," but as a compliment to its founder, was christened at its opening, Wade's Opera House.

Considering the number of theatres and halls for amusement, and the comparatively small population of the city, this enterprise was deemed by many as premature. For this apparently very good reason, the projector did not receive that encouragement that is generally extended to such worthy undertakings, and hence its history, from inception to completion, was not of uninterrupted progress. Owing to sudden reverses, Mr. Wade was compelled to organize a stock corporation or forego the prosecution of the work. This plan met with unexpected opposition, and work on the building was suspended for the greater part of a year.

During this period of inactivity, Mr. Frederick W. Bert became the Doctor's coadjutor and lessee. The two, by dint of great perseverance and energy, succeeded in organizing a company, and the building was then speedily pushed to completion.

The Opera House was opened to the public on the evening of January 17th, 1876, and the spectacular play of *Snowflake* was produced, and continued with unabating success for four weeks. The production of this play, the scenic character of which was sufficient to test the capabilities of the stage, took the public by surprise, and at once placed Wade's Opera House in the first rank of popular places of amusement.

Mr. M. J. McDonald, a capitalist in the city, is president of the corporation. Much credit is due him for the material aid he extended to the association when the progress of the building was so seriously impeded.

The area covered by the Opera House is 110 x 275 feet. There are only two theatres that have a larger auditorium in the United States. It has a seating capacity of three thousand, but as many as four thousand persons have occupied it. The external architecture is Romanesque and Italian. The cornices are highly ornamented, and the balcony surmounting the wall is relieved by vases and small statuary. The central corridor leading to the auditorium, terminates in a grand vestibule, 35 x 81 feet, opening through to a skylight above. In the centre of the vestibule is a beautiful crystal fountain, showering cologne water from myriads of needle jets.

The auditorium is divided into the orchestra or parquette, dress circle, balcony, family circle, and gallery; twenty-two mezzonine boxes, and twelve handsomely furnished proscenium boxes. The predominating color is light blue; the chairs, drapery, woodwork and frescoe, all showing this tint. When brilliantly lighted, the effect is beautiful.

Upon entering, the immense size of the auditorium is at once remarked. The lofty proscenium, flanked on either side by elegant private boxes in front, with tier above tier receding in the distance behind, are contemplated in silent admiration. The ceiling is arranged as a sounding board, and no seat is objectionable because of its remoteness from the stage.

The old style roll-up "drop" is supplanted by an artistically painted lift curtain, which draws up bodily.

The stage proper is eighty-seven feet deep by one hundred and six wide, and is formed of sections—all or any part of which can be removed in a few minutes. The flats are immense—the largest in use in the world, being twenty-four feet high. There is an excellent arrangement whereby the scenes can be either lifted to the top of the building or lowered into the basement, where they remain until required for use on the stage. The foot-lights are below the stage, and different colored globes are so arranged over them that any color of light desired can be thrown upon the scenes. These, with all the burners in the building, are lighted by electricity—the batteries, and the keys for lessening or increasing the volume of light being behind the scenes. Every improvement, of whatever character, whether for the comfort and safety of the patrons, for ventilation, view, or stage machinery, has been introduced, and Wade's Opera House, although in a city scarce thirty years old, and remote from the great centres of art, has no superior in the world.

The art gallery occupies the space over the entrance hall, and is 40x80 feet in dimensions. The ceiling is lofty, and extending entirely around the walls is a light gallery, for convenience in arranging the paintings. Opening into it are numerous offices, designed for artists' studios. This, by a system of corridors, can be connected with the theatre, and forms a most pleasant promenading hall for the visitors. Its walls will be adorned by paintings by local artists, and also some select pieces from European masters. Statuary also will be introduced. The furniture is elegant, and detracts not a whit from the general artistic surroundings.

Mr. Fred. W. Bert, the lessee, is a son of E. G. Bert, formerly a lessee of the old Metropolitan theatre, in San Francisco. He was born in Harrisburg, Penn., is thirty-three years of age, and has been identified with histrionic art for many years. He has also had some journalistic experience, having been at one time connected with the *Morning Call.* The perseverance he manifested in the building of the Opera House is a sufficient guarantee that under his management the reputation it has gained will rather increase than diminish.

OTHER PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

There are numerous halls for lectures, concerts, and all that class of entertainments, most of which are not arranged for theatrical performances. Platt's Hall, on Montgomery Street, is an exception, having a tolerably well arranged stage.

The Bella Union Theatre, on Kearny Street, near Washington, in early days one of the famous melodeons, has recently been remodeled, and is now conducted in the style of the better class variety theatres. Under its present management, it has very greatly reformed as to the character of the company and the pieces played. Because of its former bad reputation, many respectable persons still persist in shunning it; but while it is true that among its patrons there are many rough and vicious characters, who from habit continue to frequent it, it is also a fact that good order is always preserved, and there is no indecent conduct permitted either upon the stage or in the audience.

To those who have only attended the finer and more fashionable theatres, where stage scenery, actors' costumes, and the toilets in the audience, all present the most brilliant and rich colors, a visit to the Bella Union would be entertaining. The audience is mostly composed of males, and coming as they do from all ranks of society, they make a picture as well worth an evening's study as the plays that are enacted on the stage.

There are perhaps two other theatres, not yet mentioned, devoted to melo-drama, farce, low comedy, and all that class of plays that respectable people would prefer not to be seen patronizing. There are melodeons, concert saloons, dance-cellars, and dives more numerous by far than society should tolerate, but because other cities that are older and (ought to be) wiser than San Francisco permit these pitfalls to stand open in their midst, society here points to them and says: "there's precedent, and ye see they shan't outdo us in anything—even in vice!"—and so it is. Yet, in these most vicious places, there are sometimes found young actors an actresses that only force of circumstances could keep there—men and women as pure and free from sin as are the best sons and daughters in the land. There is to-day a young actress playing before the most refined audiences in the United States, and greeted with applause wherever she goes, who spent her younger years before the most vulgar and debased audiences in San Francisco. She passed through the filth unstained.

XXIII.

MARK TWAIN'S INNOCENCE (AT HOME).

A LECTURE—HE MEETS OPPOSITION—OMINOUS PROTESTS—DEFIANCE TO ALL.

A LECTURE.

WITH his soul still pent up with the inspiration it caught in his visit to Europe and the Holy Land, Mark Twain dropped down upon San Francisco, in 1868, and with a shocking disregard of public sentiment, determined to relieve himself by delivering a lecture. His characteristic "innocence" is manifest by the manner in which he so successfully attracted a "full house" to hear him. In originality his scheme ranks with that resorted to by Washington Irving to advertise his "History of New York."

A few days previous to the evening appointed for the lecture, the following correspondence was printed and circulated through the city:

HE MEETS OPPOSITION.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30th.

MR. MARK TWAIN—Dear Sir: Hearing that you are about to sail for New York, in the P. M. S. S. Company's steamer of the 6th July, to publish a book, and learning with the deepest concern that you propose to read a chapter or two of that book in public before you go, we take this method of expressing our cordial desire that you *will not*. We beg and implore you *do not*. There is a limit to human endurance.

We are your personal friends. We have your welfare at heart. We desire to see you prosper—and it is upon these accounts and upon these only, that we urge you to desist from the new atrocity you contemplate.

Yours, truly,

Wm. H. L. Barnes, Rear-Ad'l Thatcher, Samuel Williams, Gen. McCook, Geo. R. Barnes, Noah Brooks, Maj. Gen. Halleck, J. B. Bowman, Leland Stanford, John McComb, Capt. Pease, A. Badlam, John Skae, Abner Barker, Dr. Bruner, Louis Cohn, Mercantile Library, T. J. Lamb, Prop'rs Occidental, Prop'rs Russ House, Prop'rs Cosmopolitan, Prop'rs Lick House, Michael Reese, Frank Soule, Dr. Shorb, Pioche, Bayerque & Co., Asa D. Nudd, Ben. Truman, O. O. Eldridge, Board of Aldermen, Geo. Pen Johnson, Maj. Gen. Ord, Bret Harte, J. W. Tucker, R. B. Swain, Ned Ellis, Judge Lake, Joseph H. Jones, Col. Catherwood, Dr. McNulty, A. J. Marsh, Sam. Platt, Wm. C. Ralston, Mayor McCoppin, E. B. Rail, R. L. Ogden, Thos. Cash, M. B. Cox, The Citizen Military, The Odd Fellows, The Orphan Asylum, various Benevolent Societies, Citizens on Foot and Horseback, and 1500 in the Steerage.

In the following reply, his "innocence" shows itself at the very beginning. Observe how he introduces it—"to the 1500 and others," as if he had just read the communication from the public, and in the flush of the excitement it occasioned, rashly replied, addressing it to the final signature, it being the freshest in his mind:

San Francisco, June 30th.

To the 1500 and Others: It seems to me that your course is entirely unprecedented. Heretofore, when lecturers, singers, actors, and other frauds, have said that they were about to leave town, you have always been the very first people to come out in a card beseeching them to hold on for just one night more, and inflict just one more performance on the public—but as soon as *I* want to take a farewell benefit, you come after me with a card signed by the whole community and the Board of Aldermen, praying me not to do it. But it isn't of any use. You cannot move me from my fell purpose. I *will* torment the people if I want to. I have a better right to do it than these strange lecturers and orators, that come here from abroad. It only costs the public a dollar a piece, and, if they can't stand it, what do they stay here for? Am I to go away and let them have peace and quiet for a year and a half, and then come back and only lecture them twice? What do you take me for?

No, gentlemen, ask of me anything else, and I will do it cheerfully; but do not ask me not to afflict the people. I wish to tell them all I know about Venice. I wish to tell them about the City of the Sea—that most venerable, most brilliant, and proudest Republic the world has ever seen. I wish to hint at what it achieved in twelve hundred years, and what it cost in two hundred. I wish to furnish a deal of pleasant information, somewhat highly spiced, but still palatable, digestible, and eminently fitted for the intellectual stomach. My last lecture was not as fine as I thought it was, but I have submitted this discourse to several able critics, and they have pronounced it good. Now, therefore, why should I withhold it.

Let me talk only just this once, and I will sail positively on the 6th July, and stay away until I return from China—two years.

Yours, truly, Mark Twain.

OMINOUS PROTESTS.

San Francisco, June 30th.

Mr. Mark Twain: Learning with profound regret that you have concluded to postpone your departure until the 6th July, and learning, also, with unspeakable grief, that you propose to read from your forthcoming book, or lecture again before you go, at the New Mercantile Library, we hasten to beg of you that you will not do it. Curb this spirit of lawless violence, and emigrate at once. Have the vessel's bill for your passage sent to us. We will pay it. Your friends,

Pacific Board of Brokers,
Wells, Fargo & Co.,
The Merchants' Exchange,
Pacific Union Express Co.,
The Bank of California,
Ladies' Co-operative Union,
S. F. Olympic Club,
Cal. Typographical Union.

San Francisco, June 30th.

Mr. Mark Twain—Dear Sir: *Will* you start, now, without any unnecessary delay? Yours, truly,

Proprietors of the Alta, Bulletin, Times, Call, Examiner, Figaro, Spirit of the Times, Dispatch, News Letter, Golden City, Golden Era, Dramatic Chronicle, Police Gazette, The Californian, The Overland Monthly.

San Francisco, June 30th.

Mr. Mark Twain—Dear Sir: Do not delay your departure. You can come back and lecture another time. In the language of the worldly—you can "cut and come again." Your friends, The Clergy.

San Francisco, June 30th.

Mr. Mark Twain—Dear Sir: You had *better* go. Yours,
The Chief of Police.

DEFIANCE TO ALL.

The climax of his "innocence" is reached in confounding the preparation for celebrating the "fourth of July," with a public demonstration over himself. It was only "unavoidably delayed:"

San Francisco, June 30th

Gentlemen: Restrain your emotions; you observe that they cannot avail. Read:

NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY,
BUSH STREET.

Thursday Evening, July 2, 1868.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

FAREWELL LECTURE OF
MARK TWAIN.

SUBJECT:
The Oldest of the Republics, VENICE,
Past and Present.

Box Office open Wednesday and Thursday.
NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR RESERVED SEATS.

ADMISSION, - - - - - - ONE DOLLAR.

Doors open at 7. Orgies to commence at 8 p. m.

☞ **The public displays and ceremonies projected to give fitting eclat to this occasion, have been unavoidably delayed until the 4th. The lecture will be delivered certainly on the 2d, and the event will be celebrated two days afterward by a discharge of artillery on the 4th, a procession of citizens, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and by a gorgeous display of fire-works from Russian Hill in the evening, which I have ordered at my sole expense, the cost amounting to eighty thousand dollars.**

AT NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY, BUSH ST.

Thursday Evening, July 2, 1868.

It is hardly necessary to add that the lecture was a success—*financially*.

XXIV.

CALIFORNIA'S HISTORIAN.

HUBERT H. BANCROFT—HIS GREAT LIBRARY; LITERARY WORKSHOP—NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC STATES AND FORTHCOMING WORKS.

HUBERT H. BANCROFT.

WHEN any person engages in an enterprise of more than ordinary magnitude, no matter what the character of the undertaking may be, there are always those who feel it their duty to express a want of faith in it, and look upon such enterprise with distrust. This fact is more especially noted when the undertaking is of a literary or scientific nature, and it is not unfrequently decided by those who assume to interest themselves in it, to be visionary and chimerical; the expression of such sentiments has done more to retard true progress than all other opposing causes combined. Not every one who has genius has the indomitable courage required to meet the difficulties that advanced ideas must overcome before the world will accept enlightenment.

Those ideas may burn and consume the brain that conceived them, yet the quickening breath of utterance is withheld because of a knowledge that they will be but mock-phrases in the mouths of cynical critics. There is a graven history that gives proof of this; tributes that are recorded on imperishable monuments that mark the spot where dead men sleep, tell us of the genius that the living possessed, and how ambition was wrecked and intellect smothered by an inappreciative public. The history of those who have attained to distinction furnishes evidence of the struggles through which the road they had to travel led, ere they had climbed beyond the reach of those who were pulling them back. With all this before him, the man of genius must coolly contemplate the obstacles that loom up to view, and resolve that nothing, however antagonistic or powerful, that stands in his path, shall prevent his advancement.

Such, no doubt, was Mr. Bancroft's resolution, when he entered upon his literary labors. The task he put upon himself to perform was of such magnitude, and its proper accomplishment suggested so many difficulties to be met, that perhaps none other than himself would have undertaken it; and certainly no other person, however fortunate his advantages, would have made such advances toward completeness. *The Native Races of the Pacific States* is the first fruit of Mr. Bancroft's industry. Although some might be surprised when informed that fifteen years were passed in its preparation, and be disposed to charge its author with indolence or inattention to purpose, when the vast amount of work, and the many disadvantages under which that work had to be performed, are considered, the wonder is, how he did complete it in so short a time!

Perhaps we can do no better than to embody herein the sketch of Mr. Bancroft, his literary promptings and pursuits, from the pen of his intimate and cultivated friend, J. Ross Browne: "Hubert H. Bancroft is a native of Ohio, descended from a New England family, and known, since 1856, in San Francisco, as an enterprising business man, senior partner in a book and publishing establishment. That he cherished an ambition to be known as a writer rather than as a publisher and seller of books, was suspected by few. Yet soon after starting in business, his tastes led him to commence, in a small way, the collection of printed matter relating to his adopted home. The taste once indulged gradually assumed strength; in ten years, his library had taken from commercial pursuits more than half his attention; during the past five, it has monopolized the whole. Exactly what were his ideas and aims during the first years of his new work we know not; though men were not wanting who sought his motive in some deep laid scheme for pecuniary gain. Thus do we grow up with a man, meet him habitually in the familiar intercourse of business or acquaintanceship, yet know him little or not at all. In too many cases, when some individual among us is of more than ordinary worth, the community is either utterly indifferent to his labors and aspirations, or after heartily repressing, hindering, and baffling his highest purposes of life, finds out his merit only when he is dead, and pays a percentage of its debt of honor and praise to his memory.

"Mr. Bancroft followed his favorite path with ever-increasing ardor, but into his biographical zeal he seems to have infused a healthy leaven of business common-sense, for he successfully avoided the shoals of bibliomania. Perfect sets of Hulsius and De Bry, rare specimens from the press of celebrated printers, large paper editions and uncut leaves, ever held a secondary place in his affections. Nothing relating to his speciality was ever rejected; but the main object was always to secure books containing actual information, to form, as he expressed it, a 'working library.'"

HIS LIBRARY.

As previously stated, Mr. Bancroft began as long ago as 1859 the collection of books relating in any way to the history of the Western half of North America. It was apparently an accidental beginning; as the first selections were made when he was personally engaged in the routine work of classifying and arranging on their proper shelves, the books that were on sale in his store.

At this time, perhaps, a dozen volumes bearing upon the history of California, were set apart for convenient reference—Mr. Bancroft possibly entertaining a remote idea that at some future time he might desire to consult them. Thus it was that the nucleus to one of the largest and most complete special libraries in the world, was formed.

The *Evening Bulletin*, in an article reviewing Mr. Bancroft's work, thus speaks of his library:

"Thereafter, when he came upon any book bearing on the same general subject, he placed it with the others; and the collection was further increased, through the necessity which he was under of amassing various matter relative to the coast, to aid him in compiling the Pacific Year-book, which the firm was accustomed to issue. At length, finding that the process of collection possessed interest to him, he conceived the idea of forming a comprehensive library of books and manuscripts relating to the western half of North America. For the first two or three years, he simply took whatever came in his way whenever he went into a book-store or paid a visit to the East. Without pursuing any system in the matter, and without making any special effort to obtain any particular books, he gradually became more interested, and gave more and more time to the work.

"After securing everything within his reach in America, in 1862 he visited Europe, and made researches in London, Paris, Leipsic, and other of the large cities. Here he appointed agents and instructed them to purchase whatever offered. Returning home, he patiently awaited the increase of his collection, and diverted his attention somewhat from his business to the new occupation. In 1868, he found himself in possession of about five thousand volumes, including pamphlets. In this year he again visited Europe on the same errand, extending his researches to Madrid, Rome, Vienna, and other continental cities, and practically exhausting the floating literature of the kind he sought. In 1869, he became so absorbed in his labors that he turned over the active management of his business to his brother, and determined to devote the remainder of his life to enlarging his library and making available to the world its treasures. Just as he was becoming discouraged at the poor prospect of making further additions to his collection, the *Biblioteca Imperial de Mejico* of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, collected during a period of forty years, by Don José Maria Andrade, litterateur and publisher of the City of Mexico, was thrown upon the market. Mr. Bancroft telegraphed his London agent to proceed at once to Leipsic, and purchase as much as he could. The result was that although the agent did not exercise the discrimination he might, he obtained 3,000 additional volumes, many of them very rare and valuable, which he could not otherwise have obtained in years of search.

"He had now developed a pretty thorough system of collecting; he knew what were standard works and what of them he still wanted, and he was making special efforts to make up the deficiencies. Not long after the Maximilian sale, Puttick & Simpson, book auctioneers of London, made a large sale of Pacific Coast books, and Mr. Bancroft obtained about a thousand volumes therefrom. Acquisitions from the sale of other European and American collections followed, and in 1869, ten years after he began his important task, he was the possessor of 16,000 volumes, bound and unbound, besides maps, manuscripts, and extensive files of Pacific Coast journals. Since that date the collection has been still further enlarged. Bernard Quaritch, the famous London book collector, frequently had large lots of books come into his hands, catalogues of which were sent to Mr. Bancroft, who would mark what he wanted, and thus get maybe one hundred volumes at a time. The newspaper files have also been diligently kept up, and the accretions of ancient and contemporary manuscripts have been considerable. From New York, he obtained 600 volumes of Mexican works, collected by Porter C. Bliss, United States Consul at the city of Mexico. The most recent addition was the rich collection of the late E. G. Squier, of which Mr. Bancroft purchased all that portion relating to his territory not already on his shelves. To-day the library numbers from eighteen to twenty thousand volumes, and, it is needless to say, is a most curious, valuable and interesting study.

"Mr. Bancroft estimates the entire cost to him of the collection at not less than $60,000. A single volume was obtained at an expense of $400, and one set of *United States Exploring Expedition* cost $1,000. One large case contains books, many of them very small, which cost an average of $25 each. Splendid though the library already is, lists of books wanted for the perfection of the collection are constantly made.

"The eighteen or twenty thousand volumes now in the library are written in English, Spanish, Latin, Italian, French, German, Dutch, Portuguese, and Russian, besides many linguistic works in Aztec, Maya, and Quiche. In bulk, the English works constitute the largest part of the collection, but in number the Spanish probably stand at the head. The Latin books are some of them very valuable—written, however, in the degenerate Latin in which the *padres* of the old missions were so fond of expressing their thoughts. The Italian works are more numerous than the Latin, and the French number more than either. There are a good many valuable German works, especially collections of travels and voyages. There are also some rare old Dutch collections. The Portuguese and Russian books are few in number. The Indian books are principally grammars, dictionaries, and other linguistic works, numbering some 250 in all, most of them issued under the authority of the Church, for the purpose of aiding to bring the natives within the 'true fold.' Besides the books, there are files of 500 Pacific Coast journals.

"The Spanish portion of the collection is decidedly the most valuable of all. It is especially rich in the early standard works on America. A Spanish bibliography of this coast would date back to the year 1536, when there began to be struck off from the press, which Cortes brought over to assist in converting the natives, religious and linguistic pamphlets. Not a few of these rare brochures may be found in the Bancroft Library. The Catholic missionaries were ardent chroniclers, so that down to the eighteenth century Spanish historical works in America take precedence over the English. And even during the present century valuable contributions to the world's literature have come from Mexican and Central American scholars. In the Northwest, little printed matter was turned out, but manuscripts and mission archives make a pretty complete record of the Spanish rule.

"The most valuable work relating to California is the *Noticias de las Californias*, by Padre Francisco Palou. The manuscript was completed before 1792, and was deposited in the archives of the Franciscan College of San Fernando, under the direction of which institution the tribes of California were converted. From a certified copy of these archives, the *Noticias* were printed in 1857, forming two volumes of the valuable series of *Documentos para la Historia de Mejico*, a work published by the Mexican Government.

"Palou's *Relacion Historica de la Vida y Apostolicas Tareas, del Venerable Padre Fray Junipero Serra*, is also a rare and valuable work, in the original edition, which Mr. Bancroft has. Much material for history has been drawn from it. It covers very nearly the same period of California history as the same author's *Noticias*.

"In most cases, the mission records of Southern California have been well preserved. Mr. Bancroft has made a personal examination of many of the archives, and with very happy results. The annals of the Jesuit, Dominican, and Franciscan fathers are an important part of his library. *Navegacion Especulativa y Practica, con la Explicacion de algunos instrumentos, etc.*, by the Admiral Don José Gonzales Cabrena Bueno, is a book now very rare, Mr. Bancroft's being the only copy on this coast. Cabrillo's voyage along the coast—a manuscript preserved in the archives in Seville, and published in Madrid in 1857—is found in the collection. The best summary of Spanish voyages on our coast, previous to 1792, is given by Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete. Don Pedro Fages, who came with the first missionary expedition to California, and was for some time Commandante at Monterey, wrote in 1775 an exhaustive descriptive work on the country. It appears in print only in a French translation, under the title of *Voyage en Californie*, in the *Nouvelles Annales de Voyages*, Paris, 1844. Sir Francis Drake's voyages are not an unimportant feature of the Bancroft collection. There is also the *Actas de los Concilios Provinciales Mexicanos*, being the records of the first provincial councils of the Catholic Church in America, which contain letters under the hand and seal of Philip II., as well as documents over the signatures of the most distinguished church dignitaries.

"Many persons made valuable donations to the library. First in importance among these must be named General Mariano G. Vallejo's enormous collection of private and official letters, documents, and papers of all kinds, which was presented to Mr. Bancroft. The collection embraces between thirty and forty bound volumes of manuscripts. It was made with the express view of one day using it as the foundation of a history. There are here to be seen almost all the original records of the early Californian Government, the documents relating to the occupation of the country by the United States, and letters of business or friendship of the most interesting and curious character, from old distinguished natives, or of visitors to California—such as from the General's nephew, Governor Alvarado, Don Juan Bandini, Colonel José Castro, the venerable Governor Pio Pico, Sir Edward Belcher, the great English navigator, Mofras, the famous French traveler, Dr. McLaughlin, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, from various Russian Governors and Captains, from the English Sir George Simpson, and from an illimitable list of American civil, military, and naval officers. General Vallejo is now engaged in dictating a connected history of California, under the title of *Recuerdos Historicos y Personales*, which he designs to present to Mr. Bancroft, to assist him in his great work. The history will fill four or five large volumes, and will be based upon the General's own recollections, notes from his father's diary, and correspondence with old settlers on special points. General Vallejo is probably the best informed man living on the later Spanish history of California—his birth-place, and his home from childhood to past middle age.

"Hugo Reid, an early pioneer of Southern California, contributed to the Los Angeles *Star*, in 1852, a series of papers on the Indians of Los Angeles county. This work is a standard authority on the aborigines of our State, and is a part of the Bancroft collection.

"Probably a hundred different pioneers have, at the request of Mr. Bancroft, written out their recollections of the early days, some at considerable length, others in a brief form.

"The Señora Bandini, of Los Angeles, widow of Don Juan Bandini, presented Mr. Bancroft with another valuable collection, comprising bundles of original letters and documents of historical interest, together with an original, inedited, manuscript history of California, from the earliest known Spanish settlement up to 1845, written by Don Juan Bandini, assisted in parts of his work by the still extant sketches, notes, and jottings of his father, Don José Bandini. The collection is wholly Spanish, and has never been quoted or used in any way.

"Judge Benj. Hayes, of San Diego, since his arrival in the State, in 1850, devoted all his leisure time to collecting historical material concerning the southern counties; all this was cheerfully contributed to Mr. Bancroft's Library. Don Manuel Castro, of the famous Castro family, and the Pico family likewise, contributed their documents. The family of Thos. O. Larkin, formerly U. S. Consul at Monterey, turned over the books of his Consulate."

As the collection grew from year to year, the books were placed upon shelves without the slightest regard to order. In 1869, a librarian was appointed, who at once made a catalogue of the works which, for ordinary reference, was very convenient; but when Mr. Bancroft entered upon his great historical work, this arrangement proved of little or no avail, as it only led him into bewildering mazes of history and romance intermingled, and tended to thwart his purpose. He says himself: "I found that, like Tantalus, while up to my neck in water, I was dying of thirst. The facts which I required were so copiously diluted with trash, that to follow different subjects through this trackless sea of erudition, in the exhaustive manner I had proposed, with but one lifetime to devote to the work, was simply impracticable."

A system of indexing was then tried and prosecuted for a year, but on account of the great work required to carry out the minute details of every subject, it was abandoned for a more general arrangement, which happily proved available, and to the utility of which the public are in a measure indebted for the historical treasures Mr. Bancroft has unearthed from this mass of literary *debris*. From ten to twenty competent persons, under the superintendence of Mr. Henry L. Oak, the librarian, were constantly engaged on the work of indexing and cataloguing, for four or five years. So it has not been without difficulties innumerable, and remarkable perseverance, that this storehouse of valuable data has been collected and placed so that it will, in future, be practically useful.

LITERARY WORKSHOP.

Surrounded by walls adorned with ancient vellum, parchment, and wonderfully-wrought paper, as used by the *literati* of different nations in the unprogressive past, arranged side by side with the more embellished volumes of modern times; voluminous piles of faded manuscript, some written in almost unintelligible characters and dialect, others bearing the stamp of the polished and tidy student, who would no more permit a blot to remain upon his pages than a grammatical error; page upon page of personal reminiscences in this; a complete library of anecdote, voyages and travel in that; Spanish, French, Italian, Latin, English, German, Dutch, Portuguese, and Aztec manuscripts, clippings and books, arranged in perfect order, with reference to contents, the very outside appearance of which furnishes a study for the observer;—surrounded by this motley array of profound lore, Mr. Bancroft daily pursues his researches, and daily commits to paper the products of his untiring labor.

Mr. Bancroft is exceedingly industrious, frequently devoting ten and eleven hours a day to literary work. He generally writes standing, and therefore has a convenient desk about breast high, for the purpose. Beside the desk is a circular table, fitted with a revolving top, upon which he arranges his authorities, so that by simply turning the top around, any reference volumes he may desire comes within easy reach. The character of his work necessitates much painstaking, and consequently the progress is slow. Yet his ever faithful application tells in bulk of matter, though it is feared it may prove disastrous to his health if continued.

NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC STATES, AND FORTHCOMING WORKS.

The hearty appreciation manifested by literary critics and reviewers of his first work, together with the warm reception given it by the general public since its issue, is certainly very encouraging to the author, and is no doubt the source of much satisfaction to him. It is seldom that a first attempt at book-making,—especially wherein is embodied so much real labor as well as intelligent treatment,—meets with such universal praise as has the *Native Races of the Pacific States*. The character of the work would perhaps of itself commend it to the student, even though its author had but tolerably performed his task; but if it did not bear the stamp of thoroughness, and there was manifest any want of care as to the validity or authenticity, it would soon fall of its own weight.

California, although perhaps too boastful of her superior natural advantages, has much good reason to honor her historian, for there is nothing that could add more lustre to her name than the undertaking upon which Mr. Bancroft is so earnestly engaged. It is pleasant, therefore, to know that the local press has almost unanimously congratulated the author, and bestowed praise upon his literary achievement.

With fifteen assistants, Mr. Bancroft is now engaged in a literary task of much greater magnitude, importance, and interest than that already accomplished. He proposes to write a history of the Pacific States, from the first coming of Europeans down to date; paying special attention to his own State. His collection of original material for Californian history, can never be equaled by another collector; in fact, it leaves nothing to be desired. The plan on which he is carrying on his researches in this direction, would seem impracticable by reason of its magnitude and minuteness of detail, were it not for the business-like methods employed, and the marvellous rapidity with which he has produced the five volumes of the former work. The annals of California are being recorded as those of other sections of our country never have been and never can be. Our State has had but a century of history; well-directed research will bring it all to light; it is a matter of pride to our people that such a work is being done so thoroughly.

XXV.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

THE EFFICIENCY OF THE FORCE—THE GOVERNMENT OF THE DEPARTMENT—THE UNDERWRITERS' FIRE PATROL.

THE EFFICIENCY OF THE FORCE.

SAN FRANCISCO has an efficient and well-organized fire brigade. The force is composed of eleven steam-engine companies of twelve men each; five hose companies of nine men each, and three hook and ladder companies of fifteen men each—all fully equipped with the required apparatus. The engines, hose-carts and trucks are of the latest approved patterns. There are about two hundred and fifty men employed in the regular department, and more than fifty horses. The men are under strict and efficient discipline and have almost universally given satisfaction in the performance of their respective duties. They are hale sober fellows, capable of great endurance, cool-headed and brave. Notwithstanding the merciless element that they must battle with—a continual warfare with which it would seem would have a hardening effect upon their sympathies—they are withal warmhearted and sympathetic persons.

The horses are the pets of the firemen (excepting perhaps the engineer, whose caresses are bestowed upon his symmetric engine). In purchasing them, much care is observed to secure good, trusty and docile animals. They are of the larger size, and are very strong and muscular. They are kept harnessed, ready at a moment's notice to step into the traces and be off for the scene of fire. It is really wonderful how well trained they become as they grow old in the service. When an alarm is sounded on the gong in the engine-house, the horses back furiously out of their stalls and take their places in front of the engine, are hooked up in a few seconds, and at the word of command from the driver, dash pell-mell into the street, heeding nothing in the way, knowing no master save the man who holds the reins.

The men also are wonderfully expert in their respective duties. They may be lounging listlessly about, stupid and dull perhaps from the toil of the preceding night, but at the first tap of the alarm signal each is at his post, and the now smoking engine is parting the throng on the street before the inexperienced comprehends the meaning of the alarm.

The complete apparatus is kept in perfect order. An engine may emerge from a long conflict with the fire-fiend, grim and smoky, a seeming wreck of its former self; but a few hours will restore its lost brilliancy, and it stands ready to wage its incessant warfare.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE DEPARTMENT.

The government of the Department is vested chiefly in the Chief Engineer. Yet he is subject to the dictation of the Board of Fire Commissioners.

The office of Chief Engineer since the organization of the Fire Department has alternated between the present Chief (Scannell) and an old resident and experienced engineer—Frank Whitney, who is now Chief of the Safe Deposit Company's private patrol. There have been some hot contests between these gentlemen, rendered especially conspicuous because of the popularity of each.

When the last Board of Fire Commissioners was installed, Mr. Whitney held the office of Chief. The incoming Board was, however, friendly to Mr. Scannell, and as soon as they were well warmed in their seats they proceeded to depose Mr. Whitney, and place in his stead Mr. Scannell. Many of the under officers and firemen were also displaced for favorites of the Board, and the consequence was, that there was considerable feeling manifested by the friends of the rival Chiefs.

Whitney contested the office in the courts, and a protracted trial resulted in the courts sustaining the action of the Board of Fire Commissioners. This contest is spoken of by those interested as the war between the "outs" and "ins."

The discipline of the force is strict, requiring promptness and sobriety. Frequent drills are had, and everything pertaining to the respective duties of officers and men must be mastered.

THE UNDERWRITERS' FIRE PATROL.

This valuable accessory to the regular department force was organized the 24th of May, 1875. The intent of the organization is to check incipient fires, and if necessary, aid the regular firemen at extensive conflagrations. The company consists of nine men, permanently employed. They have three fleet horses, and the same number of wagons. The wagons carry a number of small Babcock Extinguishers, together with buckets and other important apparatus, and have seats arranged for the firemen. They answer all "still" alarms, and are often enabled by their means of speedy transit and dexterity, to extinguish a fire before it gains sufficient headway to call out the regular Fire Department.

This Patrol is supported by the various Insurance Companies, and has done good service since its organization. During the first seven months of its existence, it saved $55,000 worth of property.

The building the patrols occupy is located at the corner of Ecker and Stevenson Streets. It is comfortably fitted up for the occupants,—having also a billiard table for the amusement of the members. Capt. Russell White, of Boston, is the Superintendent.

The Fire Alarm and Police Telegraph is very complete in its working.

Notwithstanding the Fire Department is maintained at an annual expense of nearly $250,000, the protection it affords to property as well as life, is a full recompense for the expenditure.

VIEW OF CLAY STREET, SHOWING THE WIRE RAILROAD.

XXVI.

STREET RAILROADS.

THE BENEFITS OF STREET RAILWAYS—EXTENT OF THE BUSINESS—CLAY STREET HILL RAILROAD—ABUSES—QUERY.

THE BENEFITS OF STREET RAILWAYS.

THE rapidity with which the suburban parts of San Francisco have been settled has induced the various street railroad companies to extend their main lines, build branch roads, and increase their rolling-stock and operating force to an extent that gives San Francisco a convenient, easy and rapid means of street locomotion that the residents of few cities enjoy. On the other hand, the building of street railroads through sparsely populated suburbs has exercised a potent influence toward bringing into such districts more settlers. The numerous roads that stretch out in every direction through the city have leveled the sand-dunes, reclaimed the marshes, filled up the gulches, and instead of a desolate and barren waste that was, there have sprung up blocks and streets of comely residences, the homes of thrifty and industrious citizens.

There is no city whose public conveyances are more numerously patronized. Nature is in league with the hackmen and railroad companies. In summer she drives the pedestrian into the horse-car or hack, to escape the tempestuous gale that heralds its coming by billows and clouds of sand and dust that come rolling down the highways. In winter they fly to the street-car for shelter, to escape the drenching rain that comes in torrents flooding sidewalk and street.

The street-car is the poor man's friend, as it enables him to secure a comfortable and roomy home for his family, with the advantage of sunshine and pure air, and yet reside not too remote from his work. Its benefits are apparent and appreciated by the citizens of San Francisco.

EXTENT OF THE BUSINESS.

In San Francisco there are eight street railroad companies. These employ eight hundred men, and about fifteen hundred horses are required for service. There are used daily two hundred cars, and the gross earnings of all is considerably more than one million dollars annually. More than twenty million passengers ride on them during a year. The total length of the tracks (double) exceeds fifty miles.

The cars, as a rule, are comfortably arranged. The seating capacity varies, some cars accommodating twenty-four persons while others will seat but a dozen. A driver and conductor is engaged on the larger two-horse cars, while on the "bobtail,' or one-horse car, there is only a driver, a patent box being arranged wherein the passengers are required to drop the exact fare. The driver keeps close watch of those that enter to see that none ride without paying, and when there is any tardiness in complying with the rule, the negligent passenger is warned of his duty by the ringing of the "reminding" bell. This system was adopted to escape the losses from the "knocking-down" fraud said to be so prevalent among conductors.

CLAY STREET HILL ROAD.

The locality through which this road runs, on account of its elevation, was much sought as a place of residence. The view from the hills and the pure atmosphere rendered it a desirable place to live. But the hill was too steep to run either horse or steam cars up and down the grade, so it became necessary to devise some other means of propulsion.

An endless wire rope, one inch in diameter, passing around the drive-wheel of a powerful engine located at the top of the hill, and around a strong pulley at the bottom of the grade, serves as the tow rope by which the cars are drawn up or down the grade. This rope runs in an underground channel-way, and the "gripping-clamp" projecting from a "dummy" in front of the car, seizes or releases the rope at the will of the attendant or driver. The brakes that are used on these cars act directly on the rail, stopping the car instantly, as soon as released from the rope.

The principle employed is not new, as it has frequently been used in mountainous regions as a means of transportation. The application, however, to street railroads was an untried experiment, but has proven successful both in its practical working and financial returns.

Mr. A. S. Hallidie, president of the Mechanics' Institute, is the patentee of various devices, it was necessary to employ, in adapting the plan to the street railway, and to him is due the success of the experiment.

Recently, by a combination of the managers, the rate of fare on all the horse railroads was advanced from five, to six and a quarter cents a ride, or ten cents for a single fare—the wire-rope road alone, adhering to the small rate. This action very naturally raised much public complaint, and the result is that an opposition company has organized. This will be known as the Chariot Street Railroad Company, and the wire-rope system, as employed by the Clay-street Hill Company will be adopted,—dispensing almost entirely with the service of horses. The maximum rate of fare to be charged by the new company is five cents.

ABUSES.

Corporations, generally are said to be "soulless," and as Street Railway Companies are, as a rule, incorporated societies, the natural conclusion would follow, that *they* are unsympathetic, as well as soulless institutions. This conclusion has some foundation in fact.

There is, perhaps, no class of intelligent laborers subjected to more continual abuse, both from their employers and the public, than the employees of the Street Railroad Companies. The drivers and conductors are the more unfortunate victims. They work under the most rigid rules. A penalty or fine is attached to the most trivial violation of any regulation.

If they do not run their cars up to "time," they are railed at, and sometimes violently abused by the timekeeper, who in turn is a subject of condemnation if he fails to do his prescribed duty; and if, in their haste to make up lost time, a leisurely gentleman's graceful beckoning for the car to halt, is not recognized, an "outraged citizen" must needs vent his spleen upon the unfortunate driver and conductor, through the columns of the public press. They are insulted and cursed by every person who feels that his dignity is not respected, if the car starts before he is seated, or does not stop the exact moment he jerks the bell strap. They are constantly under the ban of, in many cases, unjust suspicion; and numerous crafty tricks are practised upon them to expose their supposed dishonesty.

They are compelled to remain on duty, from fifteen to eighteen hours a day, and are allowed only twenty to thirty minutes for dinner and supper; and for all this they receive the paltry sum of two and one half dollars. Lost time is also always deducted. A cruel and barbarous rule prevails with all street railways, that of compelling both conductor and driver to stand while on duty—even the privilege of reclining against the dash-board being a forbidden luxury.

The conductor is the "standing" fraud of the directors, and various ingenious stratagems are employed, to detect him in his peculations. A spy, in the person of a beautiful and fashionably dressed lady, boards the car and when the unsuspecting conductor requests her fare, he is blandly informed in the sweetest tones, that she had already paid the requisite amount. To dispute this information from such a source would certainly be a breach of gallantry, unpardonable under any circumstances, so he accepts the lady's statement as correct, and the next morning finds that his place is vacant, or filled by another.

Where tickets are sold, there is little opportunity for the conductor to embezzle any of the proceeds, as he is accountable to the office for the tickets or their value. The tickets, however, are in coupon form, four or five being printed on the same card; and hence, single tickets are not sold. Single fares, therefore, are the indisputable property of the conductor, if he so wills it; and it is possibly true that the low wages, bad treatment, and long hours that are his portion, stand out in his mind as an argument favoring and justifying the appropriation to his own benefit, of all such small change.

QUERY.

Does not San Francisco need a Bergh? There is maintained in the city a society whose ostensible object is, to *prevent cruelty to animals;* but what protection is extended to the dumb-brute race by this humane organization is enigmatical. It is possible that the "rags, sacks and bottles" man has transcended his limit of authority over the unfortunate "plug" that labors before his rickety vehicle, and has felt the humane lash of this society on his thinly-covered back, to the tune of an extortionate fine; but among the abused animals of the corporations its sympathetic influence has not been felt.

The street railway companies of San Francisco are heartless in the treatment of their horses. There are some exceptions, however; some companies whose horses show by their appearance that they are kindly treated and well cared for. But there is no place where this "noblest of animals" has harder taskmasters, is more certainly *worked to death*, and has less sympathetic treatment, than in the service of the street railway companies of San Francisco. They make capital of his uncomplaining docility. Cars, the weight of which alone are sufficient loads for the thin, trembling animals that draw them, are jammed and crammed with passengers. With oft-repeated reminders from the driver (who really has a tender feeling for his team, and would fain befriend them), the willing brutes exert their utmost strength, and stumbling and staggering over the cruel cobble-stone pave, or straining and surging for a firm foothold on the slippery road, they plod along as best they may, hour after hour, until from sheer inability to proceed they are relieved from duty.

The public observes and silently condemns. The press, as a matter of news, gives space for the recitation of any particular instance of open and extreme cruelty; and the "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," whose duty it is to remedy such abuses, remains conspicuously indifferent.

XXVII.

SALOONS.

DRUNKENNESS—ARISTOCRATIC SALOONS—HOT LUNCH—CORNER GROCERIES.

DRUNKENNESS.

DRUNKENNESS in San Francisco is not as common as in most cities of its size and population. Even the country villages in the Middle and Western States have a much larger number of confirmed drunkards, proportionately, than San Francisco. This comparison, however, does not continue true when we substitute for the word "drunkenness," the milder term, "tippling."

The climate is opposed to drunkenness, and it also has an apparently contradictory effect, for it invites and encourages *drinking*. It urges the taking of the poison, so as to show its superior antidotal qualities. Many men drink to excess of intoxicating liquors, without any apparent evil effects resulting, and a moderate drinker takes his regular "dram," firmly believing that without it he could not long exist, while with it, he may count upon living much longer, and accomplishing greater things than he who "looks not upon the wine when it is red," nor lifts the bowl to his lips.

According to Dr. McKinley's statistics, three-sevenths of the adult male population of the United States never drink any intoxicating liquors, and nearly half of the four-sevenths who drink, do so to excess. These figures are certainly alarming, but were it possible to state the exact number of those who drink, in San Francisco, the information would be shocking—even to San Franciscans themselves. A roundabout way of telling it might lessen the enormity; so we will limit the number of those who drink, to the number of those who, at one time or another, deal in mining stocks. By saying this, we do not mean to intimate that only those who drink deal in stocks, nor *vice versa;* for there are as many who don't deal in stocks, but drink, as there are who don't drink, but deal in stocks. When it is understood that the aggregate amount of the stock transactions at the different Stock Boards for a year, is over two hundred and twenty million dollars; that the revenue to the city from the license fees of retail liquor dealers, amounts to one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars annually, and that the population of San Francisco is about three hundred thousand (including forty or fifty thousand Chinese who do not drink), any person of a mathematical turn can soon settle the matter satisfactorily to himself, as to who drink, as well as who deal in mining stocks.

The school-boy, in his essay on "Local Option in San Francisco," explained the state of affairs, perhaps better than we can, thus: "Temperance societies are not very popular organizations in San Francisco. They interfere too much with business. There is lots of money made in San Francisco by saloons. If it wasn't for our papa's selling beer and whiskey along with *other groceries*, quite a number of us boys couldn't dress as good as we do, and get money to buy cigarettes—and I know several girls too who'd have to wear commoner clothes, only for that. But then there's two boys I know who have to wear ragged clothes and work, and have to smoke old cigar stumps, just because there are saloons in town where their fathers spend all the money they make for whiskey. I tell you I don't see through it; Local Option is a pretty hard subject to write about. I went down to see the License Collector, and he told me there was over two thousand saloons in San Francisco. That seems like a good many for a place of this size. That's all I can think of now, except that I don't think I'll ever drink."

It is very possible that many of the sudden deaths that occur in San Francisco are simply the result of excessive indulgence in intoxicating drinks. The bracing climate may sustain a strong constitution for a long time against the destructive influence of strong drinks, but sooner or later the vital organs become affected, and the system no longer responds to the recuperative power of the atmosphere; then its restorative qualities only hasten a dissolution.

ARISTOCRATIC SALOONS.

San Francisco has never been without numerous real magnificent saloons—since the days of '49. In this, as in everything else, she has "Excelsior" for her watchword. There are as much artistic talent and skill demanded in arranging the interior of the first-class saloons, as are required for the drawing rooms in the palatial residences of the wealthy citizens. The embellishments of these are not tinsel, but are real and substantial—the production of skillful hands. In the bar-rooms, there are large plate glass mirrors, alternating with fine paintings in the panels of the walls. There are exquisitely chiseled vases, always containing brilliant and fragrant bouquets of flowers. There are statuettes, and ornamental carving; there are silver and cut glass goblets; there are counters and tables of the finest marble, carved in artistic designs and smoothly polished; the floors are formed of marble tiles, the ceilings finely frescoed, and the windows are of heavy plate glass, ornamented with graceful designs, and the light swinging doors are covered in elegant style and upon the outer side is a silver door-plate with the name of the proprietor or saloon engraved thereon. Everything is costly and elegant, and although the drug that has been death to many is there dispensed in its fiery purity, there is an air of refinement about the room, a gentlemanly courtesy in the attendants, that is not only attractive, but to the mind, counteracts the debasing influence of intemperance. The private rooms are richly furnished, quiet and retired. There is seldom any disorderly conduct in these saloons. Those who keep them are gentlemen, and they require their patrons to conduct themselves in a manner becoming gentlemen.

The finest saloons, are in the locality of the different chambers of the boards of brokers. Their patrons are mostly men of wealth, who are speculators in stocks, stock-brokers, bankers, and the leading members of the bar. The excitement attend-these pursuits in San Francisco, is intense, and much stimulating drink is necessary, to enable the body to bear up under the constant strain. If the stock operator makes a successful deal, he must soothe his agitated nerves, and respond to the congratulation of his friends, by taking a social glass; if he is a loser, he must revive his depressed spirits by a deep draught. Everything seems to have conspired to urge men to drink.

HOT LUNCH.

One of the chief inducements held out by the saloon keepers to win patronage, is the lunch system they have adopted. Nowhere but in San Francisco, is there such temptation for everybody to drink. When a hungry man can procure a drink of anything he likes, and a lunch, which for variety and style of serving is superior to that set at his own home, or at the first-class hotels and restaurants, for the small sum of "two bits," unless his resolutions against patronizing the liquor sellers, are very firm, he will not hesitate to enter a saloon and satisfy his hunger. Hot-lunches are served *free*, at all the first-class saloons, every day between the hours of 11 A.M. and 2 P.M. One price is charged for every kind of drink; common, "straight," or fancy—whether it be soda, seltzer water, lemonade, beer, whiskey or wine—for cigars, cigarettes and tobacco; and he who lays down his "two bits," can have his choice and besides, eat his fill of a steaming savory lunch.

A bill-of-fare for lunch at the "Pantheon," conducted by Mr. J. Wainright, at 321 California Street, the finest saloon in the city—is as follows: "Turtle soup; roast pig; roast lamb; sheep's tongue, stewed; stewed liver; fish balls; salmon, broiled whole; potatoes, tomatoes, cheese, crackers, nick-nacks, and all accessory relishes."

This is varied daily. Every delicacy, whether of fruits, vegetables, meats, fowl or fish, is served in its season. A large table is spread at the side or end of the room, and no formality, whatever, is observed at eating. Each person after taking his drink or cigar, goes to the table and is immediately served with whatever he chooses. All eat standing, and it is not a rare occurrence to see millionaires walking about the room, or leaning against the bar in eager converse—each with a chicken drumstick or wing in one hand, a slice of bread and cheese in the other, like country school-boys at noontime.

At the "bit" saloons, lunches are also served. The one price system prevails with these. The only difference in the lunch at these and the first class saloons is, that one "bit" cannot supply as great a variety as "two bits"—the style of serving is the same, and there is an abundance of what is offered. A man need not go hungry so long as he has a ten cent piece about him. Even in the "five-cent" saloons, where beer is the standard beverage, and where the Germans mostly congregate for a smoke, chat and drink, and a few chips of "bologna," there is always a plate of cheese, some dried beef, crackers, pickles, mustard and sausage—and here, everything is *five cents*.

There is not a single first class hotel in San Francisco but has a bar where liquors are sold. This branch of the business, however, is generally conducted separately from the hotel, being under different management, but in close proximity to the hotel offices and gentlemen's parlors. Most of these barrooms are elegantly fitted up, and rank as first class saloons. Even in these, notwithstanding the nearness of the hotel dining rooms, there is usually some "tit-bits," or relishes, to be found on the lunch table.

Each saloon has its particular patrons, besides many transient callers. At the "Pantheon," California Street, bank officials, capitalists, commission merchants, insurance officials, etc., take lunch; the favorite resorts of the brokers, brokers' clerks, bookkeepers, etc., are Louis Eppinger's, corner Halleck and Leidesdorff, and Collins's, at the corner of Montgomery and California; while Oscar Lewis, on Sutter Street, caters to the sporting men. "Frank's," on Montgomery Street, is patronized by judges and lawyers, as is the Parker House, also. Of the two last named, the "hashes" and stews of the one, and the beans baked with green pepper—Mexican style—of the other, are justly celebrated.

Collins's, at the corner of Montgomery and California, does the most extensive bar business in the city. He employs six bar-tenders, from six A. M., to eight P. M., who are kept busy constantly, in serving the many thirsty customers.

CORNER GROCERIES.

One, and sometimes two, of every four corners formed by the streets crossing each other, throughout the city, even in the remote suburbs, is generally occupied by a corner grocery. In this establishment are kept for sale a great variety of family groceries—not necessarily much of any one thing, but a little of many kinds of family supplies, so as to meet the contingent wants of the residents in the surrounding blocks. Of the whole number of these in the city, it would be difficult to find one but has a bar, at which all kinds of common liquors are sold. This is generally placed in the rear of the store, shielded from view by a board partition, and having two entrances, one through the store and another at the rear, the door of which is used as a sign-board, and bears the suggestive words: "Sample-room."

Of evenings, these corner grocery bar-rooms are largely patronized as "loafing-places," by the mechanics, laborers and idlers, whose homes are in the neighborhood. A simple lunch is set out here, and also a card table is provided. Here young men and middle-aged men, boys and grey beards congregate at night, to talk vulgar slang, play cards for "the drinks," and smoke and chew—to go home at a late hour with heavy heads and light purses. It is at these places that the youthful San Franciscan Hoodlums are developed.

These corner groceries are admirable conveniences for before-breakfast drams, not only for the common laborers and mechanics, who seldom see inside of the palatial saloons, "down town," but for the brokers, bankers, capitalists, etc., who have families, but reside too far out to visit their favorite drinking saloons so early in the day. True, there are many of these who keep full supplies of favorite beverages, in their private cellars, but some of them have members in their families whom they do not wish to have imitate their example, and hence they slip around to the corner grocery for their morning appetizer.

Considering the many temptations that are placed in his way, it is not strange that the San Francisco youth should become dissipated in his teens, and therefore be vicious and unmanageable; but it is strange that these temptations should be permitted to exist in such great numbers.

There is no disgrace attached to visiting saloons. Very few persons in San Francisco would hesitate to enter a saloon for a drink, even though they knew that their brothers and sisters in the church—and the minister also—were watching them. Everybody knows that everybody drinks, if they want to, and they are not shocked if they see them in the act, or are advised of the fact by others. Time only can make known the result of this kind of a life. It is natural to predict that it will tell disastrously on the coming generation—yet we can only wait and see.

XXVIII.

THE PRESS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE PRESS—THE ALTA CALIFORNIA—BULLETIN & CALL—THE EXAMINER—THE EVENING POST—THE STOCK REPORT—THE STOCK EXCHANGE—FIGARO—DAILIES AND WEEKLIES IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES—WEEKLIES.

THE PRESS.

DID the "power of the press" consist in the number of public journals and periodicals that are regularly issued, San Francisco would present a most formidable front. Whatever principle, party or person it should attack, would do well to surrender at once, as the numerical force that could be marshaled out is sufficient to overcome and crush anything antagonistic, however powerful, unless perchance it should be a railroad corporation or Chinese immigration.

There are eighty distinct periodicals thrown out to the public, at intervals—some quarterly and monthly, but the greater number issuing daily and weekly. These all are (or at least profess to be) published in the interest of humanity, each having a particular object in view aside from the great general aim of money-getting. It is furthermore true that each of these periodicals claims to labor, in *its own especial* and *peculiar* way, for the *betterment* of mankind in general and the inhabitants of San Francisco and California in particular.

It would therefore follow, as a natural sequence, that the individuals composing the community in which these publications most do circulate, would be, and are, the nearest approach to perfect intelligent mortals that claim a habitation on this terrestrial sphere. However desirable that condition may be, it is evident from the volume wherein you now read that, with all the advantages pointing to moral, intellectual, physical, and social perfection, San Franciscans are still "prone to err."

Yet San Francisco is not too boastful of her public journals. The hight she has attained as a city, commercially and socially, she has also reached intellectually. The press has been the leader, is yet in advance, and to it is due the unparalleled progress San Francisco and California have made in the past quarter of a century. The history of journalism on the Pacific Coast, although extending over so brief a period, would abound in interesting and exciting narrative, and would reveal the fact that the standard of excellence it has reached has been literally through fire and tribulation.

But these very circumstances have tended to develop the real legitimate journalistic pursuit, and therefore when, by accident or otherwise, unfit persons have drifted into the channel, the current of public sentiment has generally washed them upon the rocks, and they have disappeared from view.

The West has developed independent journalism. There is manifest in the abler Western newspapers a blunt boldness, not hampered by palliative phrases, that is discovered in but few Eastern journals. Any new country, possessing similar attractions to California, is, in its earlier history, overrun by a desperate and dangerous class of adventurers; and hence, in the West, it required not only literary ability to establish a newspaper that would exert a power for the good of the country and society, but courageous hearts withal.

Thus it is that the very nature of the circumstances through which Western journalism has grown up, compelled an independent course that—though, perhaps, in its crudeness, was audacious and insolent—has developed into a power, the proper exercise of which is the true mission of the newspaper in these latter years of the nineteenth century.

The California public look upon the press as a power, whose strength it were better not to test; with a sort of reverential awe. To this fact, is possibly due, the restrictions that have been attempted to be placed upon it—by the recent State Legislature. It is difficult to understand why this feeling should obtain among the people—especially those whose lives, hitherto, have been as they should, free from tarnish, upright and honorable.

It has been observed, however, that when the secular journals have exposed any great evil, whether of a social, business, or official nature, and earnestly agitated the subject, they have almost universally succeeded in uprooting it, and have guided the hand of justice to deal the merited blow upon the perpetrators. When the city of San Francisco had become as a house of refuge to criminals of all classes, and dishonesty and vice knew no limit beyond which they could not with impunity pass, it was the press, that awakened the dormant principle of right, and aroused the people to action. The press urged them onward, until they had purged the city of its most vicious inhabitants.

Only let one of the standard San Francisco journals express distrust in the financial condition of a banking house, or prominent business firm, and the impulsive populace at once sees impending, a financial stringency that cannot but result in great disaster; and ten times in twelve it will, by its hasty action, precipitate a real panic. A reverse feeling will be induced by the press coming out strongly in favor of an institution, that may be tottering from its own weight, so that the slightest disturbance would cause it to fall; a few well-timed editorials, based upon reason and expressing confidence, sets the public mind at rest, and the chasm may be bridged.

Yet in the face of this dreaded power and independence, wealthy corporations have grown thrifty, and, to-day, threaten to rise in their strength and dictate to the masses what they shall or shall not do. There has been no country more prolific of monopolies than California, and unless they are held in check by legislation, the oppression that results from their tyrannical power when given unbridled sway, will become intolerable. The spirit of communism, that is occasionally manifest among the laboring classes, is enkindled and fed by the blighting influence the monopolies exert, and will develop into a power that will, by sheer force, establish an equilibrium, even though a period of anarchy should result, unless some protection be extended to the working-men.

The press of California, has therefore much to contend with. It is essential, then, that the leading journals possess and maintain a true independence, such as gold will not neutralize nor influence bend, for the masses accept them as leaders, and have faith that they will lead aright.

In San Francisco, there are twenty periodicals, published in different foreign languages, which, more certainly indicate the extent of the foreign population, than anything short of an actual enumeration. The whole number of daily papers is twelve, and of dailies and weeklies together there are fifty-five.

THE ALTA CALIFORNIA.

The *Alta* has the honor of being the oldest journal in California; and being such, the people and its proprietors, have apparently united in the purpose of making it a true representative of the State in which it had its origin. A history of this journal, from its inception to the present time, appeared in the March number of *The Resources of California*, 1876, extracts from which, are here given:

"The Press in California, has been, as elsewhere, one of its first institutions after the acquisition. On the fifteenth of August, 1846, Walter Colton and Robert Semple issued, at Monterey, the first number of the *Californian*, the first newspaper published in California. It was issued weekly up to the thirty-eighth number, which was printed May 6th, 1847, when it was moved to San Francisco, then called Yerba Buena, and its next number issued May 22d, 1847. Meanwhile San Francisco had followed the example of Monterey. On the ninth of January, 1847, the first number of the *California Star* was issued, Samuel Brannan, publisher; E. P. Jones, editor. It was a weekly journal of twelve columns. On the twenty-ninth of May, the *Californian*, in a fly-sheet, apologized for the future non-issue of that journal until better days should come. Every 'sub' and the 'devil' himself had gone to the 'diggings,' rejecting every offer and effort to retain them. On the fourteenth of June, the *California Star* likewise ceased.

"The *Californian* revived on the fifteenth of July. By the eighteenth of November, 1848, the proprietors of the *California Star* had bought up the *Californian*, and uniting the two under one proprietorship, issued on that day a new paper, a virtual combination of the two, under the name of the *Star and Californian*, the *California Star* having ceased its publication five months previously. The issues of this journal continued until the fourth of January, 1849, when the *Star and Californian*, as a designation for the journal, was discarded and that of *Alta California* adopted as its future name. Mr. Edward C. Kemble had previously become the owner of the *Star and Californian*, and having taken in as a partner Mr. Edward Gilbert, the paper, under its present title, was issued. The journal continued and prospered. It grew with the growth of the town, and flourished as the population and business of the town and State increased.

"On the fourteenth of December, a tri-weekly edition of the *Alta California* was issued, previous to which it had been only a weekly issue. That was continued also. On the twenty-second of January, 1849, the *Alta California* newspaper appeared as a daily journal—subscription price $25 per year—and has made its regular appearance ever since. Meanwhile, Messrs. Durivage & Connor had become proprietors in the paper, and partners of Messrs. Gilbert and Kemble. Mr. Connor had brought with him from New York a steam engine, and thus the journal was put in condition to work off editions of its issues sufficient to supply all demands. Mr. Gilbert having been elected as one of the two first Congressional Representatives of the State in Congress, had left for Washington, leaving Mr. Kemble, assisted by Mr. Durivage, to conduct it. About the close of August, Mr. Kemble concluded to visit his old home in the State of New York, he having been absent for some years. With this resolution fixed, he offered the editorial chair to Frank Soulé, who had written some few articles for the paper, and who accepted and continued in this capacity during Mr. Kemble's absence.

"Messrs. Kemble and Gilbert had reached San Francisco but a few days, had not yet assumed editorial duties, when the great fire of June 22d, 'the sixth great fire,' occurred. It commenced a little before eleven o'clock Sunday morning, while the people were on their way to church, and the church bells were ringing, soon to be changed into fire alarm warnings. Ten entire squares were consumed, and, with the rest, that on which the business and press-rooms of the *Alta* were situated, sweeping that journal, with all its fixtures, type, presses, accounts, buildings, everything, away. At the previous fire, on the fourth of May, every other newspaper office had been destroyed, and now had come the *Alta's* turn. On the present occasion, the *Alta California* was the only one burned out. Fortune or Fate seemed to carry itself with most wonderful impartiality.

"A new office-lot was secured, the building on the corner of Washington Street and Brenham Place was erected, and for some years, the paper was issued from it. Its previous office had been on the north side of Washington Street, nearly opposite the middle of Portsmouth Square. In those days, California was well sprinkled with hot-blooded men from the South, who believed in duelling, and were ready to resort to it for the settlement of difficulties of a personal nature. And there were those, also, from the North, who were ready to answer calls to the field, or to give them. Mr. Gilbert was one of the latter. Some strictures of his upon certain acts of the State Government, led to a misunderstanding with Gen. Denver. A challenge was sent by Mr. Gilbert—was accepted—a meeting took place near Sacramento, and at the second fire Mr. Gilbert was killed. Thus fell a kind, genial, intelligent gentleman, a sacrifice to his high sense of personal honor and the barbarous code.

"Other journals had sprung into life in the city, some with an ephemeral, and others with a somewhat longer existence. The *Pacific News*, the second paper in the city, at the time, was issued first, August 27, 1849, published by Messrs. Falkner and Leland, and continued until in one of the Great Fires of 1851, it expired in a blast of flame. Of the score of journals in those early days, none, except the *Alta*, exists. It passed through many changes, and into the hands of various proprietors, with but indifferent success, until a three-fourth interest in it was purchased by and passed into the hands of Mr. Frederick MacCrellish, in whose possession, in company with Mr. Wm. A. Woodward, it has ever since remained.

"Soon after this last change of proprietorship, came the excitements leading to the organization of the Vigilance Committee, called into existence by the unbridled license and rascality of a portion of the people, and which the authorities and courts had failed properly to restrain and punish; and on that occasion, when the city was like a seething volcano, excited by a murderous attack upon Mr. James King of William, the *Alta* struck the chord which vibrated in unison with public sentiment, and its fortunes were at once assured.

"It has never been sensational, seldom personal, but always a journal which the parent, of however scrupulous taste, could risk putting into the hands of wife or daughter, assured that nothing therein could offend them. Its proprietors have thrown the influence of their journal in favor of progress and civilization. Improvements in receiving and transmitting news they may justly claim as having been among the first and most liberal in inaugurating. They chiefly induced the organization of the celebrated 'Pony Express,' paying $1,000 per month for its support. The first telegraph owed, if not its conception, at least its construction towards the Southern end of the State, to meet the overland stage, to the *Alta's* proprietors."

Mr. Frank Soulé is yet to be found in the editorial rooms of the *Alta*, and although he has grown grey in the service of "California's veteran journal," like that journal, he yet retains a youthful vigor, which age has only matured.

In politics, the *Alta* is republican; yet its interest in party is not manifest in passionate appeals or bitter invectives.

BULLETIN AND CALL.

In the later part of 1855, immediately following the financial crash of that year, that proved so disatrous to San Francisco, James King of William associated in business with Mr. C. O. Gerberding, and they began the publication of the evening *Bulletin*. Mr. Gerberding was an accomplished bookkeeper, a man of excellent personal address, though possessing small means. Mr. King had just emerged from the wreck of his banking house, a bankrupt, yet possessing what is of more value than money—sound principles and sterling sense. Neither of these gentlemen were journalists, but both were well acquainted with the corrupt practices of the city officials, and knew the necessity of official and social reform. Mr. King assumed editorial control, and to Mr. Gerberding was assigned the business management of the paper. A certain interest was transferred to Messrs. Whitton, Towne & Co., printers, in consideration of which they were to do the printing.

Mr. King, in his editorials, at once attacked the vicious and criminal classes, not recognizing the shield of wealth or position that many of them interposed, but exposing all manner of rascality and villainy, no matter what the rank or circumstances of the guilty. This excited resentful feelings in the evil-doers and their sympathizers, but called forth words of encouragement and offers of aid from those who were disposed to give honesty and integrity the preference.

It is wonderful how stinging and penetrating were Mr. King's satirical attacks! His inexperience as a writer was manifest in every article he wrote, but his words were blunt and to the point, and it was this very simplicity—his "street-talk style"—that sent the arrow so directly to the mark.

Wrought up to an ecstacy of rage, by an attack upon his character by Mr. King, one Casey, an ex-convict of Sing Sing, who, by ballot-box stuffing and bribery, had been placed in the board of supervisors,—shot Mr. King down in the street, from the effect of which he died in a few days.

This was the immediate cause of the forming of the Vigilance Committee of '56. During their rule, the *Bulletin* advocated a moderate course, and although it was commended for this by the cool and law-loving citizens, it did not receive the hearty support that was given to another journal (the *Alta*) that unreservedly urged and supported the action of the Vigilantes.

Mr. Thos. S. King, a brother of James, who had rendered him much financial assistance during his editorship, next took editorial charge, and the *Bulletin* continued prospering. Not long afterwards, Mr. J. W. Simonton secured a half interest in the journal, and in 1859, Mr. Gerberding sold half of his interest to Mr. G. K. Fitch, at which time, also, a two-sixteenth interest was transferred to each of three old and faithful employees—Mr. James Nesbit, Dr. F. Tuthill, and Julian Bartlett,—Mr. Thos. S. King in the meantime retiring.

In 1861, Mr. Gerberding's bad health caused him to sell out, the remaining partners becoming purchasers. Following shortly, Mr. Loring Pickering bought an interest of Mr. Fitch, and in 1869, seven years later, three of the partners—Messrs. Nesbit, Tuthill, and Bartlett—having been removed by death, the firm was composed of Messrs. Simonton, Fitch, and Pickering, their interests equalized; and the proprietorship of the *Bulletin* has continued thus to the present time.

In politics, the *Bulletin* claims to be independent, though it evidently inclines to the republican party. It has the largest circulation of the evening newspapers. Its editorial corps is very able, numbering on its staff, journalists whose literary attainments have given them some favorable recognition. The resident proprietors, Messrs. Fitch and Pickering, give personal direction in the editorial departments.

The indignation excited at the course of the *Bulletin*, just previous to and during the suspension of the Bank of California, in August, 1875, which was also immediately preceding the general State election—resulted in the temporary withdrawal of patronage from it, amounting in the aggregate to some five hundred regular subscribers, and two and a half columns of advertising. The cause of public displeasure at that time was the editorial articles that appeared in the *Bulletin* reflecting discredit upon the character of Wm. C. Ralston, the bank's president, for whom the people entertained an almost reverential devotion because of the generous aid he had from time to time extended to various enterprises, both public and private.

There is little doubt but that injustice was done him by this journal, and had the future fate of Mr. Ralston been foreshadowed, it is probable that the attack would not have been made. It is, however, more reasonable to attribute this action to a too strong desire to effect certain political results than to gratify a feeling of malice or personal dislike.

Mr. Fitch, who is perhaps the master mind on the *Bulletin*, is a printer and journalist by "birth" and profession; having been engaged in various capacities in newspaper and printing offices from early boyhood. In 1848, he was engaged in a small way in a job printing office in New Orleans. But when time recorded those magic numbers, "'49," he was seized with the prevailing epidemic, sold out his interest for one thousand dollars, and started for California.

However, before leaving, he purchased the type, press, forms, leads, rules, sticks, and other apparatus so necessary in a newspaper office, and shipped them for the same destination. He even bought an ample supply of glue to use in making rollers, and also a quantity of printing paper—thinking, very correctly, too, that such commodities would not be found among the luggage of those whose only ambition was to search for gold. As a sort of recreation, and prompted, no doubt, by a speculative notion, he tarried for a few weeks at Panama, during which brief time he published the Panama *Star*.

Disposing of this for a profit of one hundred and fifty dollars, he continued his journey to California.

In March, 1850, he started the Sacramento *Transcript*, at Sacramento. This he conducted for two years, when it was merged into the *Times and Transcript*, and removed to San Francisco. Meantime, Mr. Pickering, a journalist from St. Louis, had joined him in the enterprise. The latter publication was continued two years, under their management, after which their attention was directed to the *Bulletin*.

During the *Bulletin's* career there have been some very worthy and talented persons connected with it. Three of the gentlemen previously mentioned in this sketch, Messrs. Nesbit, Tuthill, and Julian Bartlett, are spoken of as persons of great worth, possessing most excellent qualities, and endowed with more than ordinary literary ability. Mr. Tuthill left behind him a history of California, which, considering his inexperience in historical writing, and also the fact that his was a pioneer work, bears evidence that under more favorable circumstances he would have attained an enviable reputation as an historian. As it is, he has done much to remove the rubbish that historical writers have to go through, and has gathered the material from which those who come after may build up a lasting superstructure.

Mr. Ben. P. Avery, whose recent death brought sorrow to so many hearts, served long and well in an editorial capacity on the *Bulletin*. Messrs. William Bartlett and Samuel Williams, both of whose writings have been admired by the public, have been engaged on the *Bulletin* for the last ten years.

The *Call* is a live morning daily, owned and conducted by the proprietors of the *Bulletin*. The first number of the *Call* appeared December 1, 1856, under the management of the "Associated Practical Printers." It gradually grew in size and public favor, and in 1869 was transferred to the proprietorship of a Mr. Foster. Shortly after this time, Mr. Foster died, and the paper was continued under the control of its present proprietors.

The *Call* is probably the most profitable daily on the Pacific Coast. It is very popular with the masses, and is much patronized by small advertisers. Column after column of short notices, under the various classifications of "Help Wanted," "Situations Wanted," "Rooms to Let," "Personals," "Lost," "Found," "Business Opportunities," appear from day to day, as well as many larger and display advertisements. Its local news items are generally lengthened out to a degree that suits the morbid imaginations of its readers, and have a smack of sensation, that tends to sate the hungry cravings of the masses. The editorials are up to the par standard, and thus it compensates its thinking readers for the annoyance that the light paragraphs and "breezy" sketches might occasion them. It claims a circulation of 31,000. In politics, it is independent.

THE EXAMINER.

The daily evening *Examiner* is the legitimate offspring of the *Democratic Press*, which was started October 20, 1863, and suspended in 1865. The first number of the *Examiner* was issued June 12, 1865, William S. Moss, publisher, and B. F. Washington, editor.

The *Examiner* is the leading Democratic journal in the State, and is therefore well supported by its party constituents. It is characterized for the chasteness of its contents—nothing whatever of a sensational nature being permitted in its columns. For this reason (which alone ought to commend it to public favor and patronage), it is not much sought after by the public as a dispenser of local gossip; and hence its circulation is limited, when compared with some of the other leading dailies. Its proprietors are Wm. S. Moss, Hon. Phil. A. Roach, and George Pen Johnston—the latter presiding over the editorial department.

Mr. Roach has attained considerable local celebrity by reason of his rollicking good humor and innocent pleasantries, which are perhaps intensified by the venerable appearance his premature white locks fix upon him. He is the butt of many a society joke, because he has actually lived and moved among the San Francisco *beau monde* for so many years, without having either got married or lost his heart. He is a confirmed bachelor, and at present represents the democracy of San Francisco in the State Legislature.

THE EVENING POST.

Although but a little more than four years in existence, the *Post* ranks among the leading dailies in the city. It was introduced to the public on December 4th, 1871, under the proprietorship of Messrs. Hinton, Rapp & Co., with Mr. Henry George, as editor.

As an organ of the Democratic party, its career was marked by prosperity until 1872, when it was purchased by a Mr. Thompson, formerly of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* and Cincinnati *Commercial*, under whose management it languished. After a period of three months, it was transferred to Mr. Hinton, who succeeded in establishing it on a more stanch basis by forming a joint stock company, Mr. George again assuming editorial charge.

This arrangement continued until December, 1875, when Hon. John P. Jones, having purchased a controlling interest in the stock, Messrs. George and Hinton were succeeded by Mr. J. T. Goodman, who took the management of both the editorial and business departments.

The *Post* was first issued as a one cent paper, but the favorable reception it met induced the publishers to enlarge its size, which also necessitated an increased price. It was therefore advanced to ten cents per week, but subsequent enlargements have increased the price to twelve and a half cents, at which rate it is now furnished to subscribers.

The *Post* is the only journal on the coast that uses the Bullock press. The Hoe press was for a long time considered the "highest reach of mechanical skill," as applied to the art of printing; but since the invention of the Bullock—the capacity of which is nearly double that of the Hoe—it has fallen into the second rank, and is fast becoming supplanted by the Bullock, in the larger newspaper establishments. The Bullock prints on both sides at once; requires but one feeder, and is more economically operated. It is claimed that the Bullock can print as high a number as 30,000 an hour; but in practical service it averages about 15,000 copies. This press was procured at a cost of $25,000.

During the exciting times of the "Womens' Crusade" against whiskey and saloons—or, as it is more familiarly known in San Francisco, "Local Option"—the *Post* was the only daily that earnestly espoused the cause of the "oppressed sex;" which action, though perhaps highly commendable, was proven to be unpopular in California.

In matters of news, the *Post* is considered reliable. Its locals are often rather highly spiced—tending to sensational—but its leading editorials are earnest and pointed, and graceful in style. The editor in chief, Mr. Goodman, was for a considerable time connected with the Nevada *Enterprise*, and is the gentleman who first inducted Mark Twain into the mysteries of journalism. Twain, in his *Roughing It*, acknowledges the kindness with which his first efforts at reporting were received by Mr. Goodman, in his peculiarly amusing style. The managing editors are S. Seabough and L. E. Crane. The Saturday evening edition of the *Post* is generally a double sheet, and might be called the literary issue of the paper—being devoted to light, interesting topics, containing also a story or two of some merit.

Since Mr. Goodman took the management, the politics of the *Post* have undergone an abrupt change—it being now a thorough republican journal.

THE STOCK REPORT.

The *Stock Report*, devoted more particularly to the mining stock transactions of California Street, was established in 1863, as a sort of weekly bulletin of the stock market. As the mining industry on the coast increased, an increase in stock transactions naturally followed, and it was found that a daily issue of the *Stock Report* was demanded. It is really a mining and broker's journal, and, as such, represents the most important industry of the coast, as well as the greatest financial interests in San Francisco. Yet it has its departments devoted to general news, and in its editorials important topics are discussed. It contains elaborate and instructive tables of stock sales, lists of assessments, dividends, and letters from the principal mines and mining districts on the coast.

Mr. William Bunker, formerly on the *Evening Bulletin*, in 1875, undertook its management, since which time it has exhibited marked improvement in all its departments. He, in connection with Mr. P. H. McGowan, have full control, and under their supervision the *Stock Report* will no doubt continue to be the representative organ of the great mining resources of the Pacific States, and the mining stock interests, of which it is the official exponent.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

This is another daily stock paper, reliable in its quotations and tables relative to the mining stock market. It also gives a summary of important general news, and publishes the latest advices by telegraph and correspondents, from the various mines on the coast. It is, apparently, a profitable property, as it enjoys a good circulation, and its advertising columns are well patronized.

FIGARO.

The *Figaro* is a small theatrical sheet, published daily. It is more devoted to advertising than to giving theatrical news. It is distributed free at the theatres, and is only valuable as a programme of the plays.

DAILIES AND WEEKLIES IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Of the dailies published in foreign languages, the German enjoy the most extended circulation. They are all, however, well made up, and confine themselves to the legitimate field of journalism.

The *Daily Demokrat*, German, has a circulation of 5,000. It is published by Messrs Fr. Hess & Co., who also publish a weekly sheet called the *Staats Zeitung*. These are independent in politics.

The *Abend Post*, German, also independent, has a circulation of 2,200, with a weekly edition of 1,700. D. Klintworth & Co. are the publishers.

Courrier de San Francisco is the French publication, issued daily and weekly, with a respective circulation of 1,000 and 800.

La Vos de Nuevo Mundo, Spanish, has a circulation of 1,000, and is issued semi-weekly.

The *California Posten*, a weekly Scandinavian journal, with a circulation of 950.

The Italian weekly, *La Voce del Popolo*, has 2,500 circulation.

There is also a Spanish semi-weekly, *La Sociedad*, and a French weekly, *La Petite Journal*, devoted more particularly to society gossip than to general news.

WEEKLIES.

Besides the weekly editions issued from the leading daily offices, there are none devoted to politics and general news. A weekly paper now-a-days is issued only for the benefit of those who live in the country, too remote from the railroads and thickly populated districts to enjoy the benefits of the dailies; or in the interest of some special industry, as agriculture and mining; the arts, sciences, and literature; or opinions and beliefs, none of which require that vigilant attention from the press as do business and political subjects.

Among the commercial weekly journals, the *Journal of Commerce* is the oldest. It is devoted to general commercial matters on the Coast, and has a larger circulation than any of its competitors.

The weekly *Stock Report* circulates largely in the mining towns. It contains a resumé of the stock transactions for the week, list of assessments, etc., and for this reason is valuable to those who deal in stocks.

The *Pacific Grocer* was started as an anti-Grange paper. It has been published for about a year, and is no doubt of value to interior dealers. The market reports it contains are very complete, and its business editorials are instructive.

There are two agricultural weeklies, the *Pacific Rural Press* and the *California Farmer*. The former has a circulation of 8000, and is an invaluable journal to all engaged in any of the agricultural pursuits. It is ably edited, and each number contains some appropriate illustrations. It is a practical California farm journal. The *Farmer*, although an old established publication, seems not to have kept pace with the agricultural development of the State. It is too much given to theorizing—a thing that the California farmer, of all others, dare not trust.

The *Mining and Scientific Press* is modeled after the *Scientific American* of New York. In addition to scientific and mechanical matters, to which the latter confines itself, the *Press* has the great mineral resources of the Pacific Coast to draw from, with the innumerable scientific experiments that are made in the process of developing them. It has a circulation of 4000.

The News Letter and California Advertiser is published weekly in a variety of interests, both negative and positive. It is at once the enemy and friend of everybody; but, above all else, it heartily abominates "quackery," and under a motto of "skull and bones" keeps a standing list of all persons who represent themselves as physicians, but are unable to show their diplomas. It is much patronized as an advertising medium, and is doubtless the most profitable advertising property in the city.

San Francisco has been unfortunate in literary journals. The extra and Sunday editions of the large dailies are mostly devoted to literary matter, and it is therefore difficult to establish a weekly literary journal that can compete with them and be self-sustaining. The *Golden Era* has a precarious existence, though its title might suggest that its career was more independent. When the golden era in literature shall have come, and merit alone, in literary journals, shall sustain them, it is not improbable that the *Golden Era* will cease to exist.

Illustrated papers have also been unfortunate. Frequent attempts have been made to establish them, but with little success.

The Spirit of the Times and Underwriters' Journal—a paper devoted to insurance matters and sporting—is a vigorous weekly, and frequently contains illustrations. The "Centennial" issue of this weekly, published on July 4, 1876, was a remarkable newspaper production. It contained forty pages, was profusely illustrated—containing many original engravings, executed expressly for the number, at great expense. There were portraits of prominent Californians, numerous public buildings and private blocks, cuts of blooded stock, and many views of notable California natural scenery. The illustrations, together with the many columns of carefully prepared reading matter, much of which was historical and statistical, would give to those personally unacquainted with California a good idea of the progress the State has made since its occupancy by Americans. A large number of copies of this edition was forwarded to Philadelphia, to be circulated among the visitors to the Centennial Exhibition.

An abortive comic weekly subsists on the credulity of the illiterate, with the somewhat jocular title of *Jolly Giant*. Its great hobby, both in cartoons and reading matter, is to annoy the Roman clergy. It is needless to say, however, that in this direction its efforts are generally futile.

The religious press in California is by many entirely lost sight of; and with those who patronize and sustain it, it is apparently assigned to a secondary place. Whether it be the worldliness of the people, or a want of ability in the religious journals that occasions this, is difficult to answer. An equal division of the charge between the two would perhaps approximate the fact. Money is the god, and the art of getting it is the religion of a majority of San Franciscans. Hence, the press has but little chance of victory, when mammon worship is epidemic.

But the religious press of California is composed of sectarian journals that are more or less dogmatic. This, perhaps, accounts for the indifference of many. There are journals devoted to each of the following sects: Methodist, Hebrew, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Congregational, Baptist, and Episcopal; but there is no journal whose sectarian belief is name-less, and whose creed is simply, "Christ Jesus, the Saviour of all men; believe on Him, and have eternal life." Sectarian, like party journalism, is fast becoming unpopular.

Two weeklies, the *New Age* and the *Pacific Odd Fellow*, are published in the interest of Odd Fellowship, and this completes the enumeration. There are other publications of more or less importance, that have not been mentioned in these pages, but the leading and representative journals that have been noticed will be sufficient to impress the reader with an idea of the extent and importance of journalism in San Francisco.

XXIX.

GAMBLING.

THE FIRST "GAME OF CHANCE" IN CALIFORNIA—GAMBLING IN SAN FRANCISCO—GAMBLING HOUSES.

THE FIRST "GAME OF CHANCE" IN CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIANS are a "fast" people. Until a few years ago, they gloried in this title. It was their ambition to lead fast lives, and thereby win a disreputable popularity. To ignore the common usages of society, treat with contempt any show of refinement, to frown upon the encroachments of civilization, and to lead a reckless, dare-devil life, was the mark of the old California gentleman. Any personal characteristics, typical of the life that circumstances forced upon the old pioneers, whether of habit, manner, language or dress, was for a long time considered an enviable acquirement. It was a sort of badge of honor, and to this day an occasional person is met who affects these accomplishments, thinking, no doubt, that there are still some remaining who have a "weak fondness" for anything that awakens memories of "them good old times uv '49."

But we cannot condemn them for their reckless disposition. It would be unjust to the brave young men of California's golden days—old men now, the few remaining—to speak of them otherwise than with respect. They passed through ordeals that "tried men's souls;" they lived lives of hardship—sacrificing all the comforts, both physical and intellectual, of civilization—pioneering the way for future generations to follow in and enjoy the luxuries that come after.

Yet they did this unwittingly; few among the early gold-hunters on these shores anticipated the greatness that followed so speedily in their tracks. They fulfilled their destinies because of selfish promptings. They were after gold, and nothing less attractive than gold would have cleared the way for civilization.

They were playing at a chance game; some won golden ingots, and some—won poverty and death.

They were all gamblers; they had heard that the "stake" was here to be won, and they took a "hand" and "played." But it was not skill in those days that carried off the prize; sheer luck gave victory.

> "At Sutter Creek, if the dirt don't pay,
> We can strike our tents most any day."

The earth was the lottery, their picks and shovels the tickets. So with them the very journey hither was a gambling venture, and the same disposition to "chance it" prevails to a wonderful extent among those for whom they led the way.

GAMBLING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Gambling is a mania in San Francisco. It is not necessary that there should be cards, faro checks, or any of the various implements commonly used in games of chance, to constitute real gambling. The ordinary "outside" stock operator stakes his money in as uncertain ventures as he who stacks his gold on the green cloth. And, too, there is the same "skinning" and "hogging" practised on the unwary speculator in mining stocks, as there is in the luxuriously furnished gambling hall. Baltimore Consolidated and fickle Lady Bryan will fleece the purchaser as quick as a deal in "five-ticket racket." The "ropers" and "cappers" who haunt the "tiger's lair," are not more numerous than the "bulls" and "bears" on California Street. The difference is, that the one is legitimate and respectable, while the other is criminal and publicly condemned. It is very like the Chinaman expressed it, when remonstrated with for his fondness for the "tan" game: "I heap sabee! he alee samee Melican man's stockee—sometime belly good, by'm-by he catchee me."

Pool selling and buying on horse races is a very speculative game, and is, withal, highly respectable and exceedingly popular. The speed of the horse is in reality a secondary consideration with most of the sporting class. The different branches of commercial traffic are also like so many lotteries of more or less importance, in which some win large amounts, while others are fleeced. In fact, we might exclaim with the cynic, that life itself is only a game of chance, in which we win and lose by turns, but are certain that bankruptcy will ensue when Death deals out *his* checks.

The law against gambling in San Francisco, is a farce. It is only a moral morsel that tastes well abroad, but at our own doors, the flavor is too rank to be palatable. Even John Chinaman, who is a favorite subject for special legislation, chuckles over his heaps of copper coin, that he has gathered from the gaming table, and reflects with evident satisfaction upon the disposition of the municipal authorities to joke.

With one hundred and fifty Chinese gambling dens in the city, and perhaps a much larger number presided over by the Caucasian of different nationalities, and a law to strictly prohibit gambling;—with this combination harmoniously existing in a city no larger than San Francisco—this is an example of consistent inconsistency that seldom occurs more than once in a decade.

GAMBLING HOUSES.

There are not any real "first-class gambling houses," in San Francisco; no marble palaces furnished in costly elegance, where silver and gold plate, laden with the most expensive luxuries, are spread before the visitors. The law against gambling, is productive of economy to the gambler, in this, that it prevents an outlay of that kind.

There are numerous gambling houses, however, where much elegance is maintained, and although costly dinners are not commonly set, the choicest brands of champagne and liquors, are liberally dispensed by courteous attendants. Faro is the popular game with the better class of gamblers, inasmuch as it is more seductive and fascinating than any other, and the manner of dealing is apparently fairer.

The better class houses are the resort of the more wealthy sports, and are much patronized by the stock-brokers, prosperous merchants, and persons engaged in all kinds of business that affords a moderately good supply of ready cash. At night, the gaming table supersedes the stock boards. Men crowd these gambling halls as intent upon speculation as when thronging the lobbies at the stock exchange rooms. They stake their money on a card with as much faith in a "lucky deal" as when eagerly clambering for shares in Ophir.

The air of gentility that pervades any well-ordered gambling hall, is wonderfully soothing to a disturbed conscience. There is no boisterous conduct allowed, no uproarous hilarity or loud shouts of laughter, but quiet reigns, the silence being broken only by the subdued tones of the men who manipulate the game—winner and loser, alike quietly, though with faces flushed from anxiety, submitting to the decrees of fate as seen turned out through the mystic atmosphere that hovers over the green covered table.

Thousands of dollars change hands, and the game goes on as though nothing was involved of more importance than the "cigars" or "drinks." There is sometimes, however, a wail of agony that goes up from these quiet retreats, when the fascinated victim has lost his last stake—which may have been the home of his family, the food of his innocent children, or his *honor*,—a wail of horror and woe that is piercing to the hardest heart. It is this cry that appeals to humanity, to civilization, and to the law, to save the fathers, sons and brothers of the land from ruin, by removing from our midst the temptation that lures them on.. What is yet sadder is the knowledge that some of the best citizens of the country, after risking and losing their all at the gambling table, have quietly left the room to die before morning, by their own hand.

The low class gambling dens and houses, though the haunts of the degraded, vicious and criminal, are not more productive of evil than those where the refined and cultured congregate. The devil is never so dangerous as when he comes in the guise of a holy angel. In his most terrible aspect, we shun him from fear—we hide from him. So, with the low class gambling places, where general disorder and riot prevails; many who would patronize them under more quiet and peaceful circumstances are frightened from them by the terror they inspire.

At these places, drunkenness, vice, and crime hold high carnival. Not only robbery and assault are perpetrated, but life is endangered and often taken. Trickery and swindling of every character are practised, and the most hideous side of humanity there shows itself. On "Barbary Coast," these infamous dens are most numerous, yet they are scattered about through more respectable parts of the city.

The profitable class of patrons at these places are lured into them by ropers. Those who make this business a profession seldom fail to induce their victim to go where they want him. They are, to all appearances, perfect gentlemen, and to decline their invitation to "take a stroll," after a friendly social conversation, would be rude and show ill-breeding. They make capital out of the pride of decorum and gallantry that is generally a marked characteristic of rural visitors to the city. Every fellow who visits the city—especially if he is an American—thinks that "other country chaps may be greeners, but as for me, I have seen enough of the dark ways and vain tricks of the world to know how to take care of myself; and that's what's the matter! They can't play me." The roper-in fully understands this personal vanity and encourages it, assuming ignorance of things he "would like to know," and suffering himself to be led, rather than to lead. These fellows, that know all and have seen all, are just the game the roper and capper delights in, and they generally succeed in bagging it.

The evil results of gambling have been told, over and over again, until the reader who is well informed has grown weary of meeting the subject. As long as gambling houses are not suppressed, they will find patrons; hence it is evident that the shortest and quickest way to be rid of this evil influence, is to rid the country of the leaders in the profession. The most serious result is dishonesty—gambling with other people's money. If persisted in, it seldom fails to come to that. This accounts for the numerous cases of embezzlement by young men employed in positions of trust.

XXX.

THE SUBJECTS OF THE CELESTIAL KINGDOM.

THE MONGOLIAN'S HOME—HIS MIGRATION—INFLUENCE ON THE COUNTRY.

THE MONGOLIAN'S HOME.

BEYOND the mighty Pacific, and forming its western shore, there is a land of beauty, strangely fertile, and occupied by hundreds of millions of strange people, whose civilization is peculiar, and was, in the remote past, strangely progressive. It is a remarkable country. Over four hundred million human beings dwell there, under the same government, controled by the same laws, and speaking the same language. They study the same literature, and possess a history of their own, that extends over a longer period than that of any other people.

The inhabitants of this land form a nation whose existence dates back to the remotest period of antiquity; and this nation has, during all these slow rolling centuries maintained a seclusion—an existence of and for itself—that renders it still more remarkable and peculiar. It has had a separate and independent growth from any other nation in the world, and stands alone in its government, religion, philosophy, manufacturing industry, agriculture, literature, and its language. Its history gives proof that its civilization, when at its climax, was superior, and wonderfully progressive; but unlike the European nations, it has undergone a retrograde movement, during the last five centuries, and to-day has in it some of the offensive features of barbarism. Such is China, the home of that people whom Europeans have chosen to call heathens, because of their ignorance of the Christian religion.

But, however heathenish the Chinese are, the race is characterized for its fondness of peace and domestic order, and for its great capabilities of organization and self-government. The people are thoroughly practical and unimaginative; sober, industrious, and deeply imbued with the mercantile spirit.

They understand every principle of economy, and are patient under affliction and oppression, to a wonderful degree.

But they are the slaves of custom, doing everything by precedent. There is little diversity of mind among them; so great is the desire of all to follow the rules laid down by their ancient philosophers that their thoughts and ambition run in the same well-worn groove. They look not to the future, in their aspirations, except as they hope to see there repeated the history of the past; hence they advance in nothing that tends to a higher civilization. They are wonderful retainers and perpetuators, but know not the art of discovery. Indeed, they are satisfied if they are only enabled to trace the footsteps of their forefathers and follow the path they trod. Their most sacred duty is to reverence the aged wise, cherish the memory of the dead, and worship their disembodied spirits.

The government of the Chinese Empire is autocratic. The emperor is absolute in the empire, the governor in the province, the magistrate in the district. The system of government is very complete. They possess a code of laws that comprehends the whole administrative machinery, which is modified or added to as emergencies demand, by imperial edicts. The emperor is absolute, as administrator of the laws; but he must not depart from custom in executing them. Their penal code was begun more than two thousand years ago, and it is so universally circulated among the people that printed copies can be obtained by those in the humblest circumstances. The emperor has his assistants, corresponding very nearly to our president's cabinet; governors have under them subordinate officers, and so on down to the lowest official position. In times of domestic peace, the Chinaman enjoys unrestricted freedom, so long as he conforms to the laws. He can travel anywhere in the dominion, or pursue any calling that pleases him.

Females are little better than slaves. They are looked upon as merchantable property, and are bought and sold like any other article of traffic, though their value is not generally great. A Chinese woman never gains any distinction until after death. Then, if favorable circumstances transpire, she may be canonized, and ever after be an object of devout worship. Female infants are often destroyed, although an imperial edict exists against the practice of infanticide. Considering the humble position the women occupy in China, and the hard life they therefore lead, it would perhaps be better (certainly more merciful) were they all slain in infancy, and better still, were they never born. Let "the lords of creation," in America and Europe, point to the women of the Celestial Empire, and ask their "oppressed sisters" to compare their social and *political* position with them. With the one it is inequality with men, because of utter degradation; with the other, inequality (if so it may be called) because of extreme exaltation; and this is one difference in European and Asiatic civilization.

The Chinese mandarins (called in China *kwan-fu*) are the various government officials. Their different positions are indicated chiefly by the color of the buttons on the top of their caps. Any official position is honorable, and of course the higher the office, the greater the distinction it gives. All officers are chosen by a system of competitive examinations as to education, and those most learned are considered best qualified for conducting the affairs of government, and are therefore preferred. This accounts for the great desire every Chinaman has to become educated, as by this means alone can he hope to rise above a menial position. Few of the Chinese, even among the lower classes, are unable to read and write. But in China, as it is in all other nations, there are some who have no high ambition, and hence do not care to devote any of their time to matters that bring distinction. Yet what is their education after all, but confirming them in the already seemingly fixed belief that there is nothing to learn except what has been learned; for, even the modern Chinese sage and philosopher is forever groping backward in the dusky past among records so ancient as to be inseparable from mythological history. And the more profound his knowledge of traditional antiquity, the greater is he esteemed for his erudition.

Three forms of belief constitute the national religion of China —the Confucian, based on the philosophic writings of Confucius, an ancient Chinese sage—which is not a religion as pertains to spirituality, but is simply an excellent code of morals; the Buddhist, introduced from India, and now popular only among the most illiterate, and the Taouist—founded by Lao-tse, another ancient Chinese philosopher—which bears a close resemblance to modern Spiritualism. The Confucian has many adherents. It is the basis of the social life and political system of the nation, and is professed by all the great and learned persons.

The Chinese are exceedingly skillful in handicraft. Their wove fabrics of silk, satin and gauzes; their beautiful embroidery, delicate filligree work in gold and silver; their elaborate engraving on wood and stone, and carvings on ivory; their celebrated pottery and their brilliant colorings, are wonderfully wrought, and cannot but be admired. Their system of agriculture is crude, though very successful. They fully understand the value of the various fertilizers, and their plan of irrigation is very complete. The whole of the arable land is utilized, and because of the vast population that has so long subsisted on the products of the soil, and is yet mainly dependent upon it, much attention is given to its proper cultivation. Of so vital importance is agriculture to the nation, that on the first day of each year a grand state ceremony is held in its honor, in which the Emperor takes the lead. Similar solemnities are celebrated by the governors of the different provinces also.

All the social customs of the Chinese are governed and prescribed by the ancient *Le-King*, or Book of Rites, in which is laid down in detail the ceremonies and observances, to the number of three thousand, that regulates their social intercourse. So important are these ceremonial usages considered, that a legal tribunal is established at Pekin, called the Board of Rites, whose duty it is to interpret them. Their festivals are numerous, and like everything else pertaining to this strange people, peculiar. Their language is wonderful, and their literature comprehensive. In whatever light we view them, striking peculiarities are manifest, and until we have become more familiar with them, they will ever be surrounded by a mysterious atmosphere.

We have thus briefly outlined some of the chief characteristics of this people, as they are found in that land that has so long supported their national existence, as to be sacred to its inhabitants beyond our comprehension. Having seen them at home, we are better prepared to understand them abroad; though in our most intimate relations with them in our own country, we have learned that "their ways are past finding out."

HIS MIGRATION.

In China, notwithstanding her dominion extends over a vast territory, the population is so great that there are necessarily many poor persons who know not of luxury, but by the most abstemious habits manage barely to exist. It is an innate principle of human nature to have the desire to improve the condition of life; to wish to be comfortably provided for in every respect. When the ports of the empire were thrown open to Europeans, and those who entered therein had learned somewhat of the character of the population; when they saw their over-crowded condition and observed their habits of economy, industry, and patient toiling, there were those among them who at once were seized with a speculative desire, and resolved to take advantage of the servile condition of the inhabitants, and woo them from their homes, to utilize their labor for their own profit. It was not a difficult matter to engage influential natives to aid in this scheme; and ere long, by the inducements that were held out to the half-starved population, ships burdened with human freight were departing from those oriental shores, bound for foreign lands, where manual labor was valuable.

Americans were not long in joining in the speculation. A treaty was entered into between the two governments — the United States and China — sanctioning, and thereby encouraging, immigration and friendly intercourse of the inhabitants. The consummation of these negotiations was considered a great triumph for Christianity and European civilization; for China had so long repelled any attempt to introduce Christianity among her subjects, and had so long been averse to mingling with other nations, either commercially or socially — resisting all overtures, and always manifesting a disposition to be let alone — that when her gates were thrown open, the missionaries, who had patiently waited without her walls, only knocking occasionally for admittance, broke forth in a new song of joy, for they believed that the millennium was dawning, and the "year of jubilee" had come.

When California so suddenly bared her bosom to the world, and showed the first evidence of the wondrous fertility and resources she possessed, that were only waiting the quickening touch of progress for their development, the tide of Chinese immigration was diverted hither. It was not, at the outset, so much an immigration, as an importation, for the heathen, with his love of home and country, and his passive mind, would not have ventured into unknown lands unimpelled. He was sold into slavery by his superior fellows, who, for their services in deluding him into the toils of the Caucasian speculator, shared in the profits his labor yielded.

First, but a ripple was discovered on the placid Pacific, as the solitary ship slowly drifted across from the distant shore—and her human freight numbered not many; and that ripple had long disappeared before another came, from a similar cause. But soon the waters of the ocean were greatly disturbed, and rolled in increasing turbulence, for they were parted by many keels; and many great paddle-wheels were angrily beating them back, or they were burrowed in by swift-revolving propellers, that sent them twirling in foaming eddies. And the great panting white-winged monsters that caused all this commotion were bearing thousands of China's semi-barbarians to California's "golden shores." Thus did they first come among us, and thus have they continued to pour in, until now the stream flows on uninterrupted, only increasing in volume wave after wave. Many of those who were imported remained long enough to gain their freedom, and besides accumulate considerable money, and then returned to their native land. Those going back among their poor kindred and friends, with a quantity of gold that is considered a fortune in China, kindled in others the desire to seek a fortune in California; hence those who came voluntarily, added to the many whose labor is contracted for before they have even heard that such a country as this exists, has swelled the in-flowing tide to an immensity that reasonably alarms the white population of the Pacific Coast.

INFLUENCE ON THE COUNTRY.

What the influence of the Chinese population in California *has been* upon the state, is not so difficult to answer as what *it is now*, and *will be* in the future. Yet any answer to this question in its past and present significance is only opinion, and in its future bearing, only conjecture. Allowing no feeling of prejudice that the present excitement relating to Chinese immigration may have awakened, to bias our opinion, we cannot believe otherwise than that the Chinese in California have contributed largely to her prosperity. They have in no instance retarded her progress, but have aided in the development of her vast resources. Look at the question in this light! Thirty years ago, San Francisco was a hamlet with scarce a breeze of life in it. Thirty years ago, the State of California was a wilderness, overrun by wild animals, and no less wild humans. It was an almost unheard of country. View the contrast. To-day San Francisco is a veritable metropolis; a city than which there is no other more prosperous, none with more comparative present greatness, and none with a brighter future prospect, in the world. The State has astonished the world by its wonderful resources. Its fertile soil—so productive—and its mineral wealth, command universal admiration. This is not merely of local importance, but its value is recognized all over the land. Why, the progress of the city of San Francisco, and State of California in these three decades is almost equal to the advance of other cities and countries during the years of a century! What has done this?—*Labor*. True, the foundations of this greatness were firmly implanted in the soil, and in the granite mountains, but it was not a spontaneous development. Hard, earnest work, by human hands, had to be and has been performed. And there has been no class of people among the inhabitants more busily employed than the Chinese population. And until two or three years past, their labor was entirely directed by intelligent American or European minds; by men who to-day are looked upon as the leaders in this rapid march of progression. They were needed, else they would have been idle, or working for themselves. They were in demand, or they would not have been imported to our shores.

No one will say that too much has been accomplished in this short period. We have not more houses in our cities than are occupied; we have not more railroads traversing our mountains and plains than receive supporting patronage; we have not too many waving fields of grain, blooming orchards and purple vineyards; we have not too many drills penetrating our mountains; nor have we too many foundries and factories, where intricate machinery is employed to do the work of many willing hands. While all this has been doing, there are few, if any, in this whole country, that have suffered because of forced idleness, or little compensation for work performed. Thus, taking things as they are and as they have been, we cannot see that the presence of the Chinese among us, in the past, has resulted in evil, but the benefits they have wrought are seen on every hand. The influence they may have exerted on society and morality in the past, is not to be considered. Indeed, it would be well for the population of European origin to withhold comparison in this, for, unfortunately for them, the Chinaman had but little influence, one way or the other, and whatever the condition of society and public morals has been, it was only what they made it themselves. For a long time in California there was no society, and morality had but a faint meaning.

Their influence at present is not materially different from what it has been in the past. As other residents of California have prospered, so have the Chinese, and their power in the country is greater in the ratio of the increase of their wealth and acquirements. The treaty stipulations forbid them becoming citizens, and hence they have no power whatever by ballot. Because of their simple wants and economical habits, they can live with a much less expenditure of money than other nationalities, and therefore they can accumulate money more rapidly at the same wages, and if needs be, work profitably for much less than the white laborers. Therefore, in seasons of general business depression the tendency is, for the Chinese to supersede white workmen in the various mechanical trades and laboring capacities, though the excitement from this cause is rather premature, for the instances are few indeed, where Chinese labor has been actually substituted for white. In some of the manufacturing businesses where the proprietors have found it impossible to pay the current price for white labor, and compete with similar manufactories in the East—where white labor is obtained for less than Chinese is here—rather than abandon the business entirely, they have dismissed their white workmen and employed Chinamen, not, however, without first extending to the former the privilege of remaining on the reduced salaries. In this way some of the infant industries, especially in manufacturing, have been sustained, and gradually have grown self-supporting and able, by degrees, to substitute *white labor for Chinese.* There are numerous factories and shops that would soon cease to mingle in the hum of manufacturing life, were an exodus of the whole

Chinese population of the Coast to suddenly take place. So it is a question, whether or not the trades and various businesses that the Chinese have partly engaged in, or have wholly monopolized, would have been nearly so extensively carried on, had they not taken hold of them, or would continue, did they abandon them now. These are some of the intricacies that must be fully explained before too decided action is taken relative to the Chinamen that are already among us.

If this wail for relief from Chinese immigration, that goes up so pathetically, was the expression of agony wrung from the poor laboring men and women in California, by the oppressive yoke the heathen has lain upon them, then would we say, let us rise in our might and shake it off. But in its cadence we can plainly distinguish the assumed lamentations of weak, though aspiring politicians, who lead in this dismal concert, hoping that they will be caught up by the human wave that follows after, and borne on its crest to political glory.

Possibly the worst feature of the presence of the Chinese, is their clannishness; their national individuality. California may yet solve a problem that no other country in the world has attempted,—that of harmonizing two distinct and almost opposite civilizations, without the one blending with the other. From the experience she has already had, it does not seem that the Chinese are going to assimilate themselves to the habits and customs of Americans or Europeans; and it is certain that the heathen will not convert the Christian, or Christianized infidel, to his manner of life. So if the influx of Chinese continues, there must, of necessity, be some understanding and harmony between the two races, if they live under the same laws and occupy the same territory.

But Chinese immigration must be stopped, or they must adopt a style of life that is not offensive to refined American taste. Let them remain in their own land or conform somewhat to the customs of the people among whom they choose to abide. We care not for their style of dress, for their queues, if they choose to retain them, nor for their religion; but they must respect the laws of decency and health, as we interpret them, and not make themselves and their places of abode odious in our sight. We have enough of such characters of our own kind, and need no more. Perhaps if we were more particular to conceal our own squalid habitations, we would find it easier to enforce rules of decency among them.

Who knows, but that this opening up of the Chinese Empire, and pouring its hordes of queer inhabitants upon the surrounding nations, is but a part of the unwritten and mysterious history of the destiny of nations, that cannot be averted—another of the strange things that were to happen in the nineteenth century, the purpose of which will be revealed only in the future! Indeed, it is a mysterious power that controls the destiny of the world, whose sceptered hand is not seen except in the ages that are past.

XXXI.

THE CHINESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE NUMBER—DOMESTIC HABITS, DRESS, CUSTOMS, ETC—NEW YEAR—A FUNERAL—A BANQUET—COST OF LIVING.

THE NUMBER.

IT has been variously estimated that there are on the Pacific Coast one hundred thousand to one hundred and sixty thousand Chinese. These estimates are, however, based on uncertainties. Taking the records of arrivals and departures, and allowing a reasonable number for deaths, the population remaining at present is not less than one hundred and thirty thousand, and perhaps considerably exceeds this. It is exceedingly difficult to ascertain, even approximately, how many of these are in the city of San Francisco. They are so irregularly distributed—in some portions of the city being almost as numerous as bees about a hive on a sultry day, while on the residence streets and in the suburbs, they are found only at distant intervals. Besides, where one is known to dwell, there may be a score of others occupying the same tenement, that are seldom seen. Their knowledge of economy is applied to space as well as to other important matters of living, so it is impossible to know how many there are, or where they keep themselves.

A petition was circulated for signatures of citizens in the latter part of 1875, by the resident Chinese, asking for the appointment, by the Postoffice Department at Washington, of a Chinese postal clerk, which stated that the number of Chinese in the city was nearly ninety thousand. This was evidently an exaggeration indulged in for effect, for excluding the transient population—which is sometimes very large, especially during dull times in the interior of the State—the number does not exceed sixty thousand, and a safer estimate would reduce it to between forty-five and fifty thousand. The greater number of these are able-bodied males, and therefore on the basis

REPRESENTATIVE CHINESE.

by which the whole population of the city is computed—allowing three for children and females, for every one man—and assuming that the labor of a Chinaman is of equal value to the labor of a white man, they offset one hundred and fifty thousand of the whites, or more than half of the entire population of San Francisco. There are about two thousand Chinese women, and a few hundred children. It is therefore plain that the Chinese population of San Francisco is a formidable element, and inasmuch as the majority of them are engaged in various laboring capacities, their presence is already felt, and the rapidity with which they still pour in upon us is necessarily startling to those with whom their labor comes in competition.

DOMESTIC HABITS, DRESS, CUSTOMS, ETC.

Although, as a race, the Chinese are characterized for their love of domestic life, few family circles have been formed among them in San Francisco. Woman, the important link in the sacred chain, is not here; or if she is here, she is in that infamous pursuit that is the great destroyer of homes.

Of the whole number of Chinese women in the city, there are, perhaps, less than a hundred who are lawful wives or mothers, and "keepers at home." The others are the victims of the basest system of slavery that has ever been tolerated in heathen or Christian lands—slaves to the lusts of the vilest men. Those who are virtuous wives, live retired lives, hid from public gaze, so that little is known of their habits in private domestic life. They, however, occupy menial positions to their husbands, serving ever, and seldom served, daily acknowledging the superiority of their lord, by abject humiliation, in obeying his supreme commands. Beside their household duties—which are exceedingly simple—they are engaged in various light pursuits, such as needle-work, manufacturing fancy ornaments, etc., contributing thereby to the mutual family support. Their children are apparently well cared for, as their round, plump, rosy cheeks, and general thrifty appearance bears evidence. They are only diminutive chinamen or women, each clad in the same style of garb as their elders, and each wearing the sacred ornament—the pig-tail, or queue—that dangles from the head of every chinaman, whether old or young, rich or poor, male or female—except a very few, who have been converted to Christianity. (The women sometimes depart from this custom, by putting up their hair in a sort of Chinese architectural style, puffed, and rolled, and ornamented with a variety of brass and gilt trappings, and lofty combs, incomprehensible to us, and certainly uncomfortable to them. This make-up, however, reveals a copious use of oil or paste, as well as skillful manipulation by an experienced hairdresser.) But the dress of the little fellows is generally of some bright, though neutral colored fabric, always durable, and not unfrequently fine in texture, and costly. The children all have a remarkably intelligent look; their bright black eyes have an expressiveness that is never seen in adult Chinamen. Their young intellects are free, not yet hampered by that scholastic training that enslaves the mind in the ever-narrowing limits of custom, and begets that stolid and unimpressionable look of unconcern, that is most repulsive in the countenance of the adult Chinese. This, indeed, is the chief personal characteristic of the race—this lack of animated expression in the countenance. It is hard to define what kind of a look it is: cold, hard, unsympathetic, indifferent, blank, statue-like, sad, cunning, wise and defiant, partly express it, and it is the same in every Chinaman you meet. It is stereotyped in every member of the race; as if the mind of each had been formed in the same mould, and manifests its action in the eye and countenance, in the same way in all. Some of the most intelligent business men among them have learned to show some animation of countenance, by their frequent contact with Europeans and Americans, whose faces, as indices to their thoughts, are as constantly changing in expression as the flower-flecked and verdant landscape in the sunshine and showers of an April day; but the animation is forced, and therefore results in ugly contortions.

Though all Californians are familiar with the dress of the Chinese, some persons may read this sketch who have never had the opportunity of seeing a citizen of the "flowery kingdom" in oriental attire, and to whom a brief description of his raiment would be desired information. Yet we will not attempt to disrobe their garments of the mystery that is connected with them, for in exploring those capacious sleeves, we might discover evidences of the "ways that are dark, and tricks that are (not always) vain" (-ly played) of the "Heathen Chinee," who *is* peculiar. The laboring class almost universally, wear outer garments of the light blue cotton denims, similar to, and often the same kind that is so much used for overalls and jumpers, by white laborers. The pants are cut in the same style that the Europeans and Americans follow, only made fuller in the legs, and subject to no changes whatever. Their shoes are made of cloth (generally serge for uppers), with leather and cork (or wood) soles. The soles of the shoes are about an inch in thickness, having no high heel, but following the exact outline of the bottom of the foot, turning up slightly at the toes. The shoe is low cut, offering no protection to the ankle, and may be plain cloth or richly embroidered, or beaded, as the wearer chooses. Their hats are straight rimmed, with square crowns, light pearl or black in color—made of common wool. Those who work outdoors, however, wear the regular Chinese umbrella hat, which is very broad brimmed, serving as a protection against sunshine and also rain. This is made of bamboo splits or rushes, and in shape resembles a common tin milk pan turned up-side-down. Their coats (or the garments worn instead of the coat) are the peculiar articles of attire. They are made of the same kind of fabric as the pantaloons, and cut without any reference to the shape of the body—except fitting neatly around the neck and having sleeves for the arms. They have no lappel or turndown collar—seldom a collar band—and when they are properly adjusted on the person, one side entirely overlaps the other, and is fastened by loops and small brass buttons, almost on the shoulder, and along down the side. The body of the coat is made very full, and hangs loose and straight, extending nearly to the knees. The coat sleeve is the most wonderful part of the whole make-up. It fits the arm very neatly, near the shoulder, but gradually widens toward the end until it assumes the proportions of a lady's hoop-skirt (the ladies will pardon the comparison) extending farther and wider to—*ad infinitum* (for we never have had the privilege of seeing a full-sized sleeve unrolled, and therefore cannot tell how long it may be). It is certainly very wide and flowing, completely covering the hand,—and if necessary, any small articles of value, such as boxes of cigars, silver tea-sets, and the like—when not rolled, or pinned back. When a change of temperature demands more clothing, a quilted sleeveless jacket is worn outside the coat. Their underwear is made of the famous white canton flannel. The skirt of the shirt hangs outside of the body of the pants, a few inches of its lower margin showing below the skirt of the coat,—a style somewhat shocking to the modesty of Eastern ladies, upon their first arrival on the Pacific Coast. A few of the laboring Chinamen have adopted the American costume of dress, throughout, and many apparently prefer the heavy stoga boot to their cork-soled shoes.

The wealthy Chinese merchants and gentlemen go as it were "clothed in purple and fine linen." Their garments are made of the richest cassimere and silks, and the style is modified so as to give a more refined appearance to the wearer. There is not such a superabundance of material used, and the slatternly looseness observed in the dress of their poorer brothers is not seen in their garments. Those who are dressed in greatest elegance, have their pantaloon legs neatly gathered or folded at the bottom, and tied or buckled close to the ankle, giving them a similar appearance to the knee-breeches and silk stockings indulged in by our country's founders. These wear neat, close-fitting silk caps, without rims—after the style of mandarins, or government officials, at home. An intelligent Chinaman, dressed *a la mode de Peking*, and fresh from his barber, commands the respect of any person, no matter what his ideas of refinement.

The women are not easily distinguished from the men by the difference of their toilettes. Their garments are apparently cut after the same pattern, only made more roomy and generally of more delicate material. Their shoes are finer and tapered off in imitation of the small shoes worn by the aristocratic ladies of the Empire—whose feet are frequently not permitted to exceed three inches in length—with a corresponding taper. The only covering for their head is a large silk kerchief, usually of some rich color. There is no attempt whatever to dress or ornament the neck, either by the men or women. About the only ornaments the ladies use, are large ivory or bone rings, worn around the ankles and wrists, a finger ring or two, and earrings—except in dressing the hair. The women are low and stout built, while the men, as a class, are not so high in stature as the Americans, not so muscular, and considerably inferior in bodily strength. They have great powers of endurance, however.

Except at the restaurants, their larders are very scantily supplied, as to variety of edibles, and the bill of fare is simple. Rice, fish and pork is their principal food, and tea the universal beverage. They cook over an open fire—in a kind of a mortar-shaped stove, or brazier—and the fuel they use in preparing a meal would hardly be sufficient to start a fire in the common kitchen stove or range. A half-dozen will gather round a small table, in the centre of which is set a large bowl of rice, pork and potatoes—all cooked together—and with a small plate or dish, and a pair of chop-sticks (*fai-tsz*, literally, nimble lads) each, they will "make a hearty meal." Frequently two or three will eat from the same dish. They drink their tea at all times of the day, but seldom while eating.

NEW YEAR.

The Chinese New Year festivities are the most interesting, both to themselves and to persons of other nationalities, of all their celebrations. This occurs generally in the last days of February (according to our calendar) and the festivities continue for a week at least. San Francisco being the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, to the Chinese as well as to the white population, it is the grand gathering place for them on all extra occasions.

The New Year is the season of presents with the Chinese, as with the inhabitants of the western nations. Sweetmeats, toys, fancy articles, and a great variety of things that differ from the ordinary necessities of life, that is a rarity, or will answer for a keepsake, are exchanged among them as New Year's gifts.

Before the New Year has dawned, it is supposed that every Chinaman has satisfied his creditors for any debts that may have been contracted during the year. If he is not prompt in settling all little business matters, his creditors besiege him on New Year's eve and plead and threaten until he is willing (as a rule) to make a clean settlement. The person who begins the New Year heavily in debt, is not expected to prosper or to find much enjoyment in life. Such a rule would work admirably among all nationalities.

The Chinese quarter, during the celebration days, is a scene of gay life and heathen revelry, that surpasses description. The streets are all aglow with fantastic holiday trappings. The dusky sons of the Oriental Empire throng every highway and byway, clad in their very finest and best holiday attire, and for once during the twelve months show a degree of animation on their countenances that is pleasant to behold, as a contrast to their usually stolid visages. The number is greatly increased by the residents of the interior, who have quit their various pursuits with one accord, and flocked to the city to join in the national celebration.

All business places are abandoned for the time (except those which the success of the festivities require to be kept open), and this whole hive of queer humans is stirred to its profoundest depths by the excitement of the occasion. Housewives, who for the three hundred and sixty days preceding have had faithful servants, find of a sudden that the kitchen is deserted, and the laundrymen upon whom the family is dependent for their glossy linen, disturbs not the door-bell during the days of merrymaking. Thus do they all betake themselves to the festive scene, throwing aside all care and anxiety of mind, and mingling in the recreative sports and social ceremonies that make this season, of all others, the most joyous.

At the early dawn of morning, the New Years' calling is begun. The custom of visiting friends and relatives on this day is more universally observed among the Chinese than Europeans. Each person carries his cards, which are made of neat red paper, and have his name written upon them in Chinese characters. Friendly salutations are exchanged upon the streets, and at the houses where the visitor calls a glass of wine is taken, with some light refreshments. The eldest friends are the first who receive visits, and after the honors have been paid to them, chums and cronies are remembered, and receive even a fuller share of attention than the former. "New joy, new joy! get rich, get rich!" are the words of greeting they use, equivalent to "Happy New Year."

Chinatown during those days looks more like an oriental city than at any other time of the year. Much fantastic-colored bunting is displayed from windows and house-tops, and depending over the walks are Chinese lanterns of every size, color, and design; while the doors, windows, and walls of the houses, both inside and out, are decked with placards bearing all sorts of strange characters, wrought in gilt, black, and bright red. The restaurants and theatres are gaudy with brilliant adornments, and the air is rank with the odor from the crowded courts and kitchens where the banquets are preparing.

When their use is not prohibited by a city ordinance, the roar of fire-crackers and Chinese bombs is incessant, and deafing as the noise of battle. The Chinese seem to more fully understand the importance of noisy celebrations, than any other people; for although a fourth of July in America may echo a few more terrible sounds, they continue their tumult and racket unceasingly until the last hour of the period for celebration has passed. Squeaking Chinese fiddles and kettle-drums add their harsh tones to the general discord. To those unaccustomed to the habits of this people, the scene is one of utmost disorder and confusion. All this terrible racket of drums, gongs, bombs, and fire-crackers, is made for a purpose that needs to be explained. They suppose that spirits are everywhere—spirits of the just as well as the unjust. This uproar is created therefore to frighten away from earth all bad spirits that may have gathered about during the past year, so that the new year will be begun without any evil influences having a hold on the people.

The sidewalks, and even the middle of the streets, are thronged with eager life. Wealthy merchants, clothed in long priestly robes of purple silk or satin, pass to and fro, busy in conducting some particular parts of the ceremonies of the celebration, and women and children, dressed in most peculiar and brilliant attire, their faces painted till they look more like dolls or toys than humans, mingle in the motley throng. In secluded alleys and courts, the active youth indulge in various sports to the delight of many lookers-on. A game played with a feathered-ball seems to be quite popular among the athletic fellows. The ball is simply a strip of fish-skin, dried with the scales on, folded up neatly to about an inch and a half square, and pierced with a few feathers three or four inches in length, so as to make it keep its poise when tossed in air. A copper coin is added to give it weight. The skin is elastic, so that when it is struck with the hand or foot, it quickly rebounds. There does not seem to be any "points" in the game, as the manner of playing is simply to toss the ball up and then the person it falls nearest to is expected to bat it with the bottom of his foot, which involves a very peculiar motion of the leg; and so on, each striving to give it a better stroke than the other. It would seem that they would make very clumsy attempts with their awkward heavy-soled shoes, but some are very agile in this sport, and the ball is kept bobbing over the heads of the players, sometimes for several minutes, without falling to the ground.

At night, the scene is brilliant. The lanterns cast their many-colored rays, the tinsel decorations are transformed to real costly ornaments, and all the tawdry embellishments deceive the eye by their brilliancy and artistic appearance in the fancy light. The streets are not so crowded as during the day, but indoors all is life and gayety. There is feasting and playing; numerous simple amusements are heartily engaged in as a social pastime, and work and sleep are banished entirely from the scene. At one theatre, Act XLIX., Scenes 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th, of a wonderful historical drama, are being enacted by a company of brilliant performers, wherein is represented the costumes, manners and habits of the Chinese that were in vogue thousands of years ago, and that bear a striking resemblance to what is seen on the streets of San Francisco, in the Chinese quarter almost any day; at another, startling and dangerous acrobatic feats are witnessed by a large audience. The restaurants are thronged with hungry humanity, busily employed in analyzing the mysterious dishes of Chinese cookery; the opium dens are packed with dreamy idlers, and the gambling houses are filled with an eager crowd of speculators in chance; while the most infamous places of all —the houses of ill-fame—are in their holiday finery, and reaping a holiday harvest.

This is but a faint echo, a glimmer of what is heard and seen in Chinatown during the days and nights that are celebrated at the beginning of each Chinese year. To picture the manner of celebrating this season, with the strange ceremonies that are observed, in detail, would require a volume.

A FUNERAL.

The Chinese do not *die;* they "pass from the world," "salute the age," "cease to exist," or "ascend to the sky," but they never die. At least that is the way they express themselves when speaking of the dead. Indeed, that is a very pretty way of alluding to the "departure" of friends. It does not arouse those feelings of awe that are stirred by the simple bold utterance—"they are dead!" or if it does, the mantling of the meaning by a poetic periphrase awakens other feelings that somewhat counteract the effect, that the sad news the words impart, would otherwise have. The burial ceremony, however, departs from this delicacy of sentiment.

One of the most inhuman customs that prevails with the Chinese is that of removing the dying to some out-of-the-way place, and abandoning them in their last moments. It is not an unfrequent occurrence in San Francisco to find a dead or dying Chinaman in some damp, dark, and deserted cellar or tenement house, where even the most filthy living would not remain a day. Sometimes they are discovered in the alleys where there is little or no travel. Chinese women are more frequently treated thus, inasmuch as the women are not held in such esteem as the men. But the friendless Chinese, male or female, have reason to dread the approach of death, for they are generally doomed to pass their dying hour unattended by sympathetic hands, amid dismal surroundings, and alone. This is due to the custom observed among them that the person at whose house any one dies must incur the funeral expenses, if the dead have no relatives. It is a popular belief with them that if such person fails to provide for a suitable burial, the spirit of the dead will return and bring great trouble upon the house. Besides, there are ill omens connected with death, and none wishes to incur the risk of any evil visitations that a death at his abode might bring. Considering how intelligent they are, it is very strange that such a custom would be heeded. This only shows how set they have become in everything regarding life; that they are controlled entirely by usages, established ages ago; that they are yet slaves to superstition.

A Chinese funeral is conducted with the peculiar ceremonies so characteristic of the race. The burial rites vary. The ceremonies at the burial of aged persons, or dignitaries, are very imposing from a Chinese view-point; but with the poor and friendless, and the young, there is not much formality observed. Young women and little children are carried to their last resting-place with scarcely any ceremonial observances whatever.

At an ordinary funeral, such as is often witnessed in San Francisco, the body, after death, is first laid upon the floor for a short time. After it has been washed and dressed—the best suit always being used, or new garments entirely—it is then placed on the "longevity boards," (coffin) and covered with a white cloth. Tables are then set with provisions to feed the spirit of the deceased, and also to appease other spirits that are supposed to be hovering about. Some food is presented to the mouth of the dead by the eldest son (if there is one) or by the next nearest relative. There must be five kinds of animal food, cooked and uncooked, cakes, vegetables, fruit, wine and tea. Whole fowls and fish, and many times whole hogs are used at these occasions, having been roasted to a rich brown color, and ornamented fantastically. Then the mourning women—sometimes hired and sometimes the relatives and friends of the deceased, or both—gather about the body, wailing and lamenting in most sorrowful tones. This mourning ceremony is made up of sobs and eulogies intermingled. Interspersed with the lamentations will be eulogistic sentences, and not unfrequently an extended speech will be spoken. These are either improvised or committed to memory for the occasion. The latter, however, is generally the case; as they have many set formulas for the burial service. A common lament is of similar import to this: "O, thou, departed one, I am thy relative; this day hast thou suddenly deceased. My heart is torn because thou art no more. I will never more see thee, but I hope thy soul hath joy and peace—having ascended to the heavenly palace. Alas! Alas!". Sometimes drums and gongs are sounded, and fire-crackers exploded, to frighten off any evil spirits that may be around.

The Chinese have no great fear of death, but the anxiety caused by the fear that they may not have a suitable coffin provided, wherein to repose during the long ages after death, is not a little. There is no more acceptable present to a father from a son, than a neat, substantial coffin. This is sacredly preserved until required for use by the owner, in the room set apart for the worship of ancestors, in which is also kept numerous remembrances of the dead, tablets with their names inscribed thereon, and sometimes lines corresponding very nearly to our epitaphs, telling of the virtues of the deceased.

When these ceremonies have been completed, the body is placed in the coffin, and borne—in a hearse or wagon—to the cemetery, followed by a concourse of friends. The mourning women sometimes accompany the procession in carriages. For this occasion they dress in white, wearing white hoods also. (White is the mourning color of the Chinese.) Bands of musicians frequently accompany the cortége, but to the American notion of harmony, there is not much but discord in the harsh sounds they make with their instruments. All along the road or street to the burial ground, they strew strips of brown paper pierced in the centre in imitation of the Chinese coin money. This is "road money," being thus used to purchase the right of way. But with the Chinese, it represents certain value when thus used—as it is purchased for the funeral service from the priest or keeper of the Joss House, and is scattered broadcast along the route to buy off any bad spirits that might be lurking around to interfere with the spirit of the deceased, as it proceeded to the final home of the body it once occupied.

At the grave, a rude table is prepared, and the food, which has also been brought, is again arranged, as a banquet to the spirit and spirit guests, in the same manner as it was at the house. Great quantities of the paper money is here strewn about, and much of it burned. A little furnace has been erected near the grave, and in it paper chests, toys, and sometimes toy-servants are burned, representing the clothing and valuables of the deceased, thus sent on their journey to the celestial port where the spirit of the deceased no doubt will be waiting to receive them. Sacred candles and incense sticks are set up in an earth-filled trough, and burned, and after the body has been deposited in the grave, and the damp clay heaped upon it, shutting it in from mortal view forever, a few candles and incense sticks are placed on the fresh turned earth and lighted, some wine and tea is poured upon the ground to satisfy thirsty spirits, some of the food is also strewn about the graves, the remainder is gathered up and loaded into the wagon, and all who formed that queer concourse, except the body of the dead and the vagrant spirits, are rapidly driven back to the city, there to sate their mortal cravings by devouring the remnant of the feast that was prepared to appease the hunger of only immortal stomachs.

These funeral banquets are often very expensive, especially when the deceased is very aged, wealthy, or is considered a man of great prominence among them. The funeral ceremonies are considerably extended at the burial of these. A marked difference is observed in the procession. One or two young men or boys are seen following the hearse clad very shabbily; their feet bare, each carrying a cane for support, and bowed down in the attitude of great grief. They are supported on either side by friends who lead them by the hand. These represent sons of the deceased; their attitude of mourning is emblematical of the crushing sorrow they feel; and their bare feet and tattered clothing, of their condition in life, by having been bereft of a protector.

Fourteen days after the burial is a general mourning day, but the age and position of the dead changes the mourning ceremonies. Parents are most lamented. Offerings to their names are most abundant, and the anniversary of their death is longest remembered. There is very little mourning for the young; and for infants and girls, scarce a lament is uttered or a tear shed. But the memory of the revered and honored dead is perpetuated for years and even ages.

The twenty-fourth day of the second month of the Chinese year (4th of April), is the period of the *Tsing Ming*—pure and resplendent—festival. On this day there is nearly as much excitement in Chinatown as at the New Year festivities. According to the Chinese belief, the gates of the tombs are thrown open on this day, and the spirits of all the dead come forth and visit the earth. Wonderful feasts are prepared for these celestial inhabitants, and hacks and wagons throng the highways leading to the cemeteries, bearing all manner of food with which to make up a banquet. As many as one hundred hogs have been roasted whole, for this festival, and all the delicacies the living are fond of, are provided in abundance for the dead. Similar ceremonies are performed at the graves, as those observed at funerals. The graves are repaired; if there are any trees or shrubs, they are trimmed; and a general renovation of the tombs takes place. After the various ceremonies are done, they repair to the city, and a bounteous feast is spread, when all join in the repast. Such are some of the peculiarities of that race, the members of which, in San Francisco, form one of the chief characteristics of the city.

A BANQUET.

Although a Chinamen can subsist on very small rations,—a bowl of rice, a little meat or fish, and a cup of tea, supplying a good working-day meal—there are no people in the world that enjoy eating more, or understand the art of preparing so great a variety of dishes, as the Chinese. Commonly, their habits are very economical; but when a feast is decided upon, they are lavish in expenditures, and apparently do not allow the thought of the cost of any desired article to trouble them, but go straightway and secure it. It does not require an event of great note, to furnish an excuse for a banquet. The anniversary of the opening of a theatre, the arrival of a much loved friend, or any occasion of but inconsiderable importance is good cause to rejoice over, by a little extra eating and drinking. It not unfrequently transpires that a number of prominent American gentlemen of San Francisco, are invited guests to the dinners that are given by wealthy Chinese residents, in honor of the anniversary of some particular event. These are conducted in the most approved style of the Oriental aristocracy, and those who are the favored participants gain considerable insight into the table habits that prevail among the higher class Chinese. The company is generally composed of the most intelligent Chinese and Americans, and is withal a very highly entertained and convivial assemblage. But everything pertaining to the banquet is cast in the oriental mould. There is no apparent attempt, on the part of the host, to imitate American customs or style, either in table etiquette or in the preparation of the food. The only departure from traditional usage is substituting knives and forks for chop-sticks. The Chinese are well aware that experience in their use is necessary to render the handling of these at eating, at all satisfactory. So, in this they conform to the American custom.

The banquet hall is generally one of the most aristocratic Chinese restaurants, located in the Chinese quarter of the city. The guests are received in the reception room, which is provided with a number of small stands, upon which are arranged trays containing tiny cups and pots filled with a decoction of tea, cigars, tobacco and cigarettes. As the guests arrive, they are received by an English speaking Chinaman, who is as courteous and hearty in the greeting he offers them, as any well-bred gentleman should be. Immediately upon arrival, a cup of tea is drank and all sit down to enjoy a social chat and the fragrant fumes of choice cigars. Numerous Chinese guests are among the number present, most of whom converse in

English, and an hour is pleasantly passed in discussing various interesting topics.

The main room where the table is spread, is gorgeously decorated in Oriental magnificence. Chinese lanterns of rich design are suspended from the ceiling and cast a warm glow over the room. When all are seated around the board, they are invited to partake of the relishes, that are temptingly arranged before them. These consist of a great variety of vegetables, nuts, etc., among which are usually found, sweet cucumbers, salted almonds, melon seeds, pickled duck, eggs and ginger, called respectively by the Chinese, *qui ying*, *hum yung*, *quachee*, *alp taln* and *keong*. There are also *lai chi* and *lung ngaln*, species of nuts grown in China, and lettuce, celery and radishes. While the company are sharpening their appetites with these, the waiters (who are numerous) bring to each a very small glass of a bright red colored liquor, *muo qui lo*, which is very pleasant to the taste. This is a spirituous beverage, extracted from rice, and flavored with attar of roses.

Bird's-nest soup follows this, and after it course succeeds course until the stomach of a gourmand would be compelled to call out for rest, if every thing offered were eaten. Bird's-nest soup is a great delicacy with the Chinese. It is composed of a moss which birds use to build nests, ham, and the breast of chicken minced. "The birds' nests are obtained from Java, Sumatra, and the coast of Malacca. The nests are made of a delicate sea-moss, picked from the surface of the waves by a species of swallow. These birds build their nests upon precipitous cliffs, and the persons who gather them are let down from higher accessible points by ropes. When the nests are secured, they are well cleaned, packed, and sent to Canton, where they are worth their weight in silver. By the time they reach San Francisco they are worth their weight in gold."

The next course may be a stew of China terrapin shells, flavored with onions and seasoned with water chestnuts—called by the Chinese *san suey*. This is followed by *ki ton yu chee*—sharks' fins stewed with ham and eggs; or *len yue chee*—roasted sucking pig, browned nicely; or *chuen alp*—boned duck, stewed with grated nuts, pearl barley and mushrooms; or *fung lut su gy*—chicken, stewed with chestnuts; or *ho see*—dried oysters boiled. A later course may be *fen gnon*—or roast Cantonese goose; or *toon goo bak hop*—tender mushrooms, with the one hundred layer leek; or Chinese quail—very like the California; or *cum chin kye*—brochettes of chicken hearts; or *kum wah ham cha ho*—California oysters fried in batter, with onions; or *fu yung chee*—sharks' fins fried in batter; or *sut yue*—pickled rock cod; or *cho coo bak hap moo goo*—pigeon stewed with hundred layer leek and bamboo sprouts; or all, or each of these, and many others, following in almost endless succession. The dessert is very palatable, but except by the Chinese—who know how to apportion each course to the requirements of their appetites, and therefore get a share of each and everything that is served—it goes uneaten and almost untasted. It is a long series of fancy dishes, such as *ha yuk kow chee*—fancy rice cakes, made in imitation of birds and flowers; *ki ton ko*—egg cake; *hong you mo*—corn starch, flavored with almond; *chawng*—oranges; *pin knon*—apples; *heong gav chew*—bananas; and *po tie chee*—grapes; after which, *cha*—tea—is brought in small covered bowls, and served clear in very small china cups.

Much that is set before the guests is insipid or offensive to the American taste, but so it is at any feast where a great variety is served. Some of the stews and roasts are remarkable for the fine flavor they retain after cooking, and the tea is superior to any that is prepared by other than heathen hands. The table ware is fine China pottery, and the cutlery is silver or heavy plate. Many dishes, on which certain kinds of food is served, are silver-plated. Instead of napkins, large white silk handkerchiefs are used. During dinner, the guests are agreeably entertained by the host and his assistants, and the hours pass pleasantly away. The host apparently delights in explaining the various dishes, oftentimes entering into minute details of Chinese cookery. Beef and potatoes are seldom offered at a Chinese feast. The Chinese look upon the killing, and using for food, of cattle, or buffaloes, as a very great sin, as they are valuable for beasts of burden. There is a tradition among them that says "the killers of beef shall endure punishment in Hades after death. Some are tossed on knives, others on hills of swords. Some have red-hot iron poured down their throats, and others are tied to red-hot posts. Through the eternal ages, they shall not be born again, or, if they are, they become buffaloes. Butchers have hearts of iron, and those who raise buffaloes to kill for beef have hearts more wicked and fierce than wolves or tigers." To have potatoes for dinner is considered a sign of hardships and a mark of extreme poverty.

A small opium room makes off from the dining hall. This is furnished luxuriantly, and those who desire to indulge in the time-killing drug may thither repair after dinner is over, and reclining at ease on a soft-cushioned couch, pass from the reality of splendid oriental surroundings into that dream-land where the heathen celestial so delights to roam—with the amber mouth-piece of a great sizzing opium pipe between his teeth, and a deathly palor on his face.

COST OF LIVING.

John Chinaman, if he chooses so to do, can exist comfortably (in the Chinese sense of the word) for twelve months for the small expenditure of seventy-five or one hundred dollars. But this necessitates a strict observance of the rules of economy. He dare not squander a cent for any luxury whatever—even his daily whiff of opium must not be thought of, and his clothes must be of the most inferior quality when new, and worn until they are extremely shabby. His food also must be simple; rice and potatoes constituting the bulk, with an occasional slice of pork or fish, and some plain green vegetables. He must be his own cook and do his own washing, which duty, however, is not arduous, inasmuch as the material in either case is very scant. Thus do many of the Chinese of California live, day after day, month after month, but seldom year after year, for usually during the first year they accumulate some money, and learn the art of increasing their capital more rapidly, so that they are enabled to expend more for food and raiment. So well do they understand how to make each cent extend their lease of life, that how they succeed in doing it is a matter of surprise and wonder to Americans. Ordinarily, a laboring Chinaman will spend about two hundred dollars a year for his living. His clothes during that time will cost him from twelve to eighteen dollars, and his board and lodging from two and one half dollars to three per week. This will leave him some extra money for contingencies. If every Chinaman had a family to support he would have to demand for his services a price nearer to that white laborers are compelled to ask, and therefore he would not be such a formidable competitor to meet. But in the whole Chinese population of the Pacific Coast States of America there are probably not more than three hundred men who have families.

The persons who are so strongly opposed to having the Chinese among us may be content, for these already here to remain, if only they can succeed in having the immigration checked; for according to the natural order of things they will soon become extinct, because of not having the propagating element among them.

XXXII.

CHINATOWN.

ACQUISITION OF TERRITORY—ECONOMY OF SPACE—THE BUSINESS HOUSES OF THE CHINAMEN—SIGN-BOARD LITERATURE.

ACQUISITION OF TERRITORY.

THE Chinese of San Francisco have chosen well the territory they occupy. Chinatown proper, that is, the portion of the city where the Chinese constitute almost the entire population, consists of sections of two blocks each of Sacramento, Clay, Washington, Jackson and Pacific Streets, between Kearny and Stockton Streets; and Dupont Street from Sacramento to Pacific Streets, the whole comprising about nine blocks. In this territory a few whites are to be found, engaged in some small business, but the Chinese have monopolized almost all the business rooms, as well as the residence houses, and only that it is in the Occident, is it distinguished from an Oriental city. The few white stragglers that are met upon the streets are scarcely more numerous than would be found in any open seaport town in China, and they gaze about them with the same curiosity as do those who are visiting for the first time the cities of the Celestial Empire. Thus, in San Francisco, it is but a step from the monuments and living evidences of the highest type of American civilization, and of Christianity, to the unhallowed precincts of a heathen race, where unmistakable signs of a contrasting civilization, are seen on every side.

From the day that Wah Lee first displayed his abbreviated sign, *Wash'ng and Iron'ng* over the door of his laundry in Washington Street, Wah Lee, his brothers, and innumerable "cousins," have silently, gradually, and unceasingly continued to spread themselves out, over a larger area, until now they occupy exclusively, a number of blocks in what, would otherwise be, a choice business centre; besides having sent out thrifty tendrils that have taken fast hold in almost every block in the city.

Any building adjacent to one occupied by Chinese, is rendered undesirable to white folks, and although the landlord may hold out inducements to white tenants and refuse any and all offers from Chinese, heavy taxes and no income from the property, will soon convince him that John's money is preferable to no money at all, and he finally succumbs to the pressure, and John Chinaman has gained another foothold. When once they have planted themselves in a building, the Chinese rapidly take root; and although they do not manifest any stubborness by refusing to vacate the premises, experience proves that they make themselves masters of the situation, and are seldom dispossessed. They simply make the building uninhabitable for decent white folk. Their manner of living accomplishes this, without any extra precaution on their part. They will divide the rooms into numerous diminutive compartments by unsightly partitions, and the smoke and rank odor from their open fires and opium pipes, discolors the ceilings and walls and renders the whole building offensive, both to sight and smell, so that the expense of renovating it would not be offset by the rental receipts for six months or a year. Thus by degrees do they gradually increase their domain silently and peacefully, without any cause for blame other than the habits and style of life, that is simply the outgrowth of their strange civilization, and for the evil or of good which they as individuals are not responsible.

ECONOMY OF SPACE.

Doubtless because of the overcrowded condition of the country whence they come, the Chinese of San Francisco seem to think that America is likewise so densely populated, that every cubic foot of air must be economically utilized, and every inch of space profitably occupied. A family of five or six persons will occupy a single room, eight by ten feet in dimensions, wherein all will live, cook, eat, sleep, and perhaps carry on a small manufacturing business—apparantly comfortable, and show no signs of being cramped by the narrow limits that confine them. In the lodging houses (which are necessarily very numerous), they huddle together and overlay each other, like a herd of swine that seeks shelter in a straw-pile on a cold winter night. The rooms of a lodging house are usually about ten by twelve feet in size, with a ceiling from ten to fifteen feet high. On two sides of the room (and sometimes on every side) bunks are placed one above another like those arranged in state-rooms of steamboats. In a room where the ceiling is of ordinary height there will be three or four of these bunks on a single side. These are all occupied as beds for sleeping, from floor to ceiling. A small rental rate for each occupant, yields a considerable sum for the room; it is, therefore, easily comprehended, how a Chinaman can afford to work for less wages than a white man.

Of an evening, the occupants of one of these small rooms, gather about a common table in the centre, whereon burns a primitive oil taper, and indulge in a social game of chance, or light their opium and tobacco pipes, and what with smoking, gaming, and lounging on their bunks, they will pass a very pleasant hour in social enjoyments. Perchance there may be one among the number who can lightly finger the guitar, flute, or violin; if so, the harsh strains of music, that are wafted in discordant waves on the sonorous air, together with the stifling odors from the burning weed and drug, dispels all care from the minds of the dreamy listeners, and in spirit they are borne hence to the home of their happy childhood; and again they roam among familiar fragrant bowers of their native "flowery land"—only returning to the realities of San Francisco life at being collared by a policeman for violating the "cubic feet of air" ordinance, who in commanding tones says, "John, too muchee Chinaman in little room! Come with me, I show you." John remonstrates vociferously exclaiming "loom (room) all light (right) one—two—thlee (three)—Chinaman sleepee here (pointing to the bunks) allee same Melican man sleepee— loom all light!" But John is carried off to the city prison where he is placed in closer quarters than he was in at his own peaceful domicile. But then the "pure air ordinance" is not supposed to apply to prisons, jails, and hospitals.

In the shops and stores the same disposition to utilize all space is manifest, and at the laundries it is really wonderful what heaps and piles of dirty linen and queer dressed Chinamen can be accommodated. A space in a wall of no greater dimensions than a large dry goods box furnishes ample room for a cigar stand; and a cobbler will mend your shoes in an area window, or on an unused door step. Nothing goes to waste. Even the oxygen in the air is totally exhausted by repeated inhalings. The wonder is that the whole Chinese population is not carried off, as by the breath of a native simoon, by some epidemic disease. But strange to say, there is no more sickness among the Chinese, who live year after year in their close quarters and accumulating filth, than among the whites, who by every precaution recommended by science endeavor to ward off disease.

In Chinatown there is not a basement, cellar, area, dormitory, porch, loft, garret, or covered court, but teems with healthy Chinese inhabitants, night and day. The side-walks are monopolized by them, with their little tables of fruits, nuts, and cigars; the cobbler, tinner, chair-mender, and jack-of-all-trades, claim, by squatter right, a seat upon a box or door-sill, where to ply their trades; the alleys, lanes, and by-ways give forth dense clouds of smoke from the open fires, where cooking is performed, and the house-tops are white with drying garments, fluttering from the net-work of clothes-lines that are placed thereon by enterprising laundrymen. Even across narrow streets lines are thrown, upon which are placed to dry all manner of wearing apparel.

THE BUSINESS-HOUSES OF THE CHINAMEN.

There are few of the Chinese of San Francisco that own the premises they occupy. Few come to this country with the expectation of remaining permanently. This, with the frequent outbreaks among the white population against their presence and further Chinese immigration, very naturally prevents them from making investments in property that they cannot carry away at short notice, or readily dispose of at its full value. Therefore there are not many buildings erected by the Chinese, and the absence of the quaint Chinese architecture is remarked, where naught but Chinamen are seen upon the streets or in the houses, and every other surrounding is so suggestive of "Cathay." The additions they frequently make to houses, together with the signs, placards, and various gaudy ornaments with which the outer walls, windows, and doors, are bedizened, almost conceal the architectural style of the buildings; but when the attention is called to it, the handiwork of the Caucasian mechanic is discovered through the semi-transformation, and the delusion that this is an oriental city, *in the Orient*, is dispelled. Although when the business blocks in Chinatown are completed, and turned over to the disposal of the proprietors, there are in them capacious store-rooms, light and airy, the Chinese occupants soon dispense with this luxury of ample room and good ventilation, by dividing them up into small compartments and stalls, leaving scarcely room enough for their customers to comfortably make their purchases. There is not one well appointed store-room in Chinatown, according to the American notion of shop-keeping. They are all crowded with goods, from floor to ceiling; narrow counters, with scarce room enough for the salesman to pass to and fro behind them, are the rule, and rude shelves suspended from the ceilings, loaded with all manner of merchandise, obstruct the view and render the whole incommodious. But yet there is much order in the arrangements. Every article is kept in its particular place, and in all the apparent confusion there is complete system. Whatever is desired from package or shelf, is readily found—each attendant knowing just where to put hands upon it.

The show-windows are very poorly kept. They are used more for the store room they afford than for display. A miscellaneous variety of wares, indicating, somewhat, the stock-in-store, are placed in view from the street, but with little reference to artistic or attractive arrangement. Two or three firms often occupy the same room, engaged in entirely different branches of trade; each, of course, confining itself to certain defined space, and all working together in the utmost harmony. There are few merchants that are engaged in what we call exclusive trade, excepting the large tea and rice dealers; they nearly all carry a general stock. The business places of the money-changers and bankers partake somewhat of the dignity that attaches to our banking establishments, but the same disposition to economize space is manifested alike with them. Indeed, in whatever business or mechanical industry we find the Chinaman, he is hedged in on every side by his wares, so closely, that it seems impossible for him to accomplish anything; and were it not for the real evidences resulting from his efforts, that show for themselves, we would believe that his whole time was spent in planning how to reduce his living necessities, how matter may exist without occupying space, and how life may be sustained without food, clothing, and air.

SIGN-BOARD LITERATURE.

In passing through the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, we are not aware of the variety of wholesome "food for reflection" that an intelligent Chinaman finds in those, to us, incomprehensible characters that stand out so boldly, in gilt and black and red, on the many sign-boards and cards, over the doors, on the window-frames, and on the door-facings of the various shops and houses walling the street. Indeed, we are disposed to think our Chinese interpreter jesting, when he translates the meaning of some of the signs into our own language; and we very naturally reverse the old saying, "there is more truth than poetry in this;" so that our reflections may be expressed in the transposed sentence, there is more *poetry* than *truth* in their significance.

Some of the signs are in English letters, and read as follows: *Shun Wo*, *Wung Wo Shang*, *Hang Hi;* but we pause to consider, when we are told that the warning words *Shun Wo*, according to the heathen understanding, express *Faith and Charity*—the very things that above all else we should be familiar with and practice, instead of *shun*. *Hang Hi!* When these simple words meet our gaze, our imagination reveals to us in vivid outline, "two posts a-stand-ent, a beam across-ent, a rope suspend-ent, and (perhaps) a Chinaman on the end-ent," and a reasonable conclusion is, that within is the sacred temple of Justice. Our surprise is therefore considerable, when we learn that *Hang Hi* is "the sign of prosperity." Likewise, our active brain misled our reason, when, because of the words *Sing*, *Sang*, *Sung*, occurring over the door of a modest little building, we at once remarked to our companion, that "*there* is the strongest evidence of true civilization—the school-house, wherein is nurtured and cultivated the germ of power." By seeing those words—the different forms of the verb *sing*—memories of our childhood days, and the hard struggles we had passed through in the vain endeavor to learn the rules of conjugation, comparison, etc., were awakened, and we immediately concluded that this was a grammar school.

Forgetting the possibility of a misapplication of these mottoes, there is a poetic beauty in them that becomes quaint from peculiar association. Over the doors of the wholesale houses may be seen, *Kwong On Cheang*—extensive peace and affluence; *Hip Wo*—mutual help and concord; *Tin Yuk*—

heavenly jewel; *Tung Cheung*—unitedly prospering; *Man Li*—ten thousand profits; and *Yan On Cheung*—benevolence, peace, and affluence.

The apothecaries display, besides their regular sign, "The hall of approved medicines of every province and of every land," various other signs, suggesting the good results obtained from the use of their medicines, as, "The hall of everlasting spring;" "Hall of relief;" "Live forever;" and "Great life hall." Doctors announce on their doors and windows that they will "cure disease by feeling of the pulse and prescribing proper mdicines," near by which may be seen "health and strength."

The clothing stores show a sign "new clothes, shoes, stockings, and caps," and the motto or name of the shop may be "Union and peace;" or "Elegant and ornamental."

The restaurants give their mottoes as spicy a flavor as possible. In addition to the common restaurant sign—"Manchou and Chinese animal and vegetable food, by the meal; with wine, diversions, and entertainments"—is seen the tempting notice, "Fragrant almond chamber," "Chamber of the odors of distant lands," "Garden of the Golden Valley," or "Balcony of joy and delight."

The butcher is no less poetical, for, after announcing that he is prepared to furnish ready roasted, the "golden hog," he indulges in the ennobling sentiments: "Virtue, harmony, and constant faith."

"Let each have his due," says the red sign over the basement entrance, where the pawn-broker keeps his curiosity-shop, and the cigar dealer bids all to come to the "Fountain of Righteousness" and "Fountain of the most Excellent," whilst across the way, at the lottery, is the extraordinary announcement, "Winning Hall—to be lucky is to be happy."

Thus the poetic vein runs through every department of trade, whether reputable or disreputable. The red paper-sign at the gambling house bids all to "get rich." "Come in, the skin is spread; straight enter the winning doors." In the business houses, various signs are pasted on the walls. Some similar to what is seen in many stores kept by Americans: "One price to all;" "Honest goods and honest men," etc. At the residence houses also are pasted in conspicuous places, sometimes very sensible and appropriate mottoes, such as "Domestic harmony is domestic bliss;" "Peace and happiness is here," and "Discord bringeth strife."

All this would seem to be antagonistic to the nature of this practical people, *but it is custom*. Educated men are frequently consulted with regard to these mottoes and signs, so as to have them as appropriate as possible. A sort of religious ceremony is performed, when a sign is placed in position—a dedicatory service, wherein the signs are blessed, and blessings and prosperity are invoked for the establishment.

XXXIII.

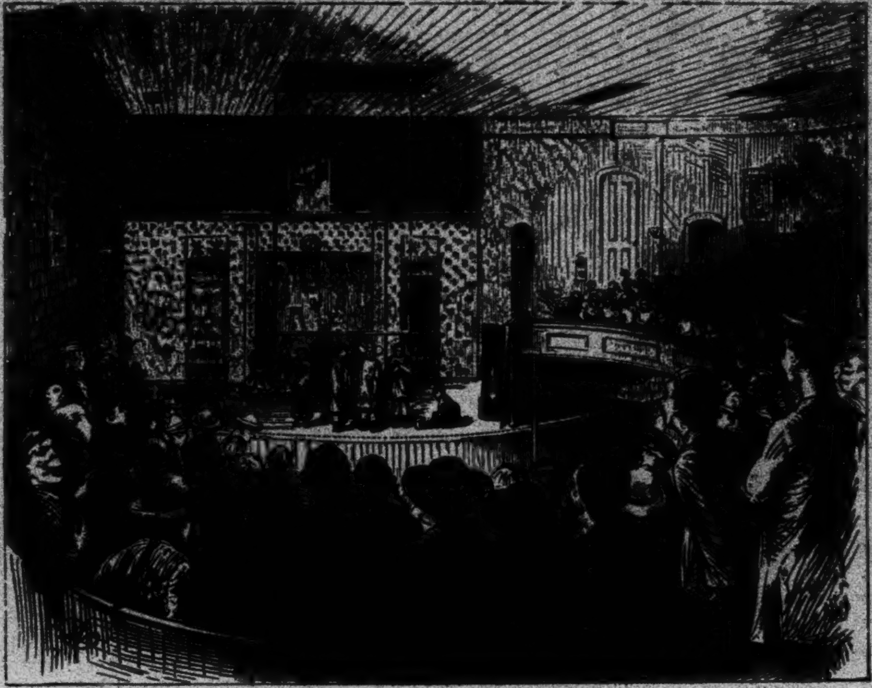
BUSINESS HABITS OF THE CHINESE.

AN ENTERPRISING RACE—FAVORITE PURSUITS—APTNESS—CHINESE EXCLUSIVELY—TAXPAYING.

AN ENTERPRISING RACE.

THE Chinese are proverbially industrious and enterprising. The dashing enterprise that characterizes the American—the reckless spirit that pushes out so boldly to win all or lose all—is not seen in the Chinese; but that constant plodding and dogged perseverance that progresses "slow but sure," is their distinguishing trait. In whatever capacity they are employed, they are as regular as clock-work. There is no flurry and worry with them; no irregular cogwheels in their mechanism, that causes them to go by fits and starts; but day after day, week after week, and year after year, they pursue evenly and systematically their calling.

When a laborer is told what he is required to do, and what remuneration he will receive therefor, if he accepts the terms, he will do that much and no more; but his employer must likewise be as exact in performing his part of the agreement. As an eight-day clock will cease to mark the time at the end of eight days, unless the "winding up" process is promptly performed, so certainly will a Chinaman cease to perform any work he has agreed to do, unless he receives his pay promptly at the appointed time. He seems to fully understand how much he can endure, and he therefore will work so fast and no faster. He is regular in his habits, arising and retiring, eating and resting, each day at regular hours, with extreme precision. Indeed, there is no variation in his conduct from day to day; his labor, his rest, and his life is rendered as monotonous as though he were a simple machine, passionless, and propelled by an unintelligent motor. This faithfulness makes him valuable as a laborer, and therein is the secret of his preferment by capital.



INTERIOR OF CHINESE THEATRE.

The Chinese do not indulge in speculative business where there is much risk, to any great extent; but so persistent are they in anything they undertake, that they seldom fail of success. They follow the maxim "live within your means, etc.," and when once established in any business that yields an ordinary profit, time is only wanting to bring to them wealth. In San Francisco there are few that make money rapidly, but many are on the highway to fortune. In fact, almost every healthy Chinaman on the Coast is engaged in some business that will eventually lift him above dependence, unless unforseen misfortune should come upon him. The great drain upon their resources—and what keeps many of them in impoverished circumstances—is the aged relatives at home, to whom they feel it is their most sacred duty to give their earnings. So great is their devotion to them that they deny themselves every luxury, and many times curtail the expense for the actual necessaries of life, that they may thereby place and keep their aged kindred in comfortable circumstances.

FAVORITE PURSUITS.

Apparently, it is as natural for a Chinaman as a Jew to engage in some mercantile pursuit. Buying, selling and trading is their national characteristic, and it seems to be the chief ambition of the Chinese of San Francisco to establish themselves in some business involving traffic and trade. Shopkeeping seems to be their favorite occupation; but if they are unable to maintain a "fixed" establishment, they can generally raise funds enough to stock a peddling-basket, and instead of sitting back on their dignity, awaiting patronage, choose a route, and by going from door to door find enough customers to gratify their mercantile desire, and perhaps yield them a small surplus besides. We therefore find many of them engaged in peddling various fancy China articles, boots and shoes, vegetables and fish, throughout the entire city, even into the sparsely populated suburbs, besides the great number of merchants and tradesmen in the centre of the "Chinese quarter."

To a stranger, the vegetable and fish markets in the city, at early morning, is a most peculiar and interesting spectacle. Besides the Italian huckster-wagons that almost block the streets, the Chinese peddlers, with their baskets or panniers suspended from either end of a bamboo pole, throng the street, the walks, and the stalls, in confusing numbers. All are anxious to be off on their oft' trod routes, and the havoc that they make of the vegetables and fish, is only equalled by their merciless slaughter of the "Queen's English." The variety of vegetables they require makes the scene more confusing; for they are hurrying hither and thither, taking a few pounds of this, a bunch of that, and a box of another kind, all the while keeping up an incessant jabber amongst themselves, as well as constantly repeating the query, "how muchee you sell *him?*" And then, too, how skillfully they arrange their stock in the capacious baskets! There are trays, boxes, and bags, apparently thrown in without any reference to classification, but placed with wonderful compactness. When the supply is obtained, and everything arranged in order, they stoop and place their shoulder beneath the pole, and, after a trial or two, succeed in balancing it, when away they go, at a rapid, swinging gait, puffing and panting, but never slacking their pace. Some of these peddlers, when they start out on their rounds, carry as much as one hundred and fifty pounds. After they have reached their first customer, the weight gradually decreases, until by noon, or shortly after, they have almost, if not entirely, exhausted their stock, and they return to their rooms or lodging-places, almost fainting from fatigue. Many of them obtain their supply of vegetables from the Chinese vegetable gardeners in the suburbs of the city. There is probably no city in the world where families obtain their vegetables and fish with as little trouble as in San Francisco. Each vegetable vendor has his regular customers, and if he fails to tap on the kitchen door any day in the year except Sunday, it is generally because he has abandoned himself to the holiday festivities, or has been stricken down by a vicious hoodlum.

The New Year's greeting of the Chinese, "get rich, get rich!" is significant of the universal desire with them to make money. Their sole object in coming to this country is to make money. The getting of many "trade dollars" is their chief ambition in life. Therefore, they are not very particular as to the kind of business they engage in, so long as it yields them a profit; and although, as we have said, their choice of occupations seem to be the mercantile pursuit, they do not hesitate to abandon the notion of being proprietors of a cigar stand, a store, or a pair of peddler's baskets, if anything more lucrative is pointed out to them. For house servants and for laundry-work, they cannot be excelled.

There are, perhaps, more Chinese engaged in the laundry business in San Francisco than in any other kind of labor. Their "wash-houses" are seen in every portion of the city, and in the more populous parts, from two to four such establishments are found in each block. Besides these that are operated by Chinese exclusively, nearly all the hotels, and many of the public institutions that have a laundry attached, employ them to conduct that department. An example of how they apply the rules of economy to any and everything they engage in, is furnished in a system that prevails among the laundrymen, by which the item of shop rent is reduced to very small proportions. Two wash firms will occupy the same premises and use the same tubs, irons, etc., one firm working during daylight, and at night surrendering the shop to the other, who occupy and use it until morning. By this system, a great saving of fuel and water is also effected, and the economy of co-operation is proven beyond question. The Chinese are better ironers than washers. They seem to think that if a garment is crimped, fluted, puffed, or polished, properly, a few stains or grease spots will be passed without notice; but when their patrons are particular to give positive instructions to have their clothes *washed* well, as well as starched and ironed, the desired whiteness is generally obtained.

Many of the Chinese laundries do a large amount of work, but whether their business is great or small, they never employ a wagon for collecting or delivering clothes. In collecting the clothes, they simply tie them up in a sheet, throw the bundle over their shoulder, and carry it to the shop; but in delivering, more care is necessary, and a large basket is used, wherein the glossy garments are neatly placed, and protected from dust by a covering of cloth.

About the year 1851, there was a local item inserted in one of the city papers, which read as follows: "Much excitement was occasioned in the city last week by the reduction of the price for washing, from eight dollars to five dollars a dozen. There is now no excuse for our citizens to wear soiled or colored shirts. The effect of the reduction is already manifest; and tobacco-juice spattered bosoms are no longer the fashion."

The Chinese had not, at that early period, monopolized the laundry business. To-day, a family of five or six persons can have their washing and ironing done for one dollar and fifty cents per week, notwithstanding we have an oppressive water monopoly.

As house servants, there are a very large number of Chinamen employed. Families with small incomes, who, under the same circumstances in the Eastern States, would not think of employing help, have a "China boy" to wash dishes, sweep, scrub, and do all manner of small tasks that are annoying and wearing on the good housewife. Gradually these boys are introduced into the kitchen to aid in the cooking, and in a few months from the first lesson, the whole family will enjoy their morning nap while the Chinese servant prepares the morning meal. Boys between twelve and eighteen years of age are only too glad of an opportunity to learn "Melican talk," and how to do "Melican's work." It is good capital for them, and to acquire it they will work for fifty cents a week and board, for a few months, and at the end of a year will not demand much extra pay; though when they become accomplished servants, either as cooks, or in general housework, their services command good pay. First class Chinese servants receive from twenty-five to forty dollars a month, according to the amount of work they are to perform.

Although the Chinese of the present day are not an ingenious or inventive people, they are quick to learn how to operate all kinds of machinery. They are therefore numerously employed in nearly all the manufactories, especially in capacities where the labor is light. As cigar-makers, they are wonderfully expert. The manufacture of cigars is almost confined to them, and they have nearly entire control of the cigar trade. This is a large item in the industries of California, and gives employment to a great number of workmen. The greater part of cheap clothing, boots, shoes, and slippers; shirts, ladies' underwear, cheap furniture, and a great variety of tinware, is manufactured by the Chinese. Many of the factories are conducted by them, and in every branch of mechanical industry Chinamen are employed.

APTNESS.

As an instance of the imitative ability of the Chinese, it has been related that the captain of a vessel lying at Hongkong had on board his ship a fine painting, that by accident had been injured by a rent across its face. Learning of the imitative skill of the Chinese painters, he had the rent sewn up, and delivered the painting to one of them to have him paint an exact copy of it. In due time the work was completed, when, to his amazement, the Captain discovered that the artist had been so faithful as to follow copy with minute exactness—having imitated the stitching and rent so successfully as to require a close examination to distinguish any difference in the two pictures. This is possibly a truthless tale, but it forcibly illustrates a peculiarity of the Chinese, that is recognized in almost everything they do.

The housewife who employs a Chinaman, must—for once, at least—do her work exactly as she desires him to do it, or she will many times regret the day she undertook to instruct a "heathen Chinee." Every article of furniture must be in the place she wants it kept on the day he takes his first lesson, for he does not fail to note the relative position of the smallest thing. At such times it will not do to have the broom leaning against the mirror, the wash basin on the dining table, or the comb and hair brush upon the flour bin. Any little mistake she then makes will breed a hundred ghosts to haunt her in the future, for he is just "heathenish" enough to place things as he finds them, and do everything as he has been shown.

It is remarkable how apt they are. It seems natural for them to be able to comprehend what is required of them without any great effort. In mechanics, in housework, and in agriculture, they manifest the same quick perception. This is why they so soon compete with white workmen. It requires sometimes an apprenticeship of years for a Caucasian to be able to master a trade, whereas a Chinaman seems to comprehend it at once, and only needs a few weeks or months to familiarize himself with its intricacies. Their education seems to have given them a knowledge of the rudiments of almost every department of industrial labor, both body and mind apparently having been trained in the first principles, so that with a little practical instruction, they can go forward in any kind of work just as though they had been specially trained for it.

CHINESE EXCLUSIVELY.

In the "Chinese quarter" of San Francisco, there are many Chinamen engaged in various pursuits that are encouraged and supported by Chinese only. The Chinese merchant is patronized by the white population as well as by his swarthy brother.

The laundrymen depend entirely upon the whites, and so it is with most of the manufactories. But it is very seldom that a white man eats at a Chinese restaurant, is shaved or shorn by a Chinese barber, or purchases his steak, chops, or sausages at a Chinese meat market.

A Chinese restaurant does not differ essentially from an Italian, French, or American, in appearance. Some of them, however—and it appears to be the rule—have a small balcony in front, in the construction and ornamentation of which is displayed about the only examples of Chinese architecture that is seen in the city. Large Chinese lanterns are suspended from the ceiling of this balcony, and every exposed part of the architecture shows many strange ornaments and much flashy tinsel. The predominating color is red, and it is lavishly put on. Inside are numerous small tables arranged in the same order as at common public dining halls. The kitchen is in some cramped hall or room in the building, at the rear of the restaurant. In various parts of the house are seen numerous employees of the restaurant engaged in the different departments of cookery—some paring and washing vegetables, others mixing up dainties or preparing tit-bits, and still others around a huge range superintending the final process of cooking. Every dish that is in course of preparation, seems to have been chopped and minced so fine that after it has been cooked mastication will be unnecessary. A savory odor, not the least unpleasant, pervades the room, and no doubt floats into the street and tempts many a hungry Chinaman to squander a few "bits" for his stomach sake. At meal time, when the tables are surrounded by the guests, there is much "good cheer" among them, and judging from the tone of the noisy talkers, there is a free expression of opinion as to the quality of the dishes of which they partake. They do not eat in such haste as do many of the business men who patronize the United States Restaurant or Campi's, and they seem to thoroughly enjoy their meals.

The barber-shops are very numerous. The sign (a four-legged frame painted green, with red knobs or balls on the top of each leg, and exactly like the stands or frames the barbers use for supporting their wash-bowls) is even more frequently met than the liquor saloons along the business streets, *not* in the "Chinese quarter." The barbers generally occupy basement rooms. A bench along one side of the room, a common chair or stool, upon which the victim of the blade sits, a wash-stand and bowl, constitute the visible furniture; but when the artist brings out his case of operating tools, they are so numerous and dangerous looking, and he wields them with such skill, that the timid visitor who has not yet learned that when a Chinaman looks most savage, he is in his pleasantest mood, hastily decides that notwithstanding the furniture is very scant, there is no room left for him.

The shaving process is very lengthy, inasmuch as there is a large surface to go over. Every atom of the skin, from the shoulders up, is shaved, scraped, washed and polished, except a small patch on the crown of the head, from which the queue or tail depends. The queue is also combed out, washed, and thoroughly oiled, and again braided. The eyelashes are trimmed, scraped, and sometimes tinted, and nose and ears are probed and scraped, so that when a Chinaman emerges from a barber-shop, after having passed through the ordeal of being shaved, he may rest assured that he is *clean*—"above the shoulders." The barber-shops are well patronized, for every Chinaman considers it a religious duty to have this operation performed upon him frequently.

A Chinese meat-market, although perhaps a legitimate street exhibition in China-town, is a repulsive show. It might be unjust to compare it with our own slaughter-houses on a warm day, but it is certainly a disgusting and offensive scene. For aught we know there may not be anything in the whole display but would be palatable to delicate tastes, if properly served at the dining table, but the manner in which the meats are haggled and exposed to view is shocking to refined natures. Pork constitutes the greater part of the stock, but it would be difficult to recognize one's own pet pig after it had passed over the dissecting-block of a Chinese butcher-shop. They seem to have no idea of the anatomy of the animal. With their heavy cleavers they cut and slash indiscriminately, apparently ignorant of the process of disjointing. The choicest morsels are so hacked and bruised that they are offensive to look upon. The walls, and floor of the shop are besmeared with blood, grease, and fragments of flesh, and everything about the premises looks jumbled and out of place. There is a perfect net-work of poles and lines overhead, upon which hang all kinds of remnants from the block, in every stage of drying (it might be better to say putrefaction).

If the fish and fowl that are seen at every meat-market were removed to separate stalls they would form an attractive and tempting display, as the Chinese are very skillful in preserving this class of food. Oysters, shrimps, ducks, geese, and a great variety of wild game and shell-fish, are cured in such a manner as to retain their fine flavor, and keep any length of time. They are remarkably fond of chickens, so much so, indeed, that it is not an uncommon occurrence for them to disturb a suburban roost at the earliest crowing of the cock.

In the meat-markets and in many of the stores they use for weighing, the most primitive kind of scales. The old-fashioned steel-yards that used to be be seen hanging on the wall of every well-ordered country "smoke-house," were much superior to the wooden and iron beams used by the Chinese.

TAX-PAYING.

The Chinaman is ever under the vigilant eye of the tax-gatherer. He is met on the street corner by the poll-tax collector, who calls out in a commanding voice, "John, you give me two dollars, and I give you receipt"—or "John, you show me receipt." If he has not yet paid his tax, John soon produces the two dollars, and after receiving a receipt folds it up neatly and places it in some mysterious receptacle or pocket, and the next time he is called upon by the collector—no matter if it be in the mines of Nevada—that identical receipt will be produced as proof that he has paid his tithe. Again that voice is heard at the ferry-slips, as John is hurrying aboard the boat, starting on a journey to the interior in search of a job—"John, you got receipt?" and straightway to that hidden pocket go the nimble fingers of John Chinaman, and the receipt is brought forth. As he is stepping aboard the eastern bound train, across the bay, his blanket in one hand and bag of provisions in the other, that ever-present voice is again heard—"John, le' me see receipt;" and the receipt is again produced. So persistent are the collectors, that John seldom escapes, and if he be so unfortunate as to lose his receipt, he will be compelled to replenish the public treasury by a second payment. He pays it, however, without a scowl, and goes on his way apparently rejoicing that "it is as well with him *as* it is."

The Chinese are very punctual in paying taxes, licenses, and all just public demands; but when the municipal authorities, just for variety's sake, indulge in a little legislation specially aimed at the pocket of the heathen, they generally avail themselves of the Yankee's argument, "Why?" have the matter tested in the courts, and if victorious, as they commonly are, hide their faces in their broad sleeves and laugh over their success. It is almost a pity that the Chinese of San Francisco are not more conversant with English, for they have never yet been able to comprehend the joke in the city ordinance, said to have been passed some time since, but was declared void, and had to be reconstructed and re-enacted, because of its peculiar reading—which was similar to the following: "All persons are forbidden to carry baskets upon *sidewalks suspended from poles.* Any violation of this ordinance shall be punished by a fine, et cetera."

An idea of the wealth of some of the Chinese merchants may be gained from the assessment roll. There are about twenty-five firms and individuals who are assessed for sums varying from five thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand dollars each. Among them are Kwong On Chong, assessed for ten thousand dollars; Chy Lung & Co., twelve thousand dollars; Li Po Tai, seven thousand dollars; Tong Wo & Co., fifteen thousand dollars; Wing Wo Sang & Co., twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars; Tuck Chong & Co., twenty-three thousand dollars, and Wing Chong Wo & Co., nine thousand dollars. This assessment is only for personal property. Several of the leading Chinese merchants are reputed to be worth from two to five hundred thousand dollars. The prominent business men among them are considered fair dealers and enjoy a good business reputation. According to their rules of business, failing to promptly meet all liabilities is a great discredit, and they are therefore very punctual in paying their debts.

XXXIV.

A NIGHT STROLL THROUGH CHINATOWN.

UPON THE STREETS—GAMBLING HOUSES—HOUSES OF PROSTITUTION—SLAVERY—OPIUM DENS—"BACK! A LEPER!"—IN THE THEATRE.

UPON THE STREETS.

IN the early evening, when Kearny Street is teeming with gay life, the streets in the "Chinese quarter," are likewise thronged with restless humans. But there is a striking contrast in the two scenes. Kearny Street is brilliantly lighted from thousands of burners and reflectors in the windows of the shops and stores. The faces of the persons that throng this thoroughfare are expressive of happy hearts and pleasant thought, and the voices that are heard ring out in merry tones; the air is fresh and sweet, and every surrounding is indicative of refinement, comfort, happiness and prosperity. But in Chinatown, only a few blocks away, the streets and narrow lanes are mantled in dismal gloom. In the narrow and curtained windows, puny lamps feebly flicker, and from out the area windows, from halls, doorways and every opening in the walls, there come dense clouds of odorous smoke, blinding to the eyes and offensive to the nostrils. Noisesome vapors fill the air without and within, and all is gloom and shadow. The faces that are seen look ghastly in this gloom, expressionless and semi-savage; and the voices that break the quiet of the night are hideous and startling. There are awkward groups of awkward humans about the doorways and upon the walks, gossiping in guttural tones, or blankly gazing at the passer-by; there are crowds moving in and out the houses, or passing to and fro on the streets; and there are listless idlers lolling upon the curb or against the walls, perhaps dreaming of crime and heathen debauchery. There is no animation, no joyous exclamations, no innocent hilarity, no vigorous life, in this motley scene. There is a sort of sluggish activity, but every phase of pleasure or happiness that comes to the surface, is subdued into sickliness.

Were it not for the sounds of life that strike the ear, the imagination could easily transform these moving figures into the phantom host that watches and waits about the portals of hell, and the smoke and vapor that here rise, into the smoke of torment that ascends forever and forever from the fervid fires in that baleful region.

Such is the general appearance of the streets of Chinatown at night; and when every other part of the city has settled down to repose, and the footsteps of belated stragglers and policemen on their beats alone are heard, the same monotonous sounds continue to arise from the Chinese quarter, the same gloom hovers over it, and the same tableaux of life is being enacted, even continuing until the first morning hours; for among the Chinese are many night-workers.

GAMBLING HOUSES.

Gambling seems to be the besetting sin of the Chinese. It is practiced almost universally among them, and they go about it with a recklessness that does not accord with their usual safe business habits. They will stake their last cent upon the game, even pawn articles of clothing, and, in extreme cases, pledge their future services for advance money for gambling.

They have various games of chance, played with cards, dice, dominoes, and other devices. The game of "tan" is the favorite betting game. It corresponds, in many respects, very nearly to the popular American game of *Faro*, and possesses even more fascination for the heathen than does the latter for the sporting white gentry. The rules of the game are known only to the initiated Chinese; as none but Chinamen are ever admitted to the gambling-room.

Until the recent excitement over Chinese immigration, there were not less than one hundred and fifty Chinese gambling-houses in the city; but the agitation of that subject directed public attention to this vice, and the police force have either suppressed all these games, or driven them into profound secrecy. They guard their gambling-houses so well, that the best-planned raids upon them by the police have been unsuccessful.

Every person entering the gambling-houses has to pass through three strong doors, each of which is guarded by a stalwart Chinaman, who communicates any suspicious movements on the outside to the players within, and it is therefore almost an impossibility to effect an ingress before the gamblers disperse. From each gambling-room there are numerous secret passages leading to other buildings and the street, and at the first sound of alarm given by the sentinel guarding the outer door, the room is vacated, and when the officers arrive there is nothing visible about the premises to indicate that a game had been in operation. A few of the Chinese gamblers have been arrested, but inasmuch as their conviction has almost always depended upon the evidence of their countrymen, their punishment has been mild, or they have been acquitted for lack of sufficient proof.

A Chinaman does not hold his oath very sacred; at least, the experience of judges and juries suggests this belief. Few of them hesitate to commit deliberate perjury. They will testify for the interest of the person concerned, who has the most powerful influence over them. Thus it is a difficult matter to administer justice among them.

It is very possible that gambling is still carried on in the Chinese "quarter" to nearly the same extent as when there was little attempt made to conceal the whereabouts of the games. There are so many intricate and dark passages leading into and through the densely populated part of Chinatown, that a hundred games might be running in "full blast," and the police be ignorant of them. Besides, in these days of official corruption, it does not take many glittering coins to dazzle the eyes of the ordinary policemen so much as to obscure his vision, when he turns his gaze in the direction of the dens of vice and infamy that have made Chinatown so notorious.

HOUSES OF PROSTITUTION.

Not less than seven tenths of the Chinese women that come to California are imported to fill houses of prostitution. Some of them have led this life of shame in their native country, prostitution there not being looked upon as an infamous business, but followed by many as a legitimate avocation. Many of those, however, who are brought to our shores for such vile purposes, are virtuous young girls, having previously dwelt secure in their purity under the parental roof; but, like most of their fallen white sisters in our own country, driven to this repulsive pursuit by the rigor of extreme poverty. Some are sold into slavery for a term of years, by their parents or brothers, to obtain relief from pressing want. Those who purchase their services are aware that they are unprofitable in any other occupation, and, therefore, they must either accede to the desires of their masters or submit to most cruel personal abuse.

For a tour of inspection through the Chinese "quarter"—the visitor must choose the night-time for his stroll, and under escort of a police officer who is familiar with the by-paths and lanes that traverse buildings and blocks, he will encounter many things that will not only disgust, but startle his senses. The most offensive characteristics of the race, the vice and abomination, the filth and misery, are not prominently visible, but are hid from public gaze in the dark alleys that beset the broad public streets. Many of the opium dens, gambling houses and lotteries are there, and nearly all the houses of prostitution.

The entrance doors to these latter are provided with small panel openings, at which the face of the occupant of the house may be seen in all its blooming colors. In passing along, from each of these openings there comes a scarcely audible hiss-s-s-zzz, and if you stop to observe more closely, two almond eyes are seen peeping out, and a modest voice is heard saying "Come in! You come in!" These words, with a few endearing terms, are all the English, the Chinese cyprian commands, but she is profuse with her familiar caresses and in the wanton display of her person.

The furniture of most of these houses is very plain. The same economy of space is here observed as in the other houses occupied by the Chinese. A room of ordinary size is divided into several compartments, by gay colored chintz or cambric partitions. Matting or a common wool carpet covers the floor, while the chairs and other furniture are generally the most common kinds. Not unfrequently the beds are of the crudest manufacture, being simply a shelf made of common boards, but curtained and otherwise disguised so as to appear comfortable. There are a few houses, however, designed for the patronage of white men exclusively, that are furnished with some elegance. Rich drapery of gorgeous colors falls in graceful folds from the arch of chamber alcoves; the carpets are soft and pretty, the furniture quite costly, and the air is fragrant with delicate oriental perfumes. The inmates of the houses are richly clad in Chinese costume, and there is every evidence of a desire to render the place attractive. The pillows upon which these Celestial beauties repose their heads, are blocks of wood, sometimes lightly cushioned, but oftener left uncovered. They are constructed so as to rest the head (or rather the back of the neck) upon them, and permit the hair to remain free from any pressure. This is because of the peculiar and complicated style of doing up the hair, which is a lengthy operation as well as expensive.

The number of Chinese prostitutes in San Francisco is variously estimated at from one thousand to two thousand. There is no doubt more than the former, and probably less than the latter; enough certainly to disgrace the city and greatly facilitate the spreading of—already too bold—immorality and vice among the youth of all classes.

Why the fathers and mothers of San Francisco continue to dwell where their children are forced to live under such evil influences, is strange. It were better for them to quit San Francisco entirely, if it is impossible to stay this tide of vice. Every city of any thrift has its disreputable streets and neighborhoods, where vice and crime center, but it would be difficult to find even in "wicked Chicago," or New York—cities notorious for fostering such germs of social disease—a cesspool of vice so offensive and so disastrous to morality, as the few blocks in Chinatown, where are congregated these infamous creatures, and the no less notorious precincts of Barbary Coast. But it is in the power of the people to rid themselves of these cursemarks. Let the city officials understand that such is their desire, and they will soon find means to disperse it; or if they do not, substitute for them *men that will.* Much of the official neglect of duty that is complained of, is occasioned by the indifference of those who have the making of officials. There is too much apathy among the voters. "I have no interest in politics, is the common remark." We may not as private citizens have any interest in political details, but the general results of the working of these details materially affect us. The fundamental principle of our government is the placing of the governing power in the hands of the people. Somebody must rule, and if the people choose to neglect this important privilege, abusive usurpers will not be wanting to take charge of public affairs.

SLAVERY.

After the long and bloody strife between the two great parties of our country, ostensibly precipitated because of a noble and humane feeling for our common brothers—the negro slaves—we, as a nation, extended to them the hand of fellowship, and said, in affectionate tone, "Step up higher, brothers; this is a land of LIBERTY and EQUALITY." That was more than ten years ago; and the people of the nation who were more directly interested in that liberal action were very remote from the western shores of the continent. This perhaps accounts for the apparent unconcern the citizens of California manifest relative to the slavery that is tolerated on her free soil. And yet, the great part of California's population consists of those who joined their voices in the cry against oppression, but have since quit the scenes of those bloody struggles to enjoy the more salubrious climate of California. We have observed that many of these are rather favorable to the system of slavery that exists in California, and deprives many of the Chinese, both men and women, of their freedom—and we have also observed that Arizona diamonds are not less rare than the jewel of consistency.

The slavery that exists in California—its propagators being in San Francisco—is the system of "contract labor" practised by both Americans and Chinese. It may be liberty to the Chinaman, who comes to this country under its rules, but it is *slavery* when construed in the spirit of justice.

The most disastrous effects of this traffic in human flesh and blood is seen in the Chinese "quarter" of San Francisco—in the Chinese houses of prostitution. No one denies—except the deluded and timid creatures themselves, who dare not admit it, for fear of brutal treatment—that these women are purchased upon order in China, and brought to this country like so many cases of tea. After they arrive here, they are sold to the highest bidder—some being purchased by rich Chinamen, who maintain private harems—but most of them going into the custody of the proprietors of houses of ill-fame, there to expend what charms they have for the increase of immorality—not to say the spreading of the most loathsome diseases.

The contracts these women are required to sign, are similar to the following:

> "For the consideration of $600 (or any sum agreed upon) *paid into my hands* this day, I, Ah Ho, promise to prostitute my body for the term of four (or any other number) years. If, in that time, I am sick one day, *two weeks* shall be added to my time; and, if more than one day, my term of prostitution *shall continue an additional month.* But if I run away, or escape from the custody of my keeper, then I AM TO BE HELD AS A SLAVE FOR LIFE."
>
> (Signed) "AH HO."

From the reading of the foregoing contract, Ah Ho has evidently received $600 in advance for four years' service, which, from a Chinese standpoint, is good wages, considering that the prostitution of her body is a profession bringing no disgrace, and perfectly legitimate. But unfortunately the money that Ah Ho declares was "paid into my hands this day," was, immediately after she had signed the contract, paid out again to the person who had found a purchaser for her services, and Ah Ho being ignorant and intimidated by threats of violence, is held in slavery by the contract she had voluntarily signed.

Perhaps as the expiration of the term of slavery draws nigh, her master will secure the services of an accomplice, who will, by offers of marriage, and various inducements, prevail upon Ah Ho to flee from her place of imprisonment. Then she is again delivered over to her master, and by the contract is "*held as a slave for life.*"

Thus are the Chinese women of San Francisco kept in slavery for the most infamous purposes, brutally treated while in health, and if overtaken by sickness—which from the nature of the life they lead is sure to speedily come—are turned out upon the street, reviled by their countrymen, and find no relief except in a most agonizing death. Sometimes a woman is reclaimed from these vile dens, and placed in a mission, or married to a christianized Chinaman; but her former master is full of resource, ingenious, and irrepressible, and sooner or later she is likely to be kidnapped and conveyed to a place of concealment, beyond the reach of her rescuers or the officers of the law, to continue in the disgraceful service.

OPIUM DENS.

It is a rare and curious sight to see a drunken Chinaman. Few of the race indulge in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors, and there are none, perhaps, that drink enough to be called drunkards. But their temperance in this is offset by the intemperate use of opium—both for eating and smoking—but more particularly the latter.

A Chinese opium den is one of the offensive sights that the visitor discovers during a stroll through Chinatown. He may have had his senses shocked by the savage noises that are heard in passing through the reeking alleys and lanes; by the pestilential odors that fill the air, and that even the smelling-bottle will not disperse from his sensitive nostrils; by the filth and putrefying offal that is upon the streets and in the buildings, the sight of which may have awakened symptoms of the most dreadful diseases; but until he is within a well patronized opium den, and recovered from the shock experienced upon first entering, he has not seen the most disgusting characteristic of the Chinese "quarter." This "den" may be a very small room (and it is apparently all the more popular if it is) but there is always "room for one more." There are shelves on all sides, one above the other, upon which are spread blankets, and perhaps an occasional mattrass for the more fastidious smoker. Upon these are sprawled out in all manner of pose, and in all stages of stupor or idiocy, the opium smokers, each clinging to his pipe endeavoring to get one more full "whiff," with the tenacity of a drowning man hanging to a floating wreck.

The bunks are commonly arranged for two persons. The smokers lie face to face, their heads resting upon blocks of wood or tin cans—in fact, anything large enough and possessing the supporting solidity—and between them is placed the lamp, from the flame of which they light their pipes, and the small cup containing the opium. The opium is especially prepared for the purpose, being of the consistency of paste. A small bit of it is taken upon a wire, placed to the bowl of the pipe, and then held over the flame of the lamp, and the smoking process begins. "Long pulls and strong pulls" are taken, and at each inspiration the fumes and smoke are drawn deep into the lungs, retained there for a moment, and then blown out at the nostrils. The aperture in the bowl of the pipe is so small that one filling furnishes only a few good "draws," and then it has to be replenished. An experienced smoker handles his pipe so deftly that there is not much time lost in refilling it, and he keeps up a pretty regular puffing until the ecstatic stage of somnolence is reached, when his body becomes relaxed, the pipe drops from his fingers, his hand falls by his side, and his spirit takes its flight to those ethereal realms where there is naught but happy surroundings—where no thought of earth, with its trouble and pain, disturbs the sublimity of the soul, or mars the blissful enjoyments that are afforded it in that mystic region of fantasy. But to those who have not yet been transported to that blissful clime, he who is thus overcome by the deadly narcotic is not the most attractive creature in the world. His eyes are glassy and expressionless, his body limp and lifeless, and his skin takes on the ashy paleness of death.

The habit of opium smoking among the Chinese is almost as universal as that of gambling. Many partake of the drug moderately, finding relief from the fatigue of the day's labor in the opium-pipe at night. But there are some who have used it to such excess that they are miserable when not under its influence, and therefore their whole object in life is to gratify this intemperate desire, and like the drunkard is with his cup, so are they with the opium-pipe—they die with it at their lips.

The most startling feature of this opium smoking is the ease with which one glides into the habit. Curious persons will try a pipeful just to see how it tastes, and the sensation is so pleasant that they are tempted to repeat the experiment. When the habit becomes fixed, death is the only cure.

In some of the more secluded opium dens, and those kept under strict privacy by the proprietors, at any hour of the night he who is admitted will find a number of young men and women—*not Chinese*—distributed about the room on lounges and beds in miscellaneous confusion, all under the influence of the drug. Of course most of these women are of the disreputable class, but the young men, though really no better, are our respectable sons and brothers, who move in good society, and are of "good repute."

"BACK! A LEPER."

During a tour of inspection through Chinatown, in company with an officer, we had passed the early part of the night on the public streets and alleys, awaiting a later hour for our underground researches, when the crowds on the streets would have gathered themselves into their lodging places. At about the hour of eleven, we descended a pair of rickety steps into a basement hall-way, and lighting our tapers, proceeded to explore the underground abodes of the Chinese of San Francisco. The officer, who was well known to the Chinese population, was perfectly familiar on the premises, going wherever he desired without even giving a warning knock. Many private little games were broken into by this unceremonious course, and many sleepers were startled from their dreams by being suddenly awakened by the gleaming of a star—a very strange sight in those dark underground abodes.

We had traced the damp and slimy walls of a narrow passage-way for an apparently interminable distance, running in every direction, sometimes on a decline and then ascending, turning at acute, obtuse, and right-angles, the sides, however, showing many openings, beyond each of which were perhaps *sweetly* sleeping a dozen Chinamen; we had waded through slops that when disturbed by our foot-steps gave off a deadly odor, and we had passed by couches, damp and filthy, whereon lay pain-racked bodies, writhing in the agony of disease and mental gloom, unattended, uncared for—dying, not so much of disease as from mental distress and anguish of soul, occasioned because of their solitude and their dismal surroundings. On, on we went, shunning a cesspool here, starting now and then at the hideous squeals of great lazy rats, upon which we would tread in the darkness, now passing underneath the street, and now ascending two or three steps, where (we hoped) the air would be less suffocating, continuing our journey, however, until we came to a solid wall of brick and mortar, that checked our onward progress. At first, we did not discover any opening through which we might further proceed, and we had just decided to retrace our foot-steps and seek a purer air above ground, when our attention was attracted by a low moaning sound, as if some one in great distress had uttered a lament. We trimmed our tapers and looked about us more closely, when we discovered, in the angle of the wall, a wooden panel, beneath which a ray of light gleamed. This board panel proved to be a small door, made of heavy timber, securely fastened by a peculiar latch. The officer made several ineffectual attempts to open it, and had picked up a stout scantling near by, to force the door from its fastenings. He had made one heavy stroke, and was raising the stick to strike again, when a hand was placed upon his arm and a voice said, "You no sabee; me show you." We turned about us almost frightened at this sudden and unheralded disturbance, and beheld before us what looked more like a ghost than a living mortal, and the voice spake again as this apparition began to fumble at the strange latch—"Me show you; you no sabee."

Mute from surprise, we gazed upon this creature, so phantom-like in the dim light from our tapers, as it tugged at the fastening of the door. We saw, yet we scarce believed our eyes, that an aged Chinaman stood before us. His hair was not shorn in the style of the Chinese, but hung in draggling tufts over his shoulders, and half concealed an emaciated and pallid face. His clothing was scant, mouldy, and in tatters. On his feet were a cast-away pair of Chinese shoes, above which his bony, uncovered ankles, were seen, looking more like two decaying sticks than living skin and bone. In the movements he made in trying to slip the latch, the fragment of a coat that was poorly secured upon his shoulders, was thrown back, and a part of his breast and neck was revealed. We had previously observed a sort of excrescent growth upon his face, of a purple color; but his shaggy locks half hid it from view, and we thought nothing more of it. But when his mantle dropped from his shoulders, and we saw his body, covered with dark ulcers, blue lumps, and putrefying sores, our hearts stood still, and our breathing was suspended; then recovering, we sprang back into the darkness, and cried out in the same breath: "BACK! A LEPER!"

A few moments after, when we emerged from a steaming basement, panting and trembling, we looked at the stars and remarked their brightness; and the air, although burdened by the noisome odors that arise from the filthy dens and streets of Chinatown at night-time, was never more refreshing.

IN THE THEATRE.

The Chinese are excessively fond of the drama. A single play continues nightly, from one to three months, before the final act is reached. Their dramas are simply the reproduction of very ancient historical events, the minutest details being faithfully represented. Apparently they do not relish plays based upon modern occurrences, and hence there are few of such enacted. Viewing it from an American standpoint, the Chinese drama is in a very crude state; but perhaps an intelligent Chinaman would pronounce the same criticism on the art as presented on our own stages, and in the absence of a disinterested third person to judge which opinion is correct, we must be content to leave the question of superiority unsettled. The profession of actor (there are no Chinese actresses) is not considered very reputable by the Chinese; and, as a consequence, there is very little rivalry and not much improvement among the Chinese dramatic artists.

In San Francisco, there are two Chinese theatres; the most popular of which is the Chinese Royal Theatre, on Jackson Street. The auditorium of these is constructed after the style of the American theatres, but there are no pretensions to elegance, comfort, or artistic finish in any part of the building. A circle and gallery, furnished with common benches, perhaps two or three private boxes—not, however, as desirable as the the public seats—and a small gallery for female spectators, constitute the seating capacity of the room. The stage is simply a raised platform, having no drop-curtain nor scenes. If, in the course of the play, it is necessary for one of the actors to assume to die, he goes about it in a business-like manner, and after the last agony has passed, and the audience have accepted the representation of death as complete, he gets up and walks off the stage in full view of the spectators, entirely dispelling the delusion that the drop-curtain would strengthen. This certainly indicates that the Chinese have very practical minds. The actors, when not engaged with a part, occupy seats at the rear of the stage—still in view of the audience—where they eat and smoke incessantly. The orchestra numbers five or six instruments, the more prominent of which are the gong, drum, and Chinese fiddle. The performers on these instruments sit just behind the actors, and, judging from the unceasing din they make, they are paid for the quantity instead of the quality of music produced. Two doors at the back of the stage—one at each side—serve for the ingress and egress of the actors.

The costumes of the actors are grotesque, and sometimes so disfigure the form of the wearer that it is difficult to decide whether he be brute or human. Little dancing is seen on the stage of the Chinese theatres, and except that indulged in by the actors, it is an amusement that the race have no relish for whatever. Their strength is too valuable to be exhausted in this (to them) useless exercise.

During the most exciting performances on the stage, there may be an occasional deep drawn sigh or a slight murmur of satisfaction in the audience; but however intense the interest in the play may be, there is never a burst of applause, commingled with the stamping of feet and clapping of hands. The countenances of both actors and spectators for the most part remain stolid and expressionless, the former apparently indifferent as to whether they act well or ill, the latter contemplating the scene with a look of unconcern, as if the performance that they witness was an every day life experience. Yet they all heartily enjoy it, and are pleased.

XXXV.

報公番唐

A CHINESE NEWSPAPER—MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

A CHINESE NEWSPAPER.

EVERY Saturday there is issued from the lithographic press a good-sized sheet, bearing at the top of the first page, as its title, the above peculiar characters, which, reading from right to left, would be pronounced Tong Fan Goon Po—meaning, in English, *The Oriental*. The *Oriental* is the organ of the Chinese of California. Except a small card of the publishers, in one corner, this paper is printed in Chinese characters, and to any person except a Chinaman it is anything but a *newspaper*. On its exchange list are numerous Chinese papers, published in different cities of the Empire. From these the publishers glean interesting news from the different provinces in China, which does not fail to be appreciated by the Chinese here; for they are always eager to obtain tidings from home.

Its local columns are filled with clippings from the daily city papers, with now and then short editorial comments upon topics relating in any way to the Chinese population in California. By it, more than from any other source, the Chinese are informed of the excitement their presence in California occasions. The various municipal ordinances that are enacted by the authorities, specially directed at the Chinese, are duly mentioned and explained, so that John Chinaman may not ignorantly violate the "Melican" laws.

Fung Affoo, a christianized Chinaman, who speaks, writes and reads English well, and who is very intelligent withal, is the translator for the paper. He is a very affable gentleman, and converses entertainingly upon any topic that may be introduced. He is a young man, perhaps not thirty years of age; but having left his native country in childhood, and traveled extensively in America, he is perhaps as thoroughly Americanized as a Chinaman can be—dressing in the American costume, and conforming to many of our customs.

The *Oriental* has about seven hundred regular subscribers, most of whom are in San Francisco. Many of the American merchants advertise in its columns. It is printed on stone, by the lithographic process, there being no Chinese type in this country. Its publishers are Chock Wong and J. Hoffman, and it is furnished to subscribers at five dollars a year.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

The Chinese, as a class, are great readers. The educated, in particular, are very studious—improving all their leisure time by reading standard Chinese works. Books are exposed for sale in almost all the stores in the Chinese "quarter." Many of the common Chinese laborers, who are apparently ignorant of everything except the manner of performing the work they are engaged in, and the fact that to live they must eat, drink, and sleep, occupy their leisure moments in reading.

What they read, is difficult to learn. They have an extensive literature from which to draw, but the particular kind of works that the Chinese in California prefer to study or read, is known only to themselves. They will tell you that they read novels or stories, very like our modern writers produce, and we are aware that the educated persons among them have recourse to books treating of various important subjects. The writings of the ancient philosophers, are the Chinese classics, and no student has finished his education without having studied the more popular works of these authors pretty thoroughly.

Besides books of romance, poetry, and like light productions, they have works on most all subjects that book-makers of other nations have treated, among which are botany, natural history, geography and medicine. They frequently carry medical works with them wherever they go, so that should disease or accident overtake them when beyond the reach of a physician, they may learn how to prescribe for themselves.

VIEW OF GODS IN CHINESE "JOSS" HOUSE.

XXXVI.

THE RELIGION OF THE CHINESE.

CONFUCIUS, LAO-TSZE, BUDDHA—HEATHEN TEMPLES.

CONFUCIUS, LAO-TSZE, BUDDHA.

IT is very difficult to ascertain which of the three forms of religious belief—Confucian, Taouist or Buddhist—has the most adherents in San Francisco. Many of the Chinese no doubt recognize certain principles in them all, and by harmonizing these, manage in some way to evolve a doctrine that satisfies their religious cravings. Confucius is a favorite ancestor, and he is, therefore, accepted by many as the divine teacher of men. His writings are much studied by the educated; and the whole political, as well as social, machinery of the Chinese is founded on his philosophy. His Book of Rites is the law to each individual Chinaman, whether he be a disciple of the Buddha or of the divine Lao-tsze—for by it are his actions regulated, it being officially accepted as best suited to instruct mankind in all of life's duties.

According to Chinese scholars, Confucius was born on the 19th of June, 551, B.C., in the petty province of Lu. His name was Kong, but his disciples and admirers called him *Kong fu-tsi* (Kong, the master or teacher), which, being latinized by the Jesuit missionaries, was resolved into Confucius.

Confucius did not pretend to have any greater wisdom than that any intelligent man might acquire. He was simply a wise philosopher, and his philosophy was ethical, not religious. He taught men how to *live*, not how to die. He did not recognize any superior being, as God; but believed that man could attain to the highest intellectual and moral perfection of all creatures or things. His doctrine is simply told by himself: "I teach you nothing," says he, "but what you might learn yourselves, viz: the observance of the three fundamental laws of relation between sovereign and subject, father and child, husband and wife; and the five capital virtues—universal charity, impartial justice, *conformity to ceremonies and established usages*, rectitude of heart and mind, and pure sincerity." He inculcated the necessity of acts of homage for the dead, and advised that respectful ceremonies be observed at the graves of deceased persons or at their homes;—hence the practice now prevailing among Chinese of keeping a room in their residences for the worship of the dead—the "hall of ancestors,"—and the ceremonies that are therein performed at certain dates. Confucius' most god-like quality was, that in his life he practised what he preached. This example had its influence on the people, and caused many who would not otherwise have accepted his teachings, to enlist as his disciples.

During his life, he held several political offices at different times, in the administration of which he introduced many reforms. He died 479 B.C., at the age of three-score years and ten. His family has continued through sixty-eight or seventy generations, to the present day, in the same province and locality where he was born. They are honored by various privileges, and enjoy a sort of aristocratic distinction—being the only examples of hereditary aristocracy in the Empire.

Lao-tsze, was the founder of the Taouist (sect of reason) religion. His existence is rather mythical. His biographers name the time of his birth as 604 B.C., and of his death one hundred and nineteen years thereafter. The latter part of his life was therefore contemporaneous with Confucius. It is said that Confucius visited the old philosopher with a view to gain more wisdom from him, but the meeting of the two sages was not satisfactory. Lao-tsze rebuked Confucius for his pride.

The Taouist religion, as promulgated by its founder, was excellent, and more nearly suited to the spiritual nature of man than the Confucian, but its succeeding advocates and interpreters have introduced so many new isms into the doctrine, among which are alchemy and divination, that it is now accepted only by the imbecile aged, and the illiterate.

The disciples of Lao-tsze believe—as his biographers state—that he was the incarnation of a shooting star, and that previous to his birth he lay in his mothers' womb for eighty years. It is also a common belief among them that he did not die, but like Elijah, was translated to heaven—not however in a chariot of fire, but upon the back of a black buffalo.

We are told that Buddhism—from the title "The Buddha," meaning "the wise," "the enlightened," which was given to its founder—has existed nearly two thousand five hundred years, and is the prevailing religion of the world. It originated in Hindostan, and a prince, by name Siddhartha, is the accredited founder of this belief. This royal child was very precocious, having displayed wonderful intellectual powers in early childhood. It was the desire of the king—his father—that the prince should be reared amidst the splendors of a rich court; and therefore Siddhartha was surrounded by every luxury. Had he been disposed, as most princes are, he would have felt, no doubt, that his was to be a life of pleasure—a blissful existence; but his mind was too active and grasping to be content with such emptiness, and those things that had been placed about him by loving hands, to heighten his enjoyment, became repulsive. He was given to meditation, and in his thoughtful moods the gaiety around him was a source of annoyance; so he fled the court, and shut himself up in a monastery, in the solitude of which, he endeavored to solve the problem of life. After great turbulence of mind and continued thoughtfulness, by which many conclusions were formed, accepted as true for a time and finally abandoned for more satisfactory deductions, the principles of the Buddhist religion were evolved.

It has been said by learned writers that the original moral code of the Buddha, "for pureness, excellence, and wisdom, is only second to that of the Divine Lawgiver himself." It taught charity, purity, patience, courage, contemplation, knowledge, resignation under misfortune, and humility.

It is a doctrine of transmigration of souls. As soon as the life (which is the soul) goes out of one body it is born again into another existence. If, while the soul inhabited the first body, the actions and thoughts done in that body were in accordance with the teachings of the Buddha, then the new birth would be higher and holier. Thus the soul would continue throughout interminable ages, passing from one high existence to another still more exalted, till a perfect bliss might perhaps finally be reached in one of the many Buddhist heavens. For the bad spirits or souls a retrograde transmigration is marked out, until they at last reach one of the one hundred and thirty-six hells, prepared for them in the centre of the earth. But according to the Buddhist belief, there is no God. They perhaps unconsciously look up to a higher power than human, but the doctrine originated with man, and therefore it is thought not to comprehend anything that man cannot attain to by his natural intellectual gifts.

But Buddhism, like most other religious beliefs, has been corrupted by attempted improvements, until the original doctrine is scarcely recognized in the principles of the Buddhists to-day. It was like a machine that is perhaps nearly perfect, but complicated. So long as the inventor is at call to adjust any dislocated part, it operates successfully; but for practical use, among any and every kind of people, it soon ceases to be available.

The wisdom of its founder is thought so superior that his disciples worship him instead of following the precepts he laid down. Thus has it merged into a species of idolatry.

HEATHEN TEMPLES.

We have thus briefly alluded to the prevailing religious beliefs among the Chinese, hoping that in so doing the reader may be able to discover a reason for some of the peculiarities of the race. We do not pretend to know how many of the Chinese of San Francisco hold to one or another of these, but there are few among them who are not influenced by the teachings of those who are earnest believers in one of these three religions. The Christian religion, to them, is like Buddhism is to us—incomprehensible; and because they as a nation have advanced in many things that tend to a high civilization, though almost opposite to our own, they may naturally think that *they are right*, and we are wrong—that we are the heathens and barbarians, while they are the farthest advanced in civilization. From the principles of their various religions, and the zeal they manifest in following their teachings, we can understand how difficult it is for the Chinese to readily assimilate with Americans, by adopting our costume and copying after our manners and habits of life.

There are no less than six Chinese Joss houses, or places of worship, in San Francisco; but of these there is but one that approaches very nearly to our ideas of the elegance and magnificence of an oriental pagan temple. But even the finest of these does not appear externally, to be anything superior to the ordinary dingy business block of the Chinese quarter—if we except a little display of tinsel on the balcony, and a pair of artificially animated dragons that are perched upon the outer balustrade. The disciples of the Buddha, of Confucius, or of Lao-tsze, are too cautious and too practical, to squander their hard-earned dollars by erecting costly "temples to the gods" in a land where their presence is considered unwholesome; so they content themselves by fitting up only the interior of the house of worship in accordance with the custom that obtains in their native land.

The entrance to a Chinese Joss house in San Francisco is up numerous flights of narrow, dingy stairs, dark and foul. The chambers, wherein the many deities are enthroned, are usually in the top story of the building. Upon entering before the sacred presence, the odor of burning incense and the gloom of night are oppressive to the senses. At the wall, on the side of the room, is a raised platform, perhaps three feet high, set back in a sort of arched alcove, upon which are placed the images of worship, to all of whom the devout Chinaman deems it his duty to offer thanksgiving and adoration at certain times. These images or idols are made of wood or plaster, not quite as large as life, and may be many or few, according to the ability and desire of the proprietors of the temple. There is seldom a less number than three, and frequently from six to twelve are set up to receive worship. The drapery, carving and gilt, that ornament the alcoves, are costly and elegant, in the finer Joss houses—considerable artistic taste and much skillful workmanship being manifest in the arrangement, although the moulding or sculpturing of the images is very crude. Hanging in front of the gods is a glass lantern, filled with oil, in which is kept burning constantly a small taper, while at their feet, in a box of sand or ashes, are small incense sticks, of paper and sandal wood, slowly burning away, the smoke and odor of which ascend even into the very nostrils and eyes of the sacred images, forever and forever. Curiously wrought vases stand on tables about the room, in some of which are bouquets of artificial flowers, while in others are bamboo splits, slips of paper, divining-sticks, and various other accessories to heathen worship. There are tables, upon which are placed gilded carvings, executed with wonderful skill—evidently being mimic representations of the large images of worship, together with many curious devices, representing animals, plants, fowls, fishes, etc., no doubt forming a pictorial history of Chinese mythology. A large bell, mounted upon a stout frame, and an immense drum, form the furniture of another part of the room. These are used to arouse the sleeping gods, as well as to render more impressive certain ceremonial observances. Immediately in front of the images are placed tables, upon which the food offerings are strewn. The gods are seldom permitted to go hungry, and their thirst is forever allayed by the bounteous supply of tea that is kept constantly before them within easy reach.

The lining of the canopy over the gods is crimson, and about the walls of the building, both inside and out, upon the pilasters of the alcoves, and upon the curtains, are characters in crimson, red and gilt, having various significances. Just over the proscenium arch—as it were—are the characters *Shing Ti Ling Toi*, which means, "the spiritual gallery of the all-powerful gods." Beneath this, on a richly embroidered curtain, are *Shing Shan Mo Keung*—"the gods whose holy age is perpetual." Those on the outer walls are generally the prayers of the worshipers, with their names attached, and not unfrequently the amount they contribute in offerings.

The principal images in these temples represent "the god of the Sombre Heavens," "the god of War," "the god of Medicine," and "the god of Wealth," all of which are worshiped; and a large number of very small evil deities—representing many of the commoner sins—which are propitiated. The first of these—"the god of the Sombre Heavens"—is *Yun Ten Tin*, who is supposed to have the entire control of the water of the earth. He is worshiped because of his ability to prevent drouth and extinguish fire—two great evils that are prevalent in China.

Kovan Tai, "the god of War," is a favorite deity with the Chinese of San Francisco, because of the remarkable power he possesses of settling disputes, quelling riots, etc.,—a simple appeal to him being sufficient to intimidate the most malicious enemy. His financial ability is regarded as superior also.

Wah Taw, "the god of Medicine," is another favorite, being appealed to while in health, to keep off disease, and while sick, for relief. By the aid of the mysterious incantations of a priest, this divine healer is supposed to be able to cure all manner of disease. But *Thoi Pah Shing Kwun*, "the god of Wealth," the dispenser of riches, has about him the more earnest and hopeful worshipers of all. To him the merchants, capitalists, money changers, etc., bend the knee; and to him does almost every Chinaman appeal, whether rich or poor, hoping thereby to be prospered in whatever business he is engaged in. There are separate deities for female worshipers—that is, those worshiped by them exclusively.

With all these accessories so convenient for a lengthy ritual service, the worship of the Chinese is very simple and commonplace. There is a marked lack of reverence in their manner of approach to "the gods." They do not uncover the head, nor cease their conversation, neither do they remove from their lips the pipe or cigar; but if they have an offering to make they do it in the simplest and most unceremonious way, and then go through the chin-chinning performance (bowing low three times) as quick and as slight as though the whole proceeding were of very little importance. Occasionally one will prostrate himself before his deity and mutter in a low voice, a prayer; and it is not uncommon for the female worshipers to conduct themselves very reverently, as if they felt their own humility, and recognized in the image before them a very superior being, worthy of everlasting adoration.

The priests receive their support from the sale of incense tapers, paper money offerings, incense candles, and the like, required by the worshipers. Many visitors also purchase from them some of the devotional apparatus, to keep as Chinese curiosities. The Chinese temples of San Francisco, if treated in detail, would furnish subject matter for an extended article; but after all it would be a narrative abounding in mystery, no less incomprehensible than peculiar—a fit and interesting subject for a special work, but inappropriate for a volume of sketches. Although the Chinese appear to us indifferent and unconcerned about their religious affairs, it is certainly apparent that there is nothing that exerts a more powerful influence over them than their religious beliefs.

XXXVII.

THE SIX CHINESE COMPANIES.

CO-OPERATION—THE SIX COMPANIES.

CO-OPERATION.

THE Chinese in America seem to fully understand the benefits of co-operation. Most any business or industry in which they engage as principals is shared in by a company organization, which may number as members or partners, from two to twenty-five persons; while the members of the "Six Companies" are counted by tens of thousands. They are a very uncommunicative people, when questioned regarding their private affairs, and it is therefore very difficult—almost impossible—to learn the particular nature of the compacts they form among themselves. There is apparently a sort of freemasonry among them, by which they are influenced and controlled to a great degree—the secret working of which is known only to those concerned.

In many of the manufacturing industries they have engaged in, there is an association of labor as well as capital. A number of practical shoemakers or cigarmakers will associate themselves into a company, rent proper rooms to carry on their business, purchase material on their combined credit, and with a very little individual or company capital, start and continue successfully, an extensive manufacturing business. Each member of the firm, however, is a practical workman, and performs his respective share of the labor required in the enterprise. In this manner, the workmen employed by white manufacturers, when discharged, frequently unite in the same business, and in a week come before the public as strong competitors of their former employer, from whom they had learned the business.

THE SIX COMPANIES.

It is very probable that every Chinaman on the Pacific Coast belongs to one or another of the six principal companies.

These companies are ostensibly organized for protective and charitable purposes, yet there is little doubt but that the officers (of whom there are twelve for each company) and strongest members turn the influence and authority of their respective societies to speculative purposes—although they persistently deny any such assertions.

The Chinese come from different districts and provinces of the Empire, and all those coming from the same section are generally enrolled in that company having the greatest number of members from their native district. Thus the companies may be said to be sectional, representing district divisions of territory in China. These companies have been formed as exigencies have demanded, some having been organized quite recently, while others have been in existence since there has been any considerable Chinese immigration to California.

The names of the companies and the membership of each are as follows: Wing Yung Company, 75,000; Hop Wo Company, 34,000; Kong Chow Company, 15,000; Yung Wo Company, 10,200; Sam Yup Company, 10,100, and Yan Wo Company, 4,300. This list of members comprises those who are scattered broadcast throughout the country, and those who have returned to China, as well as the city membership. Each company has a presiding officer who is elected every year by the votes of the merchants and men of wealth only. There are no dues charged and no apparent income to the company treasury, except the sum of five dollars that each member is compelled to pay before he returns to his native land.

It might appear strange to those unacquainted with Chinese tact, how the companies could keep watch over so many members, and collect this fee before they have embarked upon the steamer, and are perhaps without the Golden Gate rapidly lessening the distance between themselves and the oriental shore. It is very likely that each member keeps the officers of his company informed of his whereabouts, and no doubt somewhat of his future plans, by correspondence or otherwise; but this would not restrain many from packing up and quitting these "barbarian shores" without paying the required fee. The managers of the companies understand the deceptive traits of their countrymen sufficiently well to guard against a secret departure. They go to the fountain-head of the matter, and require the steamship companies to decline to carry any Chinese passenger back to China, under penalty of no patronage, unless he has a passport, or permit, certifying that his debts are paid, and he is honorably entitled to go home if he desires, from the company to which he belongs, duly signed and sealed.

The objects of these companies, as stated by their officers, are, as previously intimated, protective and charitable. They have agents in Hongkong, and perhaps at some other open ports of China, who look after the emigrants as they arrive from interior districts, preparatory to coming to California. Many of the Chinese who come here cannot raise the fifty-three dollars charged by the steamers for passage. To these the companies make advance payments or loans, and after their arrival here, direct them to places where they may find employment, meantime caring for them by furnishing them the necessary money to live on. The persons who are thus aided contract with the company to return the money thus advanced when they shall have earned it, with a certain interest. It cannot be denied that this, as stated, is a praiseworthy object—a good principle upon which to found immigration societies. But if, as has been frequently charged, and is doubtless true in many instances, these generous motives are only a cloak to conceal from the victim and public a deep-laid and well-planned scheme, to deprive these unfortunate countrymen of liberty, by binding them, and, by the very force of circumstances, compelling them to perform certain labor, a number of years, for a specified small compensation, then the practice is simply damnable.

The companies also provide for the return to, and interment in, their native soil, of the remains of deceased members. This arrangement is accomplished by the member paying to them a certain sum of money, sufficient to defray the expenses, for which it agrees to find the body (should the member die) and perform this sacred service, faithfully and honestly. Diseased and disabled members are also permitted to return to their friends at home, without the payment of the usual five dollar fee, and in some instances the return passage money (twelve dollars) is also supplied them.

Each company has an office or company house. Upon the arrival of a steamer from China, representatives of the different companies repair to the dock,—having previously secured a number of express wagons to convey the baggage and passengers from the wharf to Chinatown—and there greet the new arrivals with good wishes and so forth. They learn from each where he is from—that is, what district in China—and after explaining to him the objects of the company (unless he has previously been apprised of its existence by the agent in China), he is enrolled as a member and escorted (by not only his friends but a large band of lawless hoodlums also) to the odorous precincts of the Chinese quarter, where he will at leisure be shown the sights of the modern Mecca. There is nothing that possesses such strange interest for the "Easterner" as scenes at the dock of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, upon the arrival of a cargo of these heathen.

XXXVIII.

MISSION WORK AMONG THE CHINESE.

CHRISTIANIZING THE HEATHEN—THE WORK OF THE CHURCHES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

CHRISTIANIZING THE HEATHEN.

THERE is, perhaps, no race of people less susceptible to the influences of Christianity than the Chinese. They are satisfied with their notions of life and its objects, and care not to receive further enlightenment. This is no doubt because of their peculiar civilization, which to them is superior to any other. They, like we, think that other nations are behind them in progression, and consider our offers of instruction in religion, very presumptious. But, unlike us, they are content with their own beliefs and are not solicitous concerning others. They are willing for the people of other nations to worship whatever or whomever they choose, asking of them nothing, only to be let alone.

As a nation, the Chinese do not seem to have the common human desire to know how other nations do such and such things, or what opinion they have of them. They are minus the questioning curiosity that is a characteristic of Americans particularly, and of Europeans generally. It is, therefore, very difficult for missionaries to make any progress towards Christianizing this people. The Chinese who come to this country, wonderingly ask, why it is that we do not all live in accordance with the teachings of Christianity, if it is so good as our ministers proclaim it to be. When they see so many religious factions, all claiming to be the true interpreters of the religion of Christ, and besides these, so many persons who disregard all religious teachings, they very naturally conclude that our religion is only a secondary matter at best, and become indifferent concerning it. If there is any choice in the two plans favored by the churches and religious people,—that of sending missionaries to China to labor among the people in their own land, or that of encouraging Chinese immigration, so as to bring them under the direct influence of a Christian nation, we would say that the former mode would be preferable; for the holy example of the missionary would have more influence, it would seem, where he was the only representative of Christianity, than where his precepts and teaching were constantly belied by his irreligious fellows. The Chinese, no doubt, look upon every American as a Christian; they therefore cannot reconcile the differences that exist among them.

THE WORK OF THE CHURCHES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Nearly every religious denomination holding to the Protestant faith, has established mission houses for the Chinese, or aided by contributions, their establishment. The first of these was founded as early as 1852, by the Rev. William Speer, D. D. —a missionary from Canton, China, who understood the Chinese language thoroughly, and was well acquainted with the character of the race. This mission was sustained by the Presbyterian Church, and under Dr. Speer's management a Chinese Presbyterian Church was organized in 1853, for the benefit of the Chinese converts. Dr. Speer's health failing about this time, he was compelled to abandon his charge, and the mission was no longer supported. Most of the members of the church returned to China, while a few took letters to the First Presbyterian Church in the city.

Six years later, Rev. A. W. Loomis undertook, successfully, the reorganization of the church, and assumed the management of the mission. Since that time, eighty Chinese have become members of this church, five of whom have died, and seven have returned to China with letters to churches there. Of the remaining sixty-eight, there are five who have been absent so long without communicating with the officers of the church, that their names have been dropped from the roll. There are, therefore, sixty-three out of eighty, remaining in good standing, and who are, as far as may be judged, exemplary and active Christians. At other towns in the State, forty-five have been received into the Presbyterian fold. We quote from a letter written by one of the pastors of an interior mission to the Secretary of the California Chinese Mission. Speaking of the Chinese members he says. "The officers of the church have as much confidence in their integrity as in that of other members. At their examination, we felt that they understood the elements of the Christian religion quite as intelligently as American Christians." Another Presbyterian minister, interested somewhat directly in the Chinese missions, says of the converts: "It was the remark of our Session when they were examined (at different times) that rarely have any presented themselves as candidates for church membership who gave more satisfactory evidence of a radical change of heart, and of a knowledge of the important doctrines of grace." * * "If our Lord's test is to be applied to the converted Chinese—'By their *fruits* ye shall know them'—I know of no class of Christians from any nation, that gives more conclusive proof of such a change as that text requires, than do those from this heathen people, whose habits and spirit I have had opportunity for these three years very carefully to study." These statements made by prominent ministers, are corroborated by the pastors of the various missions and Chinese churches.

Besides those converts who have connected themselves with the church, there are perhaps fifteen others who have not yet been baptized, but who attend the services at the missions regularly, and are thought to be Christians. Including these, the total number of Chinese converts resulting from the missionary work of the Presbyterian Church, is one hundred and forty.

This mission sustains a school for the Chinese also, and an asylum in which Chinese women are placed after having been recovered from a life of infamy. The regular attendance at the school in the city, is considered good—the average number daily attending being over one hundred.

An undenominational society of ladies sustains and conducts a school for children which has an attendance of forty-one children—twenty of whom were born in California.

There is a Chinese Young Men's Christian Association, having its headquarters in the city, and aiding numerous branches in different towns on the coast. The membership of this organization is about five hundred. It has both active and associate members, and is undenominational. "Any Chinaman, of good moral character, willing to forsake idolatry, and desiring to associate with Christians, may become an *associate* member, having all the privileges of other members, except the right to vote." Rev. Dr. Loomis says of it: "This association continues to maintain a vigorous life. It has members and branch associations widely scattered over the country. Their constitution contains a very good creed, and their rules are wholesome and well enforced. Their rooms are a pleasant resort, and at least three times each week resound with the voices of devout praise and earnest supplication. During the holidays, they hold meetings in rotation with their brethren of other missions, and also go out upon the streets to sing and exhort."

Twenty-five Chinese women have accepted, voluntarily, the protection offered by the asylum provided for them, and, so far as known, not one has returned to her former life. Five of them have been united in marriage to Christian Chinamen, and are apparently as good "keepers at home" as the husbands could have hoped to find.

The Methodist Mission under charge of Rev. O. H. Gibson, and maintained by the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society, was founded in 1869. The church organization connected with this mission has a membership numbering about thirty-five. A Chinese preacher conducts the Sabbath services in the Chinese language. This mission has provided a room where preaching and prayer-meeting is conducted daily, according to a plan satisfactorily adopted in China. Into this room the Chinese come and go with perfect freedom, no formality or ceremony whatever being observed. They sit or stand, with hats on or off, smoking their pipes or cigars, if they choose, and pass in and out as often as they like during the service. This room is also used as a day school for Chinese, at which there is an attendance of from fifteen to twenty pupils. At the evening school, held at the mission house, the average attendance is eighty.

The mission work of this denomination, among the Chinese women, has been quite successful. Seventy-five females, the youngest of whom was only eight years old, have been received by it. These were all kept perforce in houses of prostitution, and subjected to most inhuman treatment. Those engaged in this work of restoring to virtuous lives the enslaved Chinese females, express great satisfaction at the result of their labor. It is very gratifying to know that when they have once escaped from their captors, they never again return to the life of sin, except by being kidnapped and driven to it by violent abuse.

The Baptist Church maintains a Chinese mission at an annual expenditure of $2,500. The attendance at its school varies from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five. In connection with the school is a library, containing five hundred volumes in Chinese and English.

A mission has also been established by the Congregational Churches of the city, which is conducted under the name of "The California Chinese Mission," and is auxiliary to the American Missionary Association. Several schools are supported by this mission, both in the city and interior towns.

The Roman Catholic Church, commonly the leader in missionary work, has not a single mission or school conducted under its auspices, for the benefit of the Chinese. As long ago as 1853, a Catholic Chinese preacher, Father Thomas, by name, came to San Francisco from Siam, for the purpose of engaging in missionary labor among the Chinese population of California. He labored for some time in this field, but with such ill success that he finally abandoned the cause and returned to his own country. Father Valentine, an Italian Catholic priest, also engaged for a time in the endeavor to convert the Chinese to the Catholic faith; but, like his predecessor, failed signally in the attempt, and ceased his efforts. So, to-day, the missionary work among this strange people is confined to the Protestant denominations.

The number of schools, religious and otherwise, maintained in San Francisco, by the different churches and missionary societies, especially for the Chinese, is about fifteen. Almost every church organization, that has a house of worship, has, in addition to the regular sabbath school and preaching services on the Lord's day, a Chinese sabbath school. Where the attendance is good, and the interest in the exercises is kept up, it is certainly a strange and interesting scene to witness the Chinese men and boys (few females attend) engage in the Christian worship by song and prayer, as such services are usually conducted. As we look upon the array of really eager and animated faces that have assembled to learn of God and heaven, the apt poem, *Gyp Tie* is always brought to mind. Little Gyp was always casting celestial glances heavenward, and it was his delight to relieve his pent up soul of its excess of heavenly desires by singing in sweet accents,

> "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand,
> A clown upon my folhead, a halp within my hand."

But in an evil moment little Gyp's angelic qualities all left him and he carried off his mistress's silver plate. Therefore, as we said before, when we witness this gathering of celestial mortals, striving, we hope, to reach finally, a celestial immortality, we think of little Gyp Tie, and wonder how many of these before us would, under favorable circumstances, give up their chance of celestial bliss, for a few material specimens of value, in the shape of silver spoons, and gold and silver ornaments.

The total number of Chinese converted to Christianity on the Pacific Coast, exceeds, a very little, three hundred. The half of this number, it is claimed, were converted during the last three years—thus showing that results are beginning to multiply.

XXXIX.

THE "HEATHEN CHINEE."

HIS TACT—THE MEMORIAL OF THE SIX COMPANIES—PECULIAR ENTERPRISE OF THE HEATHEN.

HIS TACT.

HEATHEN that he is, John Chinaman is wise in diplomacy. His tact is wonderful, and he comprehends matters of dispute relating in any way to himself, even more readily than his superior white brother. We call him unprogressive, but he moves steadily onward, slowly, but sure. He is by no means ignorant of the agitation his presence in the United States has excited, even in the halls of Congress; but except when emergency requires him to speak or act, he is silent and passive. When, however, his voice is raised in his own behalf, the tone is so bland and his words so amicably and honestly spoken, that those unacquainted with his peculiar resources are convinced beyond doubt that instead of being an evil, he is a valuable acquisition to the country; and all the noise and clamour that the citizens of California have raised against him is certainly uncalled for.

He promptly meets every question that is sprung against him, in so docile and delicately modest, a manner; with a noble humility of spirit, yet with an occasional outcropping of power that indicates his latent strength, that does not fail to awaken a sympathizing sentiment for him among the intelligent men of the nation.

Unquestionably, his defensive tactics are superior. His manner of meeting his opponents, indicates that he is a student of human nature; that he has analyzed the American character, and discovered those points that are not fortified against influences that he, to a degree, controls. He therefore plays upon those feelings and passions that he deems susceptible to his touch, and he does it in so quiet a way that he is not discovered until he has produced the desired effect.

The late agitation against Chinese immigration has done much to develop this genius in him. Every document that has been publicly circulated as a protest against him, he has answered with such apparent candor, that, if he has not entirely destroyed the influence it was meant to exert, as a check to further Chinese immigration, he has, at least, modified public sentiment so as to avert speedy action relating thereto.

His answer to the address and resolutions of the great Anti-Chinese mass meeting, held in San Francisco not long since, is characterized by its simplicity, terseness, and candid tone, and particularly, by its modest dignity. There is also in it a half concealed vein of satire, that renders the document especially effective. Indeed, it may be called as uccess, in a literary sense, for it is an example of the use of language that some of our writers of acknowledged merit might study with profit. It is logical withal; from a Chinese standpoint it presents almost every argument in favor of Chinese immigration, and aptly answers the statements uttered in the address of the citizens *en masse* assembled. But it has misstatements and exaggerations, and omits to mention some of the vices and evils of the Chinese, as will be seen by referring to the preceding chapters in this volume, relating to the Chinese of San Francisco.

We give the memorial in full, as it was forwarded to the President of the United States, as it tells in as small space as it could be given, the opinion of the more intelligent Chinese in California, as relates to their presence in America, and the advantages, both to themselves and the country, of Chinese immigration. Besides, we discover in it some of their notions of how our governmental affairs should be conducted, and their interpretation of the treaty stipulations existing between China and America.

MEMORIAL OF THE SIX CHINESE COMPANIES.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY U. S. GRANT, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

SIR: In the absence of any Consular representative, we, the undersigned, in the name and in behalf of the Chinese people now in America, would most respectfully present for your consideration the following statements regarding the subject of Chinese emigration to this country:

I. We understand that it has always been the settled policy of your honorable Government to welcome emigration to your shores from all countries, without let or hindrance. The Chinese are not the only people who have crossed the ocean to seek a residence in this land.

II. The treaty of amity and peace between the United States and China makes special mention of the rights and privileges of Americans in China, and also of the rights and privileges of Chinese in America.

III. American steamers, subsidized by your honorable Government, have visited the ports of China, and invited our people to come to this country to find employment and improve their condition. Our people have been coming to this country for the last twenty-five years, but up to the present time there are only 150,000 Chinese in all these United States, 60,000 of whom are in California, and 30,000 in the city of San Francisco.

IV. Our people in this country, for the most part, have been peaceable, law-abiding and industrious. They performed the largest part of the unskilled labor in the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad, and also of all other railroads on this coast. They have found useful and remunerative employment in all the manufacturing establishments of this coast, in agricultural pursuits, and in family service. While benefiting themselves with the honest reward of their daily toil, they have given satisfaction to their employers and have left all the results of their industry to enrich the State. They have not displaced white laborers from these positions, but have simply multiplied the industrial enterprises of the country.

V. The Chinese have neither attempted nor desired to interfere with the established order of things in this country, either of politics or religion. They have opened no whiskey saloons for the purpose of dealing out poison and degrading their fellow-men. They have promptly paid their duties, their taxes, their rents, and their debts.

VI. It has often occurred, about the time of the State and general elections, that political agitators have stirred up the minds of the people in hostility to the Chinese, but formerly the hostility has usually subsided after the elections were over.

VII. At the present time an intense excitement and bitter hostility against the Chinese in this land, and against further Chinese emigration, has been created in the minds of the people, led on by His Honor the Mayor of San Francisco and his associates in office, and approved by His Excellency the Governor, and other great men of the State. These great men gathered some 20,000 of the people of this city together on the evening of April 5th, and adopted an address and resolutions against Chinese emigration. They have since appointed three men (one of whom we understand to be the author of the address and resolutions) to carry that address and those resolutions to your Excellency, and to present further objections, if possible, against the emigration of the Chinese to this country.

VIII. In that address numerous charges are made against our people, some of which are highly colored and sensational, and others, having no foundation whatever in fact, are only calculated to mislead honest minds and create an unjust prejudice against us. We wish most respectfully to call your attention, and through you the attention of Congress, to some of the statements of that remarkable paper, and ask a careful comparison of the statements there made with the facts of the case.

(a.) It is charged against us that not one virtuous Chinawoman has been brought to this country, and that here we have no wives nor children. The fact is, that already a few hundred Chinese families have been brought here. These are all chaste, pure, keepers-at-home, not known on the public street. There are also among us a few hundred, perhaps a thousand, Chinese children born in America. The reason why so few of our families are brought to this country is because it is contrary to the custom and against the inclination of virtuous Chinese women to go so far from home, and because the frequent outbursts of popular indignation against our people have not encouraged us to bring our families with us against their will. Quite a number of Chinese prostitutes have been brought to this country by unprincipled Chinamen, but these at first were brought from China at the instigation and for the gratification of white men. And even at the present time it is commonly reported that a part of the proceeds of this villainous traffic goes to enrich a certain class of men belonging to this honorable nation—a class of men, too, who are under solemn obligations to suppress the whole vile business, and who certainly have it in their power to suppress it if they so desired. A few years ago, our Chinese merchants tried to send these prostitutes back to China, and succeeded in getting a large number on board the outgoing steamer, but a certain lawyer of your honorable nation (said to be the author and bearer of these resolutions against our people), in the employ of unprincipled Chinamen, procured a writ of habeas corpus, and brought all those women on shore again, and the courts decided that they had a right to stay in this country if they so desired. Those women are still here, and the only remedy for this evil, and also for the evil of Chinese gambling, lies, so far as we can see, in an honest and impartial administration of municipal government, in all its details, even including the Police Department. If officers would refuse bribes, then unprincipled Chinamen could no longer purchase immunity from the punishment of their crimes.

(b.) It is charged against us that we have purchased no real estate. The general tone of public sentiment has not been such as to encourage us to invest in real estate, and yet our people have purchased and now own over $800,000 worth of real estate in San Francisco alone.

(c.) It is charged against us that we eat rice, fish, and vegetables. It is true that our diet is slightly different from the people of this honorable country; our tastes in these matters are not exactly alike, and cannot be forced. But is that a sin on our part of sufficient gravity to be brought before the President and Congress of the United States?

(d.) It is charged that the Chinese are no benefit to this country. Are the railroads built by Chinese labor no benefit to the country? Are the manufacturing establishments, largely worked by Chinese, no benefit to this country? Do not the results of the daily toil of a hundred thousand men increase the riches of this country? Is it no benefit to this country that the Chinese annually pay over $2,000,000 duties at the Custom-house of San Francisco? Is not the $200,000 annual poll-tax paid by the Chinese any benefit? And are not the hundreds of thousands of dollars taxes on personal property, and the foreign miners' tax, annually paid to the revenues of this country, any benefit?

(e.) It is charged against us that the Six Chinese Companies have secretly established judicial tribunals, jails and prisons, and secretly exercise judicial authority over the people. This charge has no foundation in fact.

These Six Companies were originally organized for the purposes of mutual protection and care of our people coming to and going from this country. The Six Companies do not claim, nor do they exercise any judicial authority whatever, but are the same as any tradesmen or protective and benevolent societies. If it were true that the Six Companies exercise judicial authority over the Chinese people, then why do all the Chinese people still go to American tribunals to adjust their differences, or to secure the punishment of their criminals? Neither do these companies import either men or women into this country.

(f.) It is charged that all Chinese laboring men are slaves. This is not true in a single instance. Chinamen labor for bread. They pursue all kinds of industries for a livelihood. Is it so then that every man laboring for his livelihood is a slave? If these men are slaves, then all men laboring for wages are slaves.

(g.) It is charged that the Chinese commerce brings no benefit to American bankers and importers. But the fact is that an immense trade is carried on between China and the United States by American merchants, and all the carrying business of both countries, whether by steamers, sailing vessels or railroads, is done by Americans. No China ships are engaged in the carrying traffic between the two countries. Is it a sin to be charged against us that the Chinese merchants are able to conduct their mercantile business on their own capital? And is not the exchange of millions of dollars annually by the Chinese with the banks of this city any benefit to the banks?

(h.) We respectfully ask a careful consideration of all the foregoing statements. The Chinese are not the only people, nor do they bring the only evils that now afflict this country. And since the Chinese people are now here, under solemn treaty rights, we hope to be protected, according to the terms of this treaty; but if the Chinese are considered detrimental to the best interests of this country, and if our presence here is offensive to the American people, let there be a modification of existing treaty relations between China and the United States, either prohibiting or limiting further Chinese emigration, and, if desirable, requiring also the gradual retirement of the Chinese people now here from this country. Such an arrangement, though not without embarrassments to both parties, we believe would not be altogether unacceptable to the Chinese government, and doubtless it would be very acceptable to a certain class of people in this honorable country.

With sentiments of profound respect,

LEE WING HOW,
President Sam Yup Company.
LEE CHEE KWAN,
President Yung Wo Company.
LAW YEE CHUNG,
President Kong Chow Company.
CHAN LEUNG KOK,
President Wing Yung Company.
LEE CHEONG CHIP,
President Hop Wo Company.
CHAN KONG CHEW,
President Yan Wo Company.
LEE TONG HAY,
President Chinese Young Men's Christian Association.

PECULIAR ENTERPRISE OF THE HEATHEN.

A striking instance of Chinese enterprise was that of one Ah You, who was, upon good and sufficient heathen evidence, found guilty of larceny, and sentenced to serve a term of three years in the penitentiary. Ah You proved to be a model prisoner, and by good conduct soon rose to the preferment of assistant in the kitchen, where he was a great favorite. His imprisonment was, therefore, not to be considered a hard punishment; for Ah You, besides receiving good clothing, and an ample supply of palatable food, was also acquiring a knowledge of American cookery, so that when the star of liberty again gleamed upon him through the open prison door, he could go forth a free man, with no fear of having to remain long without profitable employment. This, of itself, was an example of "making the best of the situation" that is seldom equaled; but for real enterprise and adaptability, what is further related of the wily Ah You and his fellows, has not hitherto found a parallel.

When two years of his sentence had passed, a rumor was circulated, and gained credence, that Ah You was an innocent victim of the law; that he had not even participated in the crime that he was atoning for, and that the real criminal, another Chinaman, was breathing the sweet pure air of liberty, unsuspected of any evil deed.

Investigation revealed the fact that Ah You was certainly guiltless, but knew the guilty party, and had, by prearrangement with him, voluntarily accepted the sentence, upon the condition that he should pay to a person appointed by him the sum of $3.00 per day for each and every day of his sentence. By the terms of the contract therefore Ah You received, at the expiration of his imprisonment, $3,285, coin in hand; and besides, had become a skillful kitchen servant, which was an additional capital, sufficient to yield him a livelihood.

This would hardly be looked upon by an American as a good speculation, but to Ah You it was not only a luxurious epoch in his life, each day bringing with it the good things necessary to a comfortable existence, but the bright anticipations that were constantly before his mind, the glittering treasure that would be dropped into his hand, and friendly press his eager palm, as soon as he was without the prison walls, were no doubt a source of delightful contemplation, and transformed that which was meant for a punishment into bliss.

The evidence given at the trial of the foregoing case of Ah You, that resulted in his conviction and imprisonment, shows, moreover, how successful the heathen witnesses are in manufacturing any kind of testimony desired. The statements made by the witnesses, settling the crime upon Ah You, were clear and concise, and so honestly uttered that there was no doubt in the minds of judge or jury as to his guilt.

Those who stain their hands with human blood for the money they will receive as a reward for the murder of an offensive fellow-heathen, manifest a similar enterprising disposition to that of Ah You. Occasionally, though not frequently, a notice is posted up publicly in Chinatown, entitled, "Reward." This is a red paper document written in Chinese characters, and might be briefly translated into English as follows:

> To the person or persons, killing Ah Lung (or whoever the offensive person may be), we will pay the sum of $500.
>
> (Signed) WAH KE,
> SING LEE.

It is understood, privately, between the party undertaking the murder and the persons offering the reward, that if the murderer is arrested, good counsel shall be provided for him and every effort made to secure his release; if he be imprisoned they will pay him a sufficient amount of money to recompense him; or if he be hanged, they will send a specified amount of money to his relatives in China. When such a reward is offered, the person whose life is sought seldom escapes. Fortunately, such instances of revenge are rare.

Rival factions of the Chinese, sometimes come into hostile contact, and a bloody encounter ensues, during which, knives, hatchets, pistols and shot-guns, not only create consternation, but make sad havoc in the ranks of both parties. At such times the savage nature of the "Heathen Chinee" is uppermost, and when wrought up to an ecstasy of wrath by the spirit of revenge, a devilish smile overspreads the face, and there is a sparkling in the eye, like unto the lurid flashes emitted from the fires of hell, that transforms John Chinaman's celestial countenance into the visage of a demon.

As we now dismiss the "Heathen Chinee" from further mention in these pages, except by casual allusion, we have an unsatisfied feeling within us, occasioned no doubt by the thought we have devoted to him; for we have proceeded in our investigations into his character just so far as to learn that he is encased in an armor that is impregnable to any onslaught we may lead. We have penetrated just far enough into the mysteries that are a part of his nature, to awaken our curiosity into active life, and are now tormented by the restrictions that we are forced to lay upon that unruly member of our mental being. So we dismiss him to the tender mercies of a scrutinizing public, hoping that our curiosity will be satisfied by the solution that *it* will offer, of the problem originated by the "Heathen Chinee."

XL.

A. L. BANCROFT & CO., PUBLISHERS.

FOUNDING OF THE HOUSE—BUILDING AND DEPARTMENTS.

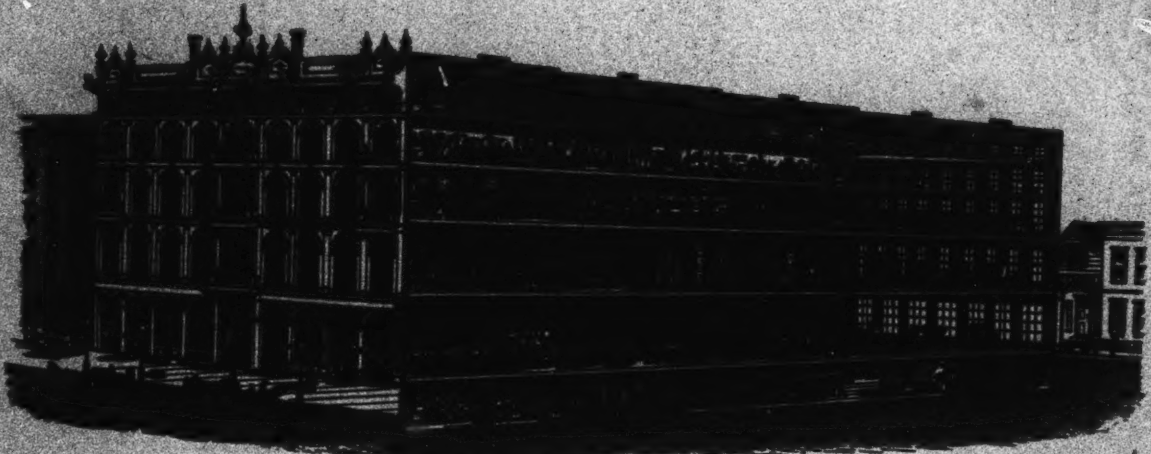
THE growth of the book, stationery and publishing house of A. L. Bancroft & Co. is at once a striking illustration of California enterprise, and a credit to the culture of the Coast. A large book-house can be built up only in an intelligent community.

FOUNDING OF THE HOUSE.

The house of Bancroft & Co. was founded in 1856, by Mr. H. H. Bancroft, under the firm name of H. H. Bancroft & Co., booksellers. It occupied the small store No. 151 Montgomery Street, afterwards and under the new system of numbering, No. 609. Three years later, Mr. Bancroft established another store at 146 Clay Street, old number, to do business in stationery only, and placed it under the charge of a younger brother, Mr. A. L. Bancroft, at that time a boy of nineteen years. In 1860, the two branches of the business were united under the style of H. H. Bancroft & Co., booksellers and stationers.

The beginning was modest and unpretending enough, but in a very short time the business outgrew the limits of the salesroom, and began "annexing territory" until it occupied the whole building. All San Franciscans, of ten years residence, will remember the old store on Montgomery Street; dark uneven, with stairs in the most unexpected places, cut up by shelving running in all directions, and every inch of space utilized—the whole establishment as busy and orderly as a beehive. The closest and most accurate organization prevailed everywhere, the business, even at that early date—for San Francisco was yet in her teens—being divided into classified departments, with a competent manager at the head of each.

However, economize and turn and patch as you may, you



THE BOOK AND STATIONERY ESTABLISHMENT OF A. L. BANCROFT & COMPANY.

(SECTIONAL VIEW.)

cannot always keep a growing boy in boy's clothes; and the time came when the business of the house absolutely demanded more room for a healthy growth. Accordingly, in 1869, the firm began the erection of a large and elegant building on the south side of Market, between Third and Fourth Streets. At that time, the mercantile business of the city was mainly confined to Montgomery, Kearny and Sansome Streets, north of Bush. The San Franciscans themselves, except a few far-sighted speculators, although wont to speak with obtrusive confidence, had little realization of the future growth of the city, or the direction in which it would tend. There was a good deal of surprise, and even merriment, at the choice of such a location. "Bancrofts are going to move their store to the country," was a common joke in the city, and dealers in the southern counties rejoiced that the house was getting so much nearer as to materially diminish freight charges. Only seven years have passed, and the shrewd foresight of the head of the house has been abundantly vindicated. The leading hotels, the new City Hall (yet incomplete), and many of the finest stores, are on Market Street; the water and railroad travel of nearly the entire State enters the city at its foot, and business is fast centering on this magnificent highway.

At the time of moving to the new store, 1870, the style of the firm was changed from H. H. Bancroft & Co. to its present name, A. L. Bancroft & Co., Mr. H. H. Bancroft retiring from the active management of the business, to devote his time and fortune to his great historical work. The present head of the house is Mr. A. L. Bancroft.

Upon moving into their new building, the departments of printing, lithographing and binding, were added to the business. Here, as in the old store, everything is thoroughly organized and systematized.

BUILDING AND DEPARTMENTS.

The building is one of the most elegant and conspicuous in the city. It is substantially built of brick, with ornamental iron front, in size, 170 feet deep, with width of 75 feet on Market Street, and 80 feet on Stevenson Street; five stories in height, with basement of full size. The business is divided into the following departments, viz: "Wholesale," "retail," "publishing," "law," "educational," "bank and official," "music," "subscription," "printing and lithographing," and "binding." Each department is under a manager, with a full corps of assistants. The number of employees in the establishment ranges from one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons.

The basement is devoted to the storage of goods and the stereotype plates and unbound stock of their own publications. It also contains the engine and artesian well, and is connected by an elevator with the floors above.

The first floor is the general salesroom, 170 feet deep and 35 feet wide, with a gallery running completely around it, filled with goods from floor to ceiling. A stranger entering this room, and seeing the immense number and variety of books displayed, cannot fail to draw a conclusion complimentary to the intelligence and liberality of the people of the Coast. On this floor are the desks of the wholesale, retail, law, and bank and official departments.

The second floor is devoted to blank-books, stationery in bulk, and musical instruments. It also contains the offices of the proprietor, the cashier and bookkeepers, and the publishing, subscription, and musical departments.

The third floor is devoted entirely to printing, lithographing, engraving, and all the branches of a first-class printing and book-making establishment. The bindery and blank-book manufactory occupy the fourth floor. Both the bindery and printing-office are fitted up with the most improved machinery, and turn out work equal in every respect to the productions of the best houses in the East.

The fifth floor is occupied by the Pacific Coast Library of Mr. H. H. Bancroft. This is also the "workshop" where Mr. Bancroft pursues his literary labor.

The house has a long list of publications, embracing law, medical, educational, subscription, and miscellaneous works, of every description. These books are the production, in almost every instance, of Pacific Coast talent, as well as capital, and they compare favorably, both in merit and success, with similar works published in the East.

XLI.

THE HOODLUM.

WHO IS HE?—WHERE IS HE?—PROBLEMS.

WHO IS HE?

THE Hoodlum had his origin in San Francisco. He is the offspring of San Francisco society. What particular phase in social life possesses the necessary fertility to produce such fruit is not obvious. It is certain, however, that the seed has been sown in productive soil, for the harvest is abundant.

The hoodlum has been called "a ruffian in embryo." It would be a better definition to call him simply a *ruffian*. He has all the essential qualities of the villain. He is acquainted with crime in all its forms. The records of vice are his text-books. He is a free-born American in its widest sense. He knows no restraint and obeys no superior. He is too large for the parents' lash and too small for the cudgel of outraged citizens. He is at that critical period in life that forms an epoch in the history of most persons—neither boy nor man. Hitherto he has had no defined road to travel. His course has led over broad undulating meadows. He could scamper over the level plain, follow the tortuous hill-road, or labor through the sloughs and marshes, as his disposition prompted. Now there are two roads, and he is at the point of divergence. One leads to honor and usefulness, the other to dishonor and ruin. He is of that class who follow the latter. This is the full-grown hoodlum. There are smaller members of the same family; there are also female hoodlums. It is really wonderful—this growth of hoodlumism. A few years ago it was unknown; now it is met in every department of social life. "Young America" was a wayward prodigy; the hoodlum is the youthful graduate in vice and crime.

He is of no particular nationality; but if he is not American born, he is Americanized. His parentage may be noble and of high repute, or he may be a bastard. The millionaire, whose home is a mansion, contributes a son to the ranks, as well as the poor wretch who inhabits a hovel.

WHERE IS HE?

The hoodlum is met more commonly on dimly-lighted street corners; in front of the "corner grocery" (in fact, he is a fixture here); on vacant lots; in dark alley-ways and nooks; at the entrance to suburban public halls, and on public conveyances, during excursions and picnics. While the sun shines, he withdraws from public highways, and is found in isolated streets, sunning himself by a wall and planning with his associates the mischief of the coming night. At such times he is mopish and apparently inoffensive. A passing Chinaman might be made aware of his presence by a whizzing missile, but even this amusement he generally foregoes until the curtain of night has fallen. On holidays, however, and on Sundays, his daylight deeds sometimes surpass his most daring midnight crimes. But at night he is in his glory. He was reared in the darkness and he acknowledges its friendliness and protection.

So numerous and bold are the hoodlums in San Francisco that it is dangerous for a single individual to travel a quiet street late at night. They congregate on street corners, drop insulting remarks at passers-by, ogle the ladies and stone or beat the peaceful Chinese. They swagger up and down the streets, frightening from their pathway any belated citizen, ringing door-bells, unhinging gates, yelling and singing obscene songs, uttering horrid oaths—striking terror to the hearts of all would-be sleepers for blocks away. They rifle the pockets, and make footballs of any inebriated straggler that happens in their way; not unfrequently clubbing and robbing business men as they return from their stores or offices. Street cars are boarded by them, the driver "brained," and the passengers put to flight. Working-girls and women, returning late from the factory or workshop, are insulted and sometimes outraged. Policemen are overpowered and beaten by them. They are the dread of all peacefully-disposed persons.

The hoodlum is the sworn enemy of the Chinamen. Striking them down with their fists, jerking their queues, belaboring them with clubs and hurling cobble-stones at them, is their most favorite pastime.

PROBLEMS.

The social mechanism lacks a moral cog, that produces such results. Parental authority is a rare virtue in San Francisco. The "home circle" has become a myth. Home attractions do not exist; or where they do exist, have lost the wonted charm. That sacred word, *home* is fast losing its significance. Many families have no home. They live in hotels and boarding houses, or dwell in lodging houses and eat at restaurants, and as a consequence the family never meets around the home hearthstone.

Children must have amusement, and if the home-folk do not provide for them in this regard, they go elsewhere to find it. "They are allowed to run wild on the streets." They grow bold from necessity. Cast, as they are upon their own resources for amusement, they must needs make their way through the world. And they do it, unguided by experienced and wiser persons. Hence they become "fast" and uncontrolable ere they have outgrown their baby lispings. "Now I lay me down to sleep," coming in soft and loving accents from a mother's lips, as she bends low over the couch of her child, would be strange and startling words in many family chambers in this "city by the Golden Gate." The name of God is oftener heard by the little prattlers while at play on the street than at their mother's knee. They know not of reverence. They are profane from infancy; they have quick ears to catch the floating slang, and where parental restraint is not felt, they soon learn to commit petty misdeeds.

This, perhaps, partly solves the problem, whence this hoodlumism?

How to check hoodlumism is a problem that sorely puzzles the brain of the moralist. We do not propose to try to solve it. It might, however, be well to draw the legal reins a little tighter. Reclaim the little wanderers (who would do harm but cannot) by removing from their presence the larger, whose example they aspire to follow. Treat with severity the criminals in the well-grown ranks. Make the law a terror to them. Should ordinary penalties fail to have the desired effect, establish a whipping-post, as has been suggested, and let the lash be freely applied. This would produce a wondrous change in the morals of some "young bloods."

But the police judge cannot check this virulent disease;

neither can the policemen. They may control it. This would be well. But to exterminate it, the seed must be uprooted. The fountain-head whence flows this stagnant stream, must be purified. Society alone can do this. Society makes criminals, and it furnishes the criminal antidote. "*Similia similibus curantur.*" Will society undertake it? That is the problem. Meantime it is well to urge and remind, for reforms are only effected by agitation.

XLII.

BRET HARTE AND THE "OVERLAND" MONTHLY.

A VENTURE—SUCCESS—THE LITERATI OF SAN FRANCISCO—FAILURE—BRET HARTE'S "FIRST" POEM.

A VENTURE.

THE first number of the *Overland Monthly*, gave it the rank of a first-class literary periodical. It touched the popular chord—which is the secret spring that opens the way to success in any enterprise that seeks for support from the public.

The idea of establishing in San Francisco a monthly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Pacific Coast, originated with Mr. A. Roman, the bookseller. Although he was aware that much capital and personal attention would be required to launch the enterprise, he was yet confident that it could be done. He therefore decided that the first number should issue on July 1st, 1868, and as a sort of advertisement or forerunner, circulated a paper setting forth the character of the magazine. The circular announced that the contemplated periodical would "embrace to the fullest extent the commercial and social interests of California and the Pacific Coast; that every article published would be original, and paid for, and that only the best talent in the country would be employed." It further set forth that there would be three thousand copies distributed monthly until its permament circulation exceeded that number.

The business men of the city cheerfully extended aid—some of them contributing very liberally—resulting in a guarantee of $900 monthly. Mr. Bret Harte was chosen as editor, with W. C. Bartlett, of the *Bulletin*, and Noah Brooks, of the *Alta*, as assistants.

It was decided that each number should contain 96 pages; and although there were numerous aspirants to magazine writing, it was found to be a difficult task to fill the first number with desirable original matter. The publisher, the editorial corps, and, in fact, all the literati of the city, worked with a will; and although the labor performed was perhaps greater than could have been expected of inexperienced writers, there was yet a completeness and finish about the first number that certainly did much toward placing the *Overland* in the ranks of the first class monthlies.

Below is the table of contents with the names of contributors.

A Breeze from the woods	W. C. Bartlett
Longing, a Poem	Ina D. Coolbrith
By Rail Through France	Sam. L. Clemens (Mark Twain)
High Noon of the Empire	Wm. V. Wells
Art Beginnings on the Pacific	B. P. Avery
In the Sierras	C. W. Stoddard
The Diamond Maker of Sacramento	Noah Brooks
Family Resemblances and Differences	John F. Swift
Favoring Female Conventionalism	T. H. Reardon
San Francisco from the Sea	Bret Harte
Hawaiian Civilization	Geo. B. Merrill
Dos Reales	G. T. Shipley
Eight Days at Thebes	Samuel Williams
A Leaf from a Chinese Novel	J. T. Doyen

Following this were the editorial notes, under the general head "Etc." In this department, Mr. Harte, in a most happy train of logic, gives the reasons for adopting the name *Overland Monthly*. He says:

> "It falls to my lot, at the very outset, to answer, on behalf of the publishers, a few questions that have arisen in the progress of this venture. Why, for instance, is this magazine called the *Overland Monthly?* It would, perhaps, be easier to say why it was *not* called by some of the thousand other titles suggested. I might explain how 'Pacific Monthly' is hackneyed, mild in suggestion, and at best but a feeble echo of the 'Boston Atlantic;' how the 'West,' Wide West,' and 'Western' are already threadbare, and suggest to Eastern readers only Chicago and the Lakes; how 'Occidental' and 'Chrysopolis' are but cheap pedantry, and 'Sunset,' 'Sundown,' 'Hesper,' etc., cheap sentiment; how 'California'—honest and direct enough—is yet too local to attract any but a small number of readers. I might prove that there was safety, at least, in the negative goodness of our present homely Anglo-Saxon title. But is there nothing more? Turn your eyes to this map, made but a few years ago. Do you see this vast interior basin of the Continent, on which the boundaries of States and Territories are less distinct than the names of wandering Indian tribes; do you see this broad zone reaching from Virginia City to St. Louis, as yet only dotted by telegraph stations, whose names are familiar, but of whose locality we are profoundly ignorant? Here creeps the railroad, each day drawing the West and East closer together. Do you think, owner of Oakland and

San Francisco lots, that the vast current soon to pour along this narrow channel will be always kept within the bounds you have made for it? Will not this mighty Nilus overflow and fertilize the surrounding desert? Can you ticket every passenger through to San Francisco—to Oakland—to Sacramento—even to Virginia City? Shall not the route be represented as well as the *termini*? And where our people travel, that is the highway of our thought. Will the trains be freighted only with merchandise, and shall we exchange nothing but goods? Will not our civilization gain by the subtle overflowing current of Eastern refinement, and shall we not by the same channel, throw into Eastern exclusiveness something of our own breadth and liberality? And if so, what could be more appropriate for the title of a literary magazine than to call it after this broad highway?"

He thus introduced the Bear that adorned the cover:

"The bear who adorns the cover may be 'an ill-favored' beast, whom 'women cannot abide,' but he is honest withal. Take him, if you please, as the symbol of local primitive barbarism. He is crossing the track of the Pacific Railroad, and has paused a moment to look at the coming engine of civilization and progress—which moves like a good many other engines of civilization and progress, with a prodigious shrieking and puffing—and apparently recognizes his rival and his doom. And yet, leaving the symbol out, there is much about your grizzly that is pleasant. The truth should, however, be tested at a moment when no desire for self-preservation prejudices the observer. In his placid moments, he has a stupid, good natured tranquillity, like that of the hills in midsummer. I am satisfied that his unpleasant habit of scalping with his fore paw is the result of contact with the degraded aborigines, and the effect of bad example on the untutored ursine mind. Educated, he takes quite naturally to the pole, but has lost his ferocity, which is perhaps after all the most respectable thing about a barbarian. As a cub he is playful and boisterous, and I have often thought was not a bad symbol of our San Francisco climate. Look at him well, for he is passing away. Fifty years, and he will be as extinct as the dodo or dinornis."

Then there was the department devoted to "Book Notices," which was fresh and entertaining. Thus, the first number of the *Overland* was introduced to a criticising public; and although there was much in its pages that revealed the tyro's work, yet it was favorably spoken of by able writers and critics; its contents were copied and widely circulated; and the success was such as to inspire even greater effort in those interested than was put forth in the laborious preparation of the first number.

SUCCESS.

Californians, more than all others, were proud of the new magazine, and were glad to give it all the assistance possible. The subscription list therefore rapidly increased, and within six months it had a *bona fide* circulation of more than 3,000.

Yet there were many difficulties to be met. Mr. Harte was a great worker, but he was so critically exact with his own as well as with the writings of others, that printers and publisher were ofttimes sorely tried by the delay this caused in the mechanical work on the magazine.

Mr. Roman continued the publication of the *Overland* for about nine months, when his failing health compelled him to desist from giving it his personal supervision, and he transferred it to Mr. John H. Carmany, in consideration of $7,500—this amount reimbursing his outlay, and yielding in addition a profit of $3,000.

Mr. Harte still remained in the editorial chair, and the character and style of the magazine continued the same. Each succeeding number was more sought for than the preceding, and, as a rule, received more favorable notice from critics and reviewers. Everything had apparently drifted into its proper channel, and there was no reason to feel otherwise than hopeful, for the permanent success of the *Overland* seemed insured.

The ranks of contributors had been swelled by the enlistment of names not unknown in national literature, and some of those who had first tried their wings at its advent, had grown strong from oft-repeated flights.

Under Mr. Harte's editorial supervision, the circulation of the magazine grew to nearly 10,000. However, when the humorous poem from the pen of Mr. Harte entitled, "The Heathen Chinee," made its appearance in the *Overland*, and was echoed throughout the whole land in magazine, review, metropolitan and country newspapers, the ponderous door to the Temple of Fame was thrown open to its author, and San Francisco no longer held him among her population.

It was in September, 1870, that this poem was published, and, early in the following year, Mr. Harte severed his connection with the *Overland*, went East, and, there is little doubt, took with him much of the popularity the magazine had enjoyed while he was its editor. He chose to cast his lot among the older, and perhaps more cultured and refined *literati* of the East, and act in the less responsible capacity of contributor; while the editorship of the *Overland* reverted to Mr. Bartlett.

THE LITERATI OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The *Overland Monthly* did much to develop the native literary talent that lurked dormant in the valleys, on the plains, among the mountain fastnesses, and in the bustling cities of California and the Pacific Coast. It made its appearance at the auspicious moment, as if a thing of destiny. If it had delayed its coming, the talent that it attracted, might have grown pent up from long confinement, and found vent in the more pretentious periodicals beyond the Rocky Mountains; if it had come earlier, perhaps it would have found and drawn to it this same talent in a transitory state, passing through a self-refining process, in that crudeness that would have smothered the ambition of its possessors, and at the same time have wrecked the magazine project, almost at its inception.

During the period of its successful existence, the *Overland* possessed above all else, a pleasing individuality. It was the *Overland* as the public first knew it, only that it grew stronger as it grew older, and its intercourse with the public rendered it more polished and graceful. The *literati* of the Pacific Coast, and particularly of San Francisco, had made it thus. Mr. Harte, as a leader in this new field, was well chosen. His acquaintance with, and experience on, the Coast, had well fitted him for the task imposed upon him; and this, with his literary ambition, led him rapidly forward to a general recognition.

Messrs. Bartlett, Brooks and Williams, with their practically acquired knowledge of the manners and customs of the people, and the varied resources of the country of the Pacific Coast, formed a trio whose well-trained pens did much toward securing an audience for this representative of the California *literati* with the scholars of the East and Europe. The *Overland* was the rostrum from which the literary talent of the Coast first addressed the world; the *literati* were the pillars that supported it—each bearing each other, until they had separately grown self-supporting.

Joaquin Miller, though yet in obscurity when the magazine first sprang into life, introduced himself to the public in its pages. His freshness and vigor, the vivid pictures of nature that shone in such beautiful colorings and true outlines from his every page, soon caught the attention of appreciative readers, and he rapidly rose in poetical fame. C. W. Stoddard also established in the *Overland* a reputation that, properly cherished, will grow to be lasting; and the songs of California's sweetest singer, Ina D. Coolbrith, that graced its pages, will appeal to the hearts and thrill the souls of those to whom the *Overland* was dear, in after years, when a perhaps more "classic" magazine shall be reared upon the heap of ruins that alone will tell of an *Overland* that was, but is no more.

Besides the names appearing in the contents of the first number, there were many contributors, some of whom take rank with the more brilliant writers of the day. J. Ross Browne, Gen. John W. Ames, John Muir, J. J. Piatt, Leonard Kip, Prentice Mulford, Phœbe Carey, Sarah B. Cooper, and Mrs. Victor, all are to be added to the honorable list that spake to the public through its pages. The *Overland* was the mirror that reflected the literary lights that rose up on this western horizon; and had the more brilliant stars, whose rays have radiated over the whole country, concentrated their powers upon this magazine, it would have more certainly tested the permanency of their brilliancy, and the public would doubtless have upheld the *Overland*, because of the light that its pages reflected. But the field was too limited to some, and they have planted themselves in more capacious vineyards; meanwhile their first fruit has ripened and dropped to the ground.

FAILURE.

When Mr. Harte resigned the editorship of the *Overland*, as before stated, Mr. Bartlett took editorial charge, though devoting to the magazine only that time unoccupied by his editorial duties on the *Bulletin*. He continued in this capacity for nearly a year, when Mr. Carmany, the proprietor, undertook the full management. With two assistants, he superintended the publication for more than a year.

Mr. Benj. P. Avery next took the position of editor, and though in feeble health, he ably and faithfully performed the duties of the office, until his appointment as Minister to China. Under his administration the magazine showed much vigor, and the publisher was reassured that it was upon a permanent basis. But when he left he seemed to take with him its vitality; and although Mr. Fisher, his successor, worked manfully to uphold it, the process of decline could not be stayed.

Mr. Fisher's connection was dissolved a few months previous to its suspension, when Mr. Carmany again took the editorial management, and calmly awaited the *finale*.

When the probability of its suspension was first made known to the public, those who were most interested in the magazine met and consulted as to how it might be revived and continued, but nothing was accomplished to check its ebbing life, and with the December number, 1875, the *Overland Monthly* closed its brief career.

BRET HARTE'S "FIRST" POEM.

San Francisco.

Serene, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;

Upon thy hights so lately won,
Still slant the banners of the sun;

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents
O Warder of two Continents!

And scornful of the peace that flies,
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,

Thou drawest all things, small or great,
To thee, beside the Western Gate.

* * * * *

O lion's whelp! that hidest fast,
In jungle growth of spire and mast;

I know thy running and thy greed,
Thy hard, high lust and willful deed,

And all thy glory loves to tell
Of specious gifts material.

Drop down, O fleecy Fog! and hide
Her skeptic sneer, and all her pride.

Wrap her, O Fog! in gown and hood
Of her Franciscan Brotherhood;

Hide me her faults, her sin and blame.
With thy gray mantle cloak her shame!

So shall she, cowled, sit and pray,
Till morning bears her sins away.

Then rise, O fleecy Fog! and raise
The glory of her coming days.

Be as the cloud that flecks the seas
Above her smoky argosies.

When forms familiar shall give place
To stranger speech and newer face;

When all her throes and anxious fears
Lie hushed in the repose of years;

When Art shall raise and culture lift
The sensual joys and meaner thrift,

And all fulfilled the vision, we,
Who watch and wait shall never see—

Who in the morning of her race
Toiled fair or meanly in our place;

But, yielding to the common lot,
Lie unrecorded and forgot.

XLIII.

THE FOUNDRIES.

IRON MANUFACTURING—UNION IRON WORKS—RISDON IRON WORKS—PACIFIC IRON WORKS.

IRON MANUFACTURING.

THE principal manufacturing industries of San Francisco are the foundries, which are of a character that would be creditable to much larger and older cities. For many years the whole coast was almost entirely dependent on the foundries of San Francisco for necessary iron work; and even now, although imported machinery is more plentiful, the greater part of the work is performed by our own mechanics. Of course, under these circumstances, every variety of work had to be turned out, from monster mining machinery to the simplest castings, and the foundries were often put to much more severe tests than those better equipped in older communities. Now, however, they have machine tools capable of doing any class or size of work, and doing it well; so that they can turn out as good jobs as any foundries in the country.

Of course, on this coast the principal large work is mining machinery; and of late years the city foundries have built some more massive and magnificent than any ever before made. As the mines on the great Comstock lode have increased in depth, the difficulties of hoisting and pumping have materially increased; and what was considered large machinery ten years ago, is now looked upon as insignificant. Sixty-stamp mills are now more frequently ordered than were ten-stamp mills a few years ago; and more iron is used in one pumping or hoisting outfit than was formerly used in half a dozen.

There are altogether, in San Francisco, forty-seven foundries, machine shops, etc. Some of these are, of course, on a small scale. Among them are several brass foundries, the largest of which is Garratt's. The different shops have a capital invested of $2,869,000, and employ about 3000 men. They pay annually for wages about $1,000,000, and produce annually in value $4,200,000. Of rolling mills, there is only one, with a million dollars invested, and giving employment to from 300 to 400 men. These mills produce annually $730,000 in money value. They re-roll railroad iron, and furnish the usual articles from a rolling mill.

Among the various drawbacks to foundry business in San Francisco has always been the lack of certain descriptions of material. Dear coal and iron have long stood in the way of the manufacturers, and do so still—the cost of the former ranging from $8.50 to $17 per ton, averaging $12—the price of the latter running from $45 to $55 per ton. To show the great difference which exists in this respect between California and other countries, it is only necessary to state that the English coal, which is sold here from the yard at $12, is purchased for $5; that Eastern coal, costing about the same, sells here for $18 to $20. And pig iron is worth twice as much as in England or Pennsylvania. Any one can see that our foundrymen have, from these causes alone, great disadvantages to overcome. The consumption of pig iron, during the year 1875, was 17,718 tons.

Notwithstanding these obstacles, the foundries have been fully up to the requirements. They have procured the best of tools, capable of doing the largest work, and the mechanics are proficient workmen. Mr. Irving Scott, of the Union Iron Works, Mr. Moore, of the Risdon, and Mr. Fogg, of the Pacific, have no superiors anywhere, in their knowledge of the details of mining machinery; and their practical experience and information in a general foundry business is great. These superintendents of the three principal Iron Works have each under their charge continually, from three hundred to five hundred men, and have lately constructed some of the largest mining machinery ever made.

The foundrymen of San Francisco labor under some peculiar disadvantages. Everything that is ordered, is wanted in the greatest hurry possible. The mining companies in particular, never make up their minds what they want, until they want it, and then it is needed immediately. Plenty of jobs have been undertaken and finished by our local works in a space of time which would look preposterous to persons in older communities.

Another thing is that people on this coast expect more out of machinery than they do anywhere else. An engine is generally made to do twice as much work as it is expected to do by other people, and the machinery must be made strong enough to stand these requirements. The Eastern-made engines do not by any means come up to the California standard.

It cannot be doubted that California possesses many advantages in the manufacture of the magnificent in machinery. The inventive spirit, inspired by the thoughts of treasures but lightly hidden, nerves itself to cope with any requirement, no matter how great or difficult. Possessing the true Californian quality of enterprise, the manufacturing skill and power follow close upon the thought of the inventor, and the brightest idea is speedily embodied in practical and effective machinery. The result is that the industrial spirit on this coast is more alert, active, and progressive than in the older States. Continually gaining strength by past achievement, it pushes forward with new power and vigor. It shrinks from nothing; it achieves everything. Nowhere else in the world is there more spirit, enterprise, inventive and executive ability than among our manufacturers of machinery.

No small part of our success in this direction is due, doubtless, to the fact that our resources are so rich and so accessible. The speed with which immense values are drawn from our mines, leads to free investment in means to obtain them. The demand says: "Give us what will do the work; the reward is sure." In answer to such a call, our enterprising manufacturers are continually improving their patterns, enlarging their facilities and stimulating their inventive power. The result is growth, progress, and improvement, which are an honor to the State, because they establish an independent self-reliance in our industries. Everything which the workers of the coast require, the manufacturers of the coast can supply.

UNION IRON WORKS.

The Union Iron Works comprise probably the most extensive foundry and machine shops on the Pacific Coast, and in its appointments will compare favorably with any of the iron works in the older cities of the East. This institution is the oldest established of its character in California. No better indication of the progress of the Pacific Coast could be given, than that shown by the steady increase in business of a representative mechanical institution of this kind; and a brief history of its origin and growth will repay perusal by those interested in mechanical pursuits or the progress of San Francisco.

The Union Iron Works were originally founded in 1849, by Messrs. James and Peter Donahue, and at that time consisted of a small rude furnace and a few common tools, not even covered in or protected from the weather. The furnace blast was produced by two blacksmith bellows. Soon after the works started, the first iron casting turned out on the Pacific coast was made, in the shape of a "steady or spring bearing," for the propellor *McKim*. This casting cost fifty cents per pound. From this little "plant" the Donahue Brothers built up a very large business, enlarging and improving their establishment from time to time, and endeavoring to keep it in advance of similar works, which in course of time sprang up around them. In 1856, James Donahue sold his interest in the business to his brother Peter, who erected a large brick building on the site of the roofless workshop of 1849, and carried on the business in his own name.

As Mr. Donahue, however, was engaged in other enterprises of great magnitude, he was unable to exercise a personal supervision over the mechanical branch of his business, and in 1863, formed a copartnership with H. J. Booth, of the Marysville Foundry, and C. S. Higgins, under the firm name of Donahue, Booth & Co. Mr. Booth had been in the foundry business in California for twelve years, and Mr. Higgins was also an active business man; but the institution did not flourish as it should, and the firm sold out, in 1865, to a new firm composed of H. J. Booth, G. W. Prescott, and Irving M. Scott, under the firm name of H. J. Booth & Co.

Under this firm, the foundry has been running for the past ten years. As soon as they took hold of the business, it began to increase wonderfully and new machinery was purchased, more men employed, and the facilities increased gradually to the present time, until now it probably is the most completely equipped foundry and machine shop on the coast.

In June, 1875, Mr. H. J. Booth retired from the business and the firm name was changed to Prescott, Scott & Co., the new firm comprising G. W. Prescott and Irving M. Scott of the old firm, and H. T. Scott, who has for about eight years been connected with the firm as confidential agent.

The buildings comprising the works are not of elegant exterior, although the interior arrangements are well adapted for the purposes for which they are used. The offices are fitted up in neat style, with counting room, business room, private offices, etc. A new and commodious boiler shop has recently been erected. The institution is connected with the American District telegraph system of this city, and has speaking tubes, etc., throughout the buildings. Each mechanical branch of the business of these works comprises a distinct department, under the special charge of a foreman of experience. The workmen rely on merit alone for promotion, and discipline is maintained with a firm hand, the rules being thoroughly understood.

In a large establishment like this, employing sometimes 500 men, some system is of course needed, to keep a check on the men and look out for those who shirk duty or endeavor to get full "time" with very little work. In these works, the idlers and loafers, are closely looked after and weeded out as soon as possible. Each man has a metal check with his number on it, which on his arrival in the morning he hangs on a peg having a corresponding number. This is under the supervision of one of the "police department." It is, of course, easy to see who is there and who not. At regular intervals during the day men go around the works and see that all the hands are fully employed, and it is the duty of each foreman, to see that his men do not "soldier." When the men come in at one o'clock, each takes his number from the pegs, so it is again known whether all the force returns at the proper time.

The firm receives boys at the age of seventeen, for four years, paying them the first year $4 per week; the second year, $6 per week; the third year, $8 per week; and the fourth, $10 per week. At the expiration of the time, a pretty correct estimate of their worth can be formed, and if they have proved themselves good workmen, they are kept employed in the establishment, and experience has shown that they generally accomplish more work than Eastern men. The firm undertakes to give the boys a trade, and they bind themselves to remain four years. If they leave the establishment without permission during that time, they forfeit all pay due them when they leave, and the proprietors reserve to themselves the right to discharge any boy for incompetency or want of punctuality. The boys usually prove themselves attentive and industrious, for no shop will employ an apprentice from another shop unless he brings a written discharge. This established rule prevents boys from roaming about from one shop to another. The reward for ability and good behavior is promotion in work and tools. Under this system of mutual good will, the employers are protected and the employees saved from the unpleasantness of being bound to unappreciated servitude. The good boy is promoted; the bad boy discharged. The former, in fact, does not require to be bound, and the latter is not wanted on any terms whatever. The advantage to the boy is he learns a respectable trade and obtains the means of earning a good living, while the advantage to the community is that every boy who labors faithfully in the establishment has inducements to become a respected citizen; for while it is the aim of the proprietors to make a first-class mechanic, they also seek to train an intelligent and peaceful member of the community.

The "California," which was the first regular locomotive ever constructed on this coast, was made at these works, and was pronounced by competent judges to be satisfactory in every respect. This was some years ago, and since then they have turned out seventeen locomotives altogether.

The Union Iron Works employ a small army of men in the different departments. Altogether, there are 476 men employed in the establishment, as follows: Pattern makers, 18; machinists, 143; blacksmiths, 40; boilermakers, 72; laborers, 63; moulders, 127; draughtsmen, 4; draymen, 7; and watchmen, 2.

Two engines of a total capacity of 120-horse power drive the machinery of the works. The consumption of pig-iron per year is about 4,500 tons. They use 1,000 tons of Lehigh coal for smelting and other purposes, 1,200 tons of fuel coal and 400 tons of Cumberland coal for smith purposes. They also use 5,000 tons of wrought iron; 300 tons of boiler plate, and about 8,000 tubes for a year's supply. The amount of money distributed by this institution for wages alone, will average $250,000 per year.

RISDON IRON WORKS.

The Risdon Iron Works is one of the three largest foundries of the city, employing from 250 to 350 men, according to requirements. The works cover a space about 300×300 feet. They have all the necessary appliances for turning out any style or size of machinery, but make a specialty of mining and marine work. They are able to take a contract for building steamers, etc., and turn them out ready for sea. Among some of the work of this character may be mentioned the revenue cutter *Oliver Wolcott*, the *Newport*, *Arcata*, etc., with surface condensing engines; and the *Los Angeles* and *Ventura*, which were fitted with compound engines.

Of hydraulic machinery also a specialty is made, for pumping, hoisting, etc. The hoists in the Palace Hotel were made on this principle by these works, and are fine examples of hydraulic engineering. Mr. Moore, the superintendent of the Risdon, is owner of the patent for this coast of the direct acting engines with the Davy differential valve-gear, now so largely in use. All of the large engines lately built for the Comstock mines are made on this principle.

The largest machinery in the mining line made at these works is that of the Belcher pumping works. They are capable of pumping 750 gallons per minute, from a depth of 3,000 feet. When it was found that the old pumping machinery would not drain the shaft, it was proposed that the new air shaft, completed to the 1000-foot level should be made a drain shaft as well. The mine was already drained to the depth of the 1600-foot level, so very powerful pumps were required, as at that point the shaft when sunk further must drain not only the Belcher but the Crown Point mine, adjacent.

The engine is known as the Imperial beam compound direct-acting pumping engine, and has an initial cylinder 30 inches in diameter, and a 10-foot six-inch stroke. The expansion cylinder is 62 inches in diameter, and the piston an eight-foot stroke. The expansion is set on a solid sole-plate, secured to the foundations immediately over the rear end of the pumping beam. This beam is of cast-iron trussed with wrought-iron. It is 32 feet and 6 inches in length and 11 feet deep, between centers. The main center is 20 inches in diameter in the middle, and 16 inches in the journal. The piston connects direct with the beam by a 10-inch pin, avoiding all superfluous and extra gearing. The connecting pin with the pump-rod is 11 inches in diameter, and the engine is controlled by the Davy differential valve-gear.

The condenser and air-pump are entirely segregated from the pumping engine, work independent, and are also controlled by the Davy gear.

The boilers are six in number, each 54 inches in diameter, 16 feet in length, and of the tubular make. The stone foundations upon which the whole is placed are built in pits blasted from the bed-rock, and will contain over 2,000 perch of solid stone. The plunger pumps will be placed at distances of 200 feet apart in the shaft. A single line of 14-inch pumps will extend from the surface to the bottom of the shaft, capable of throwing, with the engine running at a rate of 10 strokes per minute, 30,000 gallons of water per hour.

THE PACIFIC IRON WORKS.

The Pacific Iron Works is the oldest but one of the iron foundries on this coast. It was established in 1850, by Mr. Goddard, occupying the same location as at present, on First Street, between Mission and Howard. The works occupy a space fronting 240 feet on First Street, and running back to Fremont Street 275 feet. The proprietors, for the past fourteen years, have been Ira P. Rankin and A. P. Brayton. The general superintendent is George W. Fogg.

The works have lately been completely refitted, with new tools of the most approved character, capable of turning out all classes of work, and now comprise one of the largest and best equipped shops on the coast. The shop itself is a very substantial three-story brick building, but there are numerous additional buildings to accommodate the different departments. On an average, about 300 men are constantly employed. In addition to mining machinery, this foundry makes a specialty of marine work, of which it has turned out a great deal. The works are peculiarly fitted for building heavy mining machinery. As evidence of what can be done in this line, the following brief description of the Savage mining machinery, furnished by the Pacific Iron Works in May, 1875, will be interesting:

This pumping machinery is among the most complete and extensive ever made on this coast, and in the matter of design and workmanship is alike creditable to the skill of our mechanics and the capacity of our iron works. The engine is what is known as a direct-acting, compound non-condensing engine, and is from an original design by Mr. William H. Patton, consulting engineer of the Savage mine. It is a very massive affair, being about 40 feet in length, and weighing upwards of 100 tons. The engine connects directly with the pump bob at the head of the shaft, without the usual intervening crank and gearing. The valves are connected with the Davy differential valve gear, which is operated by an independent engine, by which the strokes of the pump can be varied without any reference to the motion of the main engine.

The engine consists of two horizontal cylinders. The first or initial cylinder is 27 inches in diameter and 8 feet stroke. The second is the expansion cylinder, and is 48 inches diameter and 8 feet stroke. These two cylinders are placed in line and connected by one piston rod, by which the pistons of both cylinders are operated. Attached to the opposite end of the large cylinder is the bed plate, with slides and cross-head, to which is attached the connecting rod, which connects directly with the pump bob. The steam enters the first cylinder at an average pressure of 90 pounds per square inch, and exhausts into the large cylinder, where it expands down to a pressure of not more than five or six pounds, thus utilizing the whole expansive power of the steam, and this, we may remark, is the secret of the great economy of the compound engine.

The engine is so arranged as to permit the attachment of a condenser, when it shall become necessary to increase its power, as the shaft increases in depth. The machinery will now have a lift of about 2,500 feet, but it is capable of raising a column of at least 4,000 feet in depth, with a capacity of 30,000 gallons per hour.

The pumps are stationed every 250 feet in the shaft, each pump being supplied from a tank filled from the pump below. The sinking pump, which is to follow the workings of the shaft, is 20 feet stroke and four inch metal, weighing some 12 tons, being strong enough to stand the heaviest blast.

The pump rod is made of 14-inch square timber, heavily braced with iron straps, and extends to the bottom of the shaft. The enormous weight of this rod is counterbalanced with balance bobs, stationed every 500 feet in its length.

The engine, with line of pumps, bobs, etc., weighs something over 500 tons, and will cost the mine, when put in place, about $400,000. The foundations for this machinery are of the heaviest and most substantial character, being made of cut stone upwards of 30 feet in depth.

We have given enough in this chapter, to show what San Francisco can do in the way of iron working, and omit details of any other than the three principal foundries mentioned. These establishments, have been carried on to their present positions in a country that does not produce a pound of pig iron, no hard-wood timber, not a pound of coal, except for fuel purposes, and where wages are at least thirty three per cent. higher than in the Eastern States.

XLIV.

EARTHQUAKES.

THE DREAD OF "EASTERNERS"—TWO MEMORABLE DAYS—INCIDENTS—TREMBLINGS.

THE DREAD OF "EASTERNERS."

AN old story has been told, perhaps the thousandth time, of a newly married pair of New Yorkers who, immediately after their union had been consummated, journeyed westward, intending to fight the battles of wedded life in San Francisco. They traveled by steamer, and had just disembarked at the port of San Francisco, when the earthquake of 1865 came, and so seriously threatened a general demolition. This was too abrupt an introduction to the severities of California life for the loving couple, and they immediately hied hence, taking the next steamer that sailed for New York, no doubt expecting to learn of the total destruction of San Francisco upon their arrival home.

One, two, and nearly three years passed, however, and the proud "city at the Golden Gate" rested firmly on her foundations, and daily grew more attractive to an admiring world, offering greater advantages to enterprising youth than in her golden days.

Again the young adventurers are on their journey, and again have set foot upon San Francisco's sandy shores, determined this time to boldly meet any terrible aspect that nature may put on. A day had passed, and a night, and all was well; but with the rising sun Nature again became disturbed; the pent-up elements sought liberty, and in the struggle shook the earth to its very foundations; the earthquake of 1868, with all its terrors, had passed. While there were yet frequent tremblings, the last dying throes of the giant's power, a ship passed out through the "Golden Gate," and among its passengers, bound for New York, were the unfortunate adventurers, having grown weary of a life in a country so near to the great heart of nature as to sometimes feel its throbbings. Since then they have been content in their Eastern home, and their California experience is only a pleasant recollection, vivid in aspect, but a topic of interest to themselves and friends.

To those in the East, and all persons who live without the limits of earthquake disturbances, the thought of the ground itself being unstable and liable at any moment to be convulsed by some mighty hidden power, inspires more real terror than the ordinary shocks that are frequently felt in California. Visitors to this coast feel much solicitude on account of the "shaky" condition of the country, until they have been made acquainted with the phenomenon, by feeling a few smart shakes. Familiarity with danger subdues fear and dread; and a year's residence in San Francisco will quiet any fearful apprehensions from earthquakes.

While it would not be very strange if a shock should visit San Francisco, so powerful as to lay much of the city in ruins, and consequently be very destructive to life, yet it is not probable that such an event will transpire. And, even if it should, the disastrous result would not be greater than attends the scourges from epidemic diseases that so often prevail in Eastern cities, from which San Francisco is almost wholly exempt. "Every place has its drawbacks," said the old farmer after a day's havoc among the Canada thistles that had overrun his farm; "Jones, whose quarter-section jines mine on the right, has to fight fox-tail, and Brown, jist below my paster there, has chinch-bugs in his corn, and his small grain is all a-rustin' —so we has to put up with our little dif-*fick*-ulties." California has its earthquakes; the Western States their swarms of grasshoppers and devastating whirlwinds; the South, its malarial diseases; the North, its frigid clime; the East, a poor and worn-out soil; and all of the States east of the Rocky Mountains, the terrific lightning storms that are more destructive by far than any of the earthquakes that have ever visited California.

TWO MEMORABLE DAYS.

October 8, 1865, and October 21, 1868, are dates that Californians will not soon forget. They are indelibly impressed upon the minds of every person who witnessed the events that transpired on those days.

October 8, 1865, came on Sunday. It was a bright Sabbath morning—such a day as invites everybody out doors to enjoy the sunshine and invigorating air, and observe the day by resting from labor. Many of the people betook themselves to the streets for a stroll; some were passing the day at the Sunday amusement places, and all the churches in the city were thronged at the noon-day services. All were pursuing the bent of their desires, when, between twelve o'clock and one in the afternoon, a slight shock of earthquake was felt. This was light, of short duration, and was remarked, but caused no alarm. Following it in a few seconds, a second shock came—not a simple jar or tremulous motion, but a rapid shake, powerful and convulsive, like the crash of a terrific concussion; increasing in intensity, as though it were but a warning of a more powerful disturbance yet to follow. This was accompanied by a frightful roaring sound, like the rushing of mighty waters, the rumbling of distant thunder, or the rattle of a heavy wagon on the pave, driven at rapid speed. This shock continued for the space of ten seconds—like so many hours to those who experienced its greatest severity. The walls of buildings swayed to and fro, or parting in places, closed and opened again—chattering in mad fury because of being disturbed in their quiet rest. Cornices and firewalls came tumbling to the sidewalk; chimney-tops went crashing through the roofs and ceilings; window-glass snapped and cracked, then jingled on the pavement, and joists and rafters squeaked and groaned under the terrible wrenching. Whole walls crumbled and fell; furniture toppled and rocked, and the dropping of plaster and clatter of crockery added to the fearful racket. Horses pricked up their ears, snorted, and dashed away at full speed, as if to flee the danger, or stood trembling in their tracks looking imploringly about them; dogs skulked to their kennels growling, or crouched to the ground whining and howling from fright; fowls flew to the trees uttering notes of alarm, and even the birds were bewildered, and fluttered aimlessly through the air.

The people were panic stricken. Those who were in doors rushed to the street, and those without, stood amazed, anxiously awaiting their doom, or stupidly gazing upon the scene of confusion. In the churches, there was the utmost consternation. Women shrieked, children screamed, men groaned, then for a moment all were paralyzed with awe—and then all with sudden impulse rushed for the door; they pressed and crowded forward, trampling some under foot, the strong pushing aside the weak, all clambering for egress, wild with fright, not knowing what they did. Some leaped from the galleries into the crowd below, and so dense was the throng that there were some who climbed out over the heads and shoulders of the human mass. All was excitement and alarm—yet, strange to say, amid all the threatened dangers, with the attending consternation, there was not a single life lost, and no one seriously injured.

In the low grounds of the city, and at those parts where the ground had been reclaimed from the water of the bay by filling in, the devastation was greatest. Water-pipes were broken, the ground elevated or depressed in places, and cracked open for a considerable distance. In one place, the sewer was warped and twisted and lifted entirely above the surface. Lamp-posts were bent from a perpendicular to an inclined position, and everything had more or less suffered some displacement.

On Long Bridge—extending across a slough of the bay—the shock was exceedingly severe. Men who were crossing at the time remarked a peculiar bubbling and boiling of the water, as if some terrible commotion was going on beneath, and the oscillation of the earth was so great that they could not retain a standing position, but fell prone upon their faces. Some were discovered, immediately after the shock, lying insensible, the fright and shock to their nervous system having temporarily paralyzed them.

On the bay and ocean previous to the earthquake it had been unusually calm, and the water was smooth and motionless as a sheet of glass. But succeeding the shock a sharp wind came up, the waters became agitated, and soon huge billows were rolling in. The sensation upon shipboard was as if the vessel had struck a rock or bar, and was for the few moments apparently laboring as if uncertain whether it would pass over or settle upon the obstruction. The engines of steamers were stopped, the officers laboring under this delusion.

The 21st of October, 1868, came on Wednesday, and the earthquake on that day occurred a few minutes before 8 o'clock in the morning. It was heralded by no trembling motion, but came in sudden fury like the spring of a tiger upon its intended victim. It was of much greater duration, continuing forty-two seconds, and was even more vigorous than the shock of '65. Many persons were yet in bed; some had just risen and were partly dressed, while a few had gone out upon the streets or to their business places.

The excitement was intense. Almost every one rushed for the streets in headlong haste. All kinds of dress was represented from the costume of our first parents to the complete toilette of the day. Modesty was overcome by fright. Mothers could be seen in their night garments wringing their hands and weeping, while the little bright-eyed babies at their breasts cooed and clapped their tiny hands in an ecstasy of joy. Strong men, whose hearts would not fail them in times of common danger, grew ashy pale and quaked with fear, for there was a power manifesting itself with which it were useless to contend. O, that was a sad day for the inhabitants of San Francisco! There were more fervent prayers offered, and more secret resolves to lead better lives if spared from the impending danger, in that one day, than have been in all the years that have since rolled past. They were earnest, too, those supplications and resolves. There was not one, perhaps, in that city of one hundred and fifty thousand souls, but felt for the moment, that they had finished their work and would now be hurled into eternity. At such times, the heart gives echo to the words the mouth utters, or sanctions the mute appeals that go up from the depths of the soul.

The destruction of property was greater than by the earthquake three years preceding, and the casualities to persons were considerable. Five or six were killed outright by falling walls or cornices, and the number of wounded was between forty-five and fifty. The estimated damage to property was about four hundred thousand dollars. A half dozen brick buildings were thrown down, a number of others were injured beyond repair, while scarce a heavy structure in the city escaped damage. To this day, leaning walls, gaping cracks and displaced bricks or timbers remain to tell the tale of devastation.

INCIDENTS.

Although during a severe earthquake, there are few that are not seized with alarm and do not become wild with excitement, an occasional person is found however, that remains calm and retains self-control. During the shock of 1868, a minister who was just closing his sermon, was heard repeating in a clear calm voice, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, yet will I fear no evil"—while his congregation were in the utmost confusion, shrieking from fright and clambering to get out of the church.

It was quite the reverse with the Irish servant girl, during the same excitement. Her mistress told her to go up-stairs and get the baby, whereupon she hurried away at the top of her speed and in a moment was discovered rapidly descending with a trunk on her back and a bible in her hand—having entirely forgotten the object of her mission.

After any considerable "shake" in San Francisco, the theorists come out in full force through the newspapers, each, no doubt, assured that he has solved the earthquake problem. One theory, as to the cause of earthquakes, attributes the phenomenon to electricity; in proof of which, instances that occurred in the city have been cited. "A lady discovered that she was supercharged with electricity, by the crackling of her hair, when touched by the hand of another person. The flowing of the electric spark was wonderfully profuse, it going off in a constant stream of brilliant light. This was first observed twelve hours preceding the earthquake shock, and ceased immediately after it had passed."

A man's arm was paralyzed by the shock, and he distinctly felt the magnetic current passing out at his fingers' ends.

A peculiar result from the earthquake was noticed in the sign on a bank and insurance building on Montgomery street. The letters composing the sign were "block letters" covered with gilt, and each separate from the others. Before the shock, the sign read something like this: "The Globe Life & Fire Insurance Company, of London and San Francisco —limited," and the number of the building, "412." The letters were large and spread over a great part of the front of the building. After the earthquake, they were twisted into such confusion as to render it impossible to learn from the sign what idea they were intended to convey. There were distinguishable the words "Globe," "limited," "San Francisco," "412," "Fire," "&," "London," "and," "Life," "Company;" but no connection whatever was apparent. It was proposed that they be left in that position, and an additional sign, "Earthquake Curiosities," be placed beneath them.

TREMBLINGS.

So far as is known, California has always been "shaky on her pins." The Spanish records make mention of earthquakes in the latter part of the last century, and an account of a very severe earthquake shock that occurred in 1812, is among the Spanish archives. This shook down the tower of the old Spanish Mission, San Juan Capistrano, in Los Angeles County, burying a number of the natives in the ruins. Always, for a few days succeeding any severe shock, there are numerous slight tremblings at intervals of a few hours. These would scarcely be noticed, were it not that the inhabitants have not yet recovered from the fright the heavy shock occasioned.

Observation shows that the greatest number of shocks occur in January, while February and March are almost exempt from any disturbance whatever. In the summer months, there are more, and they gradually increase in frequency, through the fall months, up to January again.

The average number of shocks per year, in San Francisco, is probably fifteen. Some are scarcely perceptible, while others are sufficiently vigorous to remind one of the old Jesuit prophecy that foretold the sinking of the whole peninsula, and engulfing a large city beneath the waves of the ocean.

VIEW IN WOODWARD'S GARDENS.

XLV.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.

THE GROUNDS—THE MUSEUM—THE PAVILION—THE ZOOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT—THE AQUARIUM—SEAL PONDS—OTHER ATTRACTIONS—HARRY ANDREWS, MANAGER.

THE GROUNDS.

WOODWARD'S Gardens combine an array of attractions that have given them a national renown. Any one, wherever he may be, in search of information regarding San Francisco, is almost sure to find some allusion to, if not an extended description of, these beautiful grounds, and the many interesting features they contain. Visitors to San Francisco seldom fail to include in their rambles about the city, this beautiful resort. It is without a rival on the Pacific Coast, and for diversity of attractions is not inferior to some of the celebrated parks in cities whose age in decades outnumber San Francisco's years.

The climate has had much to do with the rapid improvement of this spot—being favorable to the propagation of trees, plants, and shrubs, of choice and beautiful varieties, as well as to the sustenance of rare and delicate specimens of the animal kingdom—the collection of which is one of the chief attractions of the gardens.

It is a spot of perennial beauty. The blight of frost or the sear leaf of summer is not seen; but month after month, through the recurring seasons, the verdure of spring and the bloom of June abounds, to cheer and delight those who may ramble among its fragrant bowers. There are sparkling fountains, dashing cascades, murmuring brooks, glassy lakes, and trickling rivulets; there are mounds and hillocks, grottoes and caverns, lawns and thickets. The broad, natural landscape, with its varied beauties of woodland and prairie, its rolling hills and craggy mountains, its lazy streams and rushing torrents, has been here reproduced in mimic truthfulness. Adown the slanting lawn the silver-footed gazelle nimbly bounds, while on the sandy slope the stalwart ostrich dreams of desert suns, unconscious of your gaze!

THE MUSEUM.

This department embraces a miscellaneous collection of the wonders of art and nature. The building devoted to the museum was formerly occupied by Mr. Woodward as a private residence. The nucleus of the collection of natural history was imported from Verreux's Paris establishment, in 1866, since which time additions have continually been made.

Beasts, birds, fish, fossils, antique relics, peculiar animal deformities, in great variety, confront the visitor at every turn, affording the student ample opportunity to increase his knowledge, and at the same time, interesting and instructing to a degree, the most superficial observer. The cases containing specimens of ornithology, are brilliant with gay plumage, having been arranged with reference to beauty in effect as well as to class.

The collection of mineral and geological specimens is extensive and very valuable. Gleanings from the mining districts of the coast, curious formations of crystals, volcanic *debris*, petrified animals, serpents, fish and wood, precious stones, showing every shade of color, and every degree of brilliancy, are arranged in artistic style in the cabinets.

There is a collection of Japan minerals, said to be the first and most complete that has ever been taken from Japanese territory. It embraces a great variety of rich specimens, gathered on the different Japanese Islands, by Professor Jacques Kaderly, late of the Imperial Academy of Yeddo.

THE PAVILION.

Standing upon a considerable elevation is the grand pavilion, which is at once a play-house, a dance-hall, and a skating-rink. It is a large structure, octagon-shaped, and has a seating capacity for more than five thousand persons, and by utilizing the spacious aisles, perhaps as many more could be accommodated. The seats extend entirely around in receding and ascending tiers, the floor for dancing, skating, or theatrical performances, being in the center below. The floor is solidly laid and smoothly polished, rivaling a sheet of ice for skating sports.

Every Saturday and Sunday, and sometimes more frequently, visitors may witness a variety of pleasing performances in this arena. Sometimes feats of gymnastic skill, acrobatic performances and skating; at others, dancing and burlesque plays. The gardens are designed for recreation, and anything is introduced that will provoke mirth, and make man in a good humor with the world and himself.

In connection with the pavilion, are refreshment rooms, where one may be served with any delicacy the appetite craves. There is also an observatory which affords a magnificent outlook over the city, bay, and surrounding country. And, too, from this point a perfect view of the gardens is had, showing the plan of arrangement—restoring to beautiful harmony that which was naught but confusion when following along its mazy walks.

THE ZOOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

An underground passage-way connects the gardens proper with the zoological department. In this enclosure are kept a great variety of animals. Here the lion has literally "laid down with the lamb"—in his paws for a breakfast,—but the tiger frets at his confinement, and the leopard paces to and fro behind his prison bars, with a fierceness in his eyes that calls for blood. Man, in his Darwinian stage of early development—just at that period when the irregular pulse of reason is lulled into a faint flutter by the strong throbs of instinct—scampers about his cage indulging in most ungentlemanly pranks, to the infinite delight of juvenile spectators, or retires in high dudgeon at any personal affront from his more favored and enlightened progeny.

Tigers, grizzly bears, kangaroos, South American jaguars, panthers, camels, buffaloes, sacred cows, all, with many varieties of animals of less note, are among the inhabitants of this menagerie.

In the center of this enclosure is a large race-course, affording opportunity for all kind of equestrian sports. Roman chariot races, hurdle and foot races, are here indulged in. Seats are arranged around this amphitheater for the comfort of those watching the performances.

THE AQUARIUM.

The aquarium is, perhaps, more attractive than any other especial feature in these gardens. The public is not familiar with the inhabitants of "the great deep," and there is a curious interest in studying their manoeuvres and habits, when that privilege is had in any convenient arrangement like that offered at Woodward's gardens.

The cases containing the finny species have glass sides, and are placed in an artificial grotto so arranged, that sufficient light may fall upon each, to reveal the movements of the inmates. Inside the tanks are placed coral, granite, petrified wood, and porous rock, to represent as nearly as possible the surface of the ground at the bottom of the sea, affording also retreats and hiding places for the fish within. Most of the fish seen here are taken from salt water, and the tanks of necessity are supplied with water from the ocean. This is obtained from the Pacific, by outgoing steamers, carrying with them empty casks, which are filled on the return trip.

There are a great variety of species and kinds, some of which are seldom seen in their native waters. Among the most rare is the actiniæ or sea-anemone, which bears a greater resemblance to a plant growth than to animate life. The star-fish is another curious specimen, being a perfect five-pointed star. The cave for the aquarium has a ceiling of artificial stalactites, in imitation of the natural formation.

Adjoining the tanks of the aquarium, is a fish hatching machine. The process is wonderfully interesting, and works perfectly. Different species of fish spawn at different seasons, and, therefore, the supply of eggs is constant, keeping the hatching machine in operation all the time.

The study of this class of animal life is new, hence there are many difficulties in the way of maintaining an aquarium, that a thorough knowledge of this department of natural history would remove.

THE SEAL PONDS.

The seal ponds wherein are kept a number of different species of seals are full of interest to those who have not been permitted to study these animals in their native haunts. The ponds are broad and deep, and rising from the centre to the height of several feet above the surface of the water, are monster craggy rocks, furnishing a resting place for the seals, where they lie stretched out in awkward pose the greater part of the time.

A monster sea lion rules as king of this colony. He is terrible in his wrath when disturbed by his lesser kinsmen, and roars and barks in deafening tones if his mandates are disregarded.

It is startling to behold with what recklessness these curious creatures leap from crag to point, or plunge headlong into the water below. They will scramble over each other, utter angry howls at the least offense, and quarrel and dispute about favorite sunny spots on the rocks, with as much spirit as did the early San Francisco settlers, over "squatter" rights.

At feeding time there is a great commotion in this community. As the food is tossed into the water, a terrible scuffle ensues, and the one that secures the morsel has no time to lose in depositing it where his appetite dictates, as he is chased over rocks, through the water, now cut off from this retreat by a flank movement, now surrounded, and only escapes by a sudden dive beneath his enemies—continually harassed until the coveted piece has disappeared.

OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

The attractions at this popular resort are endless in variety. The visitor, no matter how refined or eccentric his tastes, is sure to find many things that will please and instruct. Such was the object of the beneficent proprietor, to provide a place of easy and quick access suited to the tastes of the greatest number, where they could retire from the every-day cares of life and enjoy a spell of happy relaxation.

Besides what has already been mentioned, there is a bear-pit, wherein bruin has every appliance for displaying his diverse acquirements. He may scale a lofty mast, perch upon pedestals, show his agility at climbing dizzy ladders, or assume the gait and pose of man, as his fancy suggests. Aquatic fowls also glide noiselessly over the water of the lakes, or startle timid ladies by their harsh cackling in the willows.

There is a deer park containing numerous captives from the woods and mountains; a hennery, stocked with queer specimens of poultry, and an aviary, wherein the lively variations of the mocking-bird blend into sublime harmony with the linnet's sweeter notes.

There are conservatories fragrant with the perfumes and gorgeous with the bloom of flowers from every clime. An art gallery, containing many beautiful paintings, some of which are from the pencils of old masters, and exquisitely carved statuary, add to the attractions.

For those fond of sport, there are boats, swings, trapeze bars, and rings, any of which are free to all who enter the grounds. There are mosques, pagodas, and rustic seats, placed in the most romantic places, and over the whole float strains of charming music, discoursed by an out-door orchestra.

Mr. Woodward has proved himself a great benefactor to San Francisco's population, by providing so many interesting and instructive attractions, and the strongest evidence that his motives are beneficent is furnished in the small price that he charges for admission to his gardens. Twenty-five cents admits one to the full benefits, and many times when the inmates of charitable institutions desire a day for recreation the gates are thrown open free.

HARRY ANDREWS, MANAGER.

Although Mr. Andrews is but thirty-four years old, the history of his California career furnishes a good illustration of what a man can do if he works with determined perseverance.

Fifteen years ago, he was a newsboy in the streets of San Francisco. From this occupation he drifted into a position in the *Alta California's* office, and four years later became manager of the *Pacific Hygiean Home*, where he remained three years, and in the meantime edited and published the *Pacific Hygienist*. He also edited and published the *Temperance Mirror* and the *Pacific Skate Roll*.

From this time until his connection with Woodward's gardens, nearly eight years ago, he had further newspaper experience, being connected in different capacities with several periodicals.

His peculiar fitness for the position he now occupies is shown by the great popularity the gardens enjoy under his management. The amusements at the gardens are his specialty, and he seldom brings out a performance that is not deservedly popular and particularly appropriate to the occasion. Many of the performances that have been notorious for their queer comicalities had their origin in his fertile brain.

He is full of resource, and is never at a loss for a novel production.

He is a small, unassuming person, but possesses an inordinate fund of "bluff," when tackled by advertising solicitors, who, by the way, are among the chief annoyances at all public places in the city. These gardens are perhaps better advertised than any resort of equal importance in the world.

XLVI.

A BONANZA DEVELOPMENT.

A SAN FRANCISCO SPECIMEN—WHENCE CAME IT?—THE STRUCTURE—THE RESERVE FUND—THE PROPRIETORS.

A SAN FRANCISCO SPECIMEN.

AT the corner of Montgomery and Pine Streets may be seen one of the richest specimens that any of the mines on the Pacific Coast has ever yielded. It is not a crude mass of gold, like that formed by filtering through the crevice of a volcanic crucible; it has not the rich purple coloring of the vein of native silver; neither has it the glint of sparkling sulphurets. It bears no resemblance to the beautiful crystalline quartz so rich with golden settings, nor to the rusty lumps of half decomposed "croppings." It is neither nugget, ingot, "white rock," "blue quartz," nor "greystone."

This specimen is not wonderful so much for its appearance, as for its great value. Such rare treasure is seldom developed by the stroke of the pick, or the force of the blast. Indeed, the specimen to which we allude, might be called a mine itself.

In it there appears a "main shaft," "cross-cuts," "stopes," "upper" and "lower levels," "drifts," and what is yet more necessary to constitute a mine—but is so often lacking—the rich and glittering mineral deposits in the "main lead," with its "shoots," "spurs," and "pockets."

It may be a more startling announcement still, when in proof of the simile it is stated that machinery, with every modern appliance for the rapid development of its resources, is in position and in constant operation. There are "elevating cages," "stamps," and "trucks;" and withal a full force of workmen. Were it not that California has educated the world to accept the most extravagant tales of her products and resources as true, the existence of such wonderful mineral wealth in the sand dunes of Yerba Buena, might well be questioned. This, certainly would seem the most remarkable part of this strange specimen, and naturally suggests a question.

WHENCE CAME IT?

That is easily answered. It is not—in the position it now occupies—a natural geological formation. Although our modern geologists are apt at accounting for deformities in nature—and by the employment of an abundance of technical terms, might readily convince the public that this *aurif-argentiferous* mass was simply the result of a variety of indefinite internal disturbances, caused by the sudden expansion of powerful subterranean gases, which would naturally displace the crustaceous strata, and allow the substrata to protrude—there is no occasion in this instance for them to vex their minds. It is not native, but was transported and also transformed. It is the product of a sister State torn from the bowels of Mt. Davidson. It is only a bonanza development—the Nevada Bank—cash capital, five millions, gold coin; with regular deposits, amounting to half as much more.

THE STRUCTURE.

The building occupied by the Nevada Bank, and called the Nevada Block, is one of the finest examples of architecture in the city. It is four stories high, with a lofty basement beneath, and is very symmetrical. It is a monument of strength and beauty. The finish, both external and internal, is modest but artistic. All the rooms are exceedingly spacious, and that occupied by the bank is the largest used for such purpose in the city, being fifty-six by eighty feet in dimensions. The facing of the vaults is of exquisite design, and very elegant. The locks on the vaults alone, cost forty thousand dollars. The cost of the whole structure was five hundred thousand dollars. The building was erected by the proprietors of the bank. It was opened for occupancy on October 4, 1875, at which time the bank began business.

THE RESERVE FUND.

It is very possible that the Bank of Nevada has the largest surplus or reserve fund of any similar institution in the world. Certain it is, that no other banking establishment has its surplus capital in a more secure shape—beyond the reach of the most ingenious and skilled burglar. It is not secured by a complication of steel plates, bolts and bars, constructed by man, but is locked up between walls of impenetrable granite, hundreds of feet below the surface of the ground. It is hid in the fastnesses of the mountains. It is of fabulous value; inestimable. It is the wealth of the "Comstock lode" of Nevada.

It was the proprietors of the Nevada Bank that developed the "bonanza" mines, and those mines have reciprocated by developing the Nevada Bank. Their exhaustless resources are the reserve fund, which, if drawn upon to-day, would perhaps yield scores of millions—and, if fully developed, perhaps billions of dollars.

THE PROPRIETORS.

With Mr. James C. Flood the idea of establishing the Nevada Bank originated. His partner, Mr. W. S. O'Brien, entered heartily into the project, and it is their expressed intention that the bank shall earn a reputation based solely on genuine merit.

Mr. Flood is the senior partner of the firm. He was born in New York city in 1828, and arrived in San Francisco in 1849, a passenger on the ship *Elizabeth Ellen.* He had no capital except his native energy, and his early California history was therefore interspersed with the various episodes of seeking and finding employment. He accepted any kind of work offered, by which he could earn his living and lay aside a little surplus for future capital. In 1854, he associated in business with Mr. W. S. O'Brien, and then they began the mining enterprises that have been so productive to them of financial success. In personal appearance Mr. Flood is of stout build, with blond complexion, earnest look, and demeanor befitting the business nature he has manifested.

Mr. W. S. O'Brien is one of those rollicking, good-humored persons that are always happy themselves, and, being thus, communicate that mood to all with whom they come in contact. He is a bachelor, a little over forty years old; was born in New York city also, and came to California in 1849 on the ship *Faralinto.* He passed through a probation of toil, poverty, and sacrifice, during the first years of his California experience. Mr. O'Brien is a very genial gentleman, and highly social. To his cheerful speech and friendly disposition much of the popularity the firm of Flood & O'Brien enjoy, is due. The partnership between these gentlemen was established in 1854, and ever since, their interests have been mutual.

The first notable mining enterprise they engaged in was in 1862, and consisted of operations in the Kentuck and other of the Comstock mines. A few years later, the Hale & Norcross mine was the object of their operations, which was of such importance as to attract public attention to them as bold and successful mining speculators. In all their mining transactions they have generally succeeded in getting a controlling interest in the coveted property.

The speculation by which they realized the most of their fortune was in securing the control of the Consolidated Virginia and California mines, that in a few months in the early part of 1875 so greatly advanced in value as to yield a competency to the fortunate possessor of a few shares. The rich developments at that time called the attention of the world to these "bonanza mines," and especially to the persons who had the greatest interest in them.

The firm is characterized for its fair dealing, and during this great mining excitement, that was to result so profitably to them, they advised many of their friends of the rich discoveries, sufficiently in advance of the rise in stocks, to enable them also, to reap a share of the harvest. Their fortune is the result of the bonanza discovery, and in connection with it, their fame is world-wide; so it does not appear inappropriate that the Nevada Bank is here spoken of as a "Bonanza Development."

XLVII.

STREET PREACHING.

THE HABITUES OF THE STREET—THE PREACHERS—THE AUDIENCE.

THE HABITUES OF THE STREET.

THE streets of any important city reflect to a considerable extent the indoor life, habits, and business of its inhabitants. There is the merchant within, the vender of miscellaneous merchandise without; the market man in his stall and the hawker of fish and fowl, crying out his stock on the highway.

The jeweler whose store is a palace of Aladdin, has opposition in the dealer in "pure oroide, that will not turn, tint or tarnish," who assembles a crowd about him on the corner, by a trick at cards or sleight of hand. The stock broker who ponders over his long columns of daily transactions, has on the walk in front of his office, a curbstone rival. The restaurant has a competitor in the "Flying Bakery" that stops at your door and tenders a savory steaming dinner. The juggler will show you a trick on the street for a "bit," that you must pay the prestidigitator on the boards of the theater a half dollar to see.

So it is with the preacher who, when he prays, casts his eyes heavenward, and gazes with delight and pride upon the graceful fresco and rich paintings that ornament the ceiling of the sanctuary, while his knees are embedded in soft cushions and his hand rests upon the velvet upholstery of the pulpit; or as he bends over his stand, and speaks in rhythmic eloquence to his gayly dressed auditors. His theme is echoed in the streets and alleyways of the city.

Scarce a Sunday passes in San Francisco, without the regular street preaching. On Sacramento Street near Leidesdorff, in front of the What Cheer House, there is always on Sundays, a large throng of idlers, who either do not care to attend church or have not the courage to enter a fashionable "house of God," in their shabby attire. This, therefore, is a favorite corner for the street preacher, and at the usual hour for religious services on Sunday, he is promptly on the ground.

THE PREACHER.

San Francisco, is the chosen field of labor for numerous street preachers and lecturers, but of these there are only two whose earnestness or enthusiasm continues with them and prompts their appearance on each succeeding sabbath. Of these, "Old Orthodox," as he is familiarly called by his congregation, usually devotes the hour between ten and eleven to his sermon.

Without a word of warning, he mounts a box in the middle of the street, and begins his lecture. He is a man of fine physique, good voice, and in his talks shows culture as well as research. His dress is neat and plain, and although his chosen work takes him out into sun and storm, he nevertheless has the appearance of a well-fed and well-housed gentleman. He enters into his work with apparent earnestness, and his pleasant style of delivery, added to his friendly countenance always attracts a goodly crowd about him. He upholds no sect, advocates no creed, nor preaches any doctrine, save that of "Christ, and Him crucified." He appeals to the heart, is profuse in illustrations, and strikes at crime and vice in all its forms.

As many of his hearers are of that class who are disposed to be vicious and intemperate, he dwells at length on the evils resulting from such sins. He does not frighten his audience away by calling upon them for contributions or aid, but makes them feel that not only is "salvation free to you and me," but his lectures also. At the close of his sermon he distributes free, numerous religious papers and tracts, for which there is usually a great rush by the crowd, in the confusion of which he disappears.

But before he has closed his services a voice is heard coming from the opposite corner, uttering the comforting words, "there is no devil, hell or immortal soul, and the wicked shall be no more; but the righteous shall inherit the earth, and dwell in peace, under the Monarch of the fifth universal empire—the Messiah." The crowd gathers about the speaker, and are apparently interested in his words. This is "Old Crisis," a most persistent street preacher and vender of a small publication, bearing the euphonious title of "*The Coming Monarch of the World and Herald of the fifth Universal Empire.*" His seedy appearance would indicate that he is either somewhat of a martyr to his espoused cause, or that his work is unpopular, and therefore does not meet with encouraging support.

In his lectures, he rails at the Protestant and Roman clergy, delights in uttering challenges to discuss some pet theory or doctrine, indulges in Greek and Hebrew quotations —substituting for the Anglo-Saxon words *God*, *soul*, and *hell*: *Elohim*, *nephesh* or *psuche*, and *Hades*. He makes frequent vulgar allusions, and does not hesitate to spice his homily with obscene expressions, hoping thereby to gain favor in the eyes of his auditors, many of whom are of the vulgar class.

If he is interrupted by a question or retort from the crowd, he immediately throws down the gauntlet, and expatiates on the "great boon of American law, that upholds freedom of speech, a free press, and LIBERTY."

As the assemblage becomes restless, and begins to drop off one by one, he announces his real business (which is evidently to sell a sufficient number of his cheap papers to pay his board for the following or previous week); urges every one to come and buy a copy of his paper. "It will do you good," he cries, "it will enlighten you; it proves conclusively that there is no hell, devil, nor immortal soul; it proves that the theories of modern theologians are dogmatic and fallacious; it only costs you ten cents a copy, and will insure you happiness for the remainder of life."

There are always some present who have not heard him before, and out of curiosity they buy a copy. After announcing that he will preach at such and such places in the afternoon, he retires from the scene, having furnished a topic for jest and sport to the idlers, for the remainder of the day.

THE AUDIENCE.

Near the junction of Sacramento and Leidesdorff Streets, there are located numerous cheap lodging houses and restaurants. In these dwell many unfortunate and intemperate, and some vicious and criminal persons, all of whom are society-abandoned and poor. There are men who have occupied prominent positions in society, but have been precipitated to the low level by adverse circumstances; men who, becoming intemperate, lost self-respect, grew desperate, and are no longer respected by others; "poor but respectable persons" are there also, as well as professional vagabonds, loafers, and criminals.

Of the class who may be styled itinerant work-hunters—going about from place to place, seeking a congenial job, accepting few offers of work, and continuing in none, there are numerous representatives. There are honest day-laborers, who, after a week of toil, put on their Sunday clothes, and seek upon the street Sunday companions. Strangers in the city, who in rambling through the streets see the gathering, are attracted there. A few of the highly respectable folks also may be seen on the outskirts of the group. There are no females, except those that look down from half open windows. These are among the listeners to the street preachers, and for the sake of whose souls or pocket money, the exhortations or homilies are uttered from the street pulpit.

Withal, they are an attentive and orderly congregation, and although there are sometimes difficult questions asked, and witticisms indulged in at the expense of the preacher, the meetings generally are conducted with harmony. An instance showing the perverted views entertained by some, is afforded in the following droll query. The preacher was telling how Christ cast the devils out of the man and caused them to enter a herd of swine, whereupon the whole flock rushed into the sea and were drowned. A voice in the crowd immediately called out: "What was the price of pork at that time?"

Many apt retorts and sharp rejoinders are interspersed in the Sunday preaching services, and some repair to the appointed gathering places simply to enjoy this part of the ceremony.

"For all the evils under the sun,
There is a remedy or there is none."

Street preaching no doubt has influenced some to do better, and if so, it can claim the merit of being a remedial agent.

XLVIII.

THE NIGHT-WORKERS.

"For some must work while others sleep."

MANY who have lived in cities the whole of their lives, and nearly all villagers and rural persons, know but little of the labor that is performed in a city at night time. When their day's work is done, and they are wrapt in sleep, the earth puts on her robes of silence, and toil throughout the world has ceased. They think that the owl's advice "to sleep all night and work all day," should be followed by all mankind, and do not give thought to those who disregard it.

But at the midnight hour the turmoil of a city has not ceased. Its great pulse has not stopped throbbing, but only beats with fainter sounding. The streets are gloomy with the shadows, and the deafening bustle of the business life of day is heard no more; but ever and anon an echo bounds from wall to corner, telling that somewhere in the city are toilers of the night.

A footstep rings upon the dewy pave—it is the lonely guardian of the peace upon his beat. A buzzing sound disturbs the quiet air, as the street sweepers pass with their swaying brushes. The clash of the printing press breaks harshly upon the ear, and the roaring of furnaces and the steady stroke of the tireless engines in the factories are heard unceasingly.

There are probably more than ten thousand people who are night-workers in San Francisco; not merely for a week or a month, but whose business is such as to require night labor continually. With some the hours of work may vary; the lamp-lighters, for instance, being governed entirely by the rising and going down of the moon, and its monthly changes. At the gas-works, there are men constantly employed, both night and day, and also at the distilleries, breweries, and many different manufactories.

The baker who would supply the early loaf must knead and bake his bread at night-time. The firemen who are employed at the engine-houses know no sleep when on the night watch, but patiently remain at their posts, on the alert to catch the first soundings of a call to conflict. On shipboard, along the wharves, and about the public buildings, night-watchmen stroll stupidly to and fro, counting each step to give the mind some occupation.

In restaurants, hotels, and boarding-houses, bar-rooms, theatres, and the offices of the morning papers, by two or three o'clock, the work for the night is done; while with the vegetable gardeners, milkmen, and those who supply the food for the day, the work is just begun. Street-car drivers and conductors, letter carriers, the men engaged on the bay steamers, hackmen and expressmen, toil in the night, both early and late, as their situations may require. At all the livery stables also are found night-workers. Poor women, who, during the day, are occupied with regular family cares, remain up a great part of the night, sewing, that they may earn a pittance for themselves and family.

Much of the sanitary work of the city is performed at night. The filth and debris thrown off from the city during the busy hours of day must be removed, and many men find employment in this kind of work. The sign is frequently met in a city: "Orders for night-work received here."

In our modern civilization, were it not for the busy hive of night-workers, a city would be almost uninhabitable. We have got to living so fast that the hours between the rising and setting sun do not give time enough to perform the work that now seems to be a necessity. We cannot be content without a record of the current news every few hours. Without the fresh morning paper, still damp with the early dew, men are loath to go about their daily business. We, at this remote point from the national capital, must know the proceedings of last night's congressional investigating committee, else we feel behind the times.

The click, click, click, of the telegraph *never* ceases. We may "take on the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth," but wings of the winds would be a slow coach upon which to send the news of the day. The lightning of the heavens, that flashes in the east and is reflected over the north, south and west, in the twinkling of an eye, is grasped by the hand of Science, and at the bidding of man, carries the news from sea to sea, from continent to continent, and—may we not reasonably think that ere the nineteenth century has closed—from star to star, and from world to world.

Thus do we have need for toilers of the night, but it is an open question whether this need is legitimate. The thieving class who ply their villainous avocation in the night, "love darkness rather than light because *their* deeds are evil," and it is possible that a progression whose supporting requirements cause men to go contrary to the laws of nature, may also have within it the elements of evil. Yet, while we have night-workers, we should not forget them, for theirs is a gloomy and hard life. The absence of the invigorating sunshine is felt, and their thoughts partake of their shadowy surroundings. They may for a time be vigorous of body, but they sooner decay and die.

XLIX.

THE "HAMMAM."

AN ORIENTAL BUILDING—THE BATHS—VALUE OF THE HOT-AIR BATH.

AN ORIENTAL BUILDING.

A STROLL through the streets of San Francisco reveals many striking peculiarities that are not met in even the larger cities in the United States. The diversity of the foreign element, so many of whom have taken up their abode among us, gives a truly cosmopolitan cast to almost every phase of life, whether business or social. It is but a step from Paris to Hongkong; Madrid and London stand side by side; Rome and Dublin merge into each other.

The people you meet on the streets suggest this; the architecture indicates it, and the babel of voices that strikes so harshly and unmeaningly on your ears corroborates it.

The most exquisite architectural design, and that which more certainly suggests another clime, is the "Hammam," located on Dupont, near its junction with Market Street. The first impression when suddenly coming upon this building is, that you have either been transformed, in the twinkling of an eye, to a turbaned Turk, and find yourself wandering amid the "golden-domed shrines of Imperial Stamboul," or that the gaudy structure before you has been bodily transported from that ancient city and planted in this modern metropolis, as a model of antique art.

THE BATHS.

After devoting several years to a critical examination of all the most noted bathing establishments in Europe and the East, with a view to constructing one in this country that would be superior to them all, Doctor Loryea decided that the climate of California was the more favorable wherein to demonstrate the benefits of the hot-air bath, and, therefore, San Francisco was chosen as the place where the bath-house should be built. The result of his investigations is realized in the "Hammam," reasonably supposed to be the most perfect and elegant Turkish bath ever built.

A description of this bath-house as published in the *Overland Monthly,* gives due prominence to the respective compartments, and is herewith inserted:

"Ascending the steps from Dupont Street, the visitor is at once delighted by the presence of a beautiful bronze fountain, whose long jets shine up in the sun. Over the entrance-door is a finely executed inscription in Arabic: '*Bishmillah, Alla il Alla.*'

"To the right of the entrance hall is an apartment supplied with refreshments and appropriate stimulants. On the left is the office, which communicates by means of tubes with all the various departments of the Hammam. It is here that the bather is requested to deposit his valuables, register his name, and receive his check. Advancing, he enters the *mustaby,* or cool room, the centre of which is occupied by a marble bath, six feet deep, six feet wide, and thirty feet long. Here, too, a silver fountain plays. On either side are lounging and smoking rooms, each splendidly fitted up, and separated from its neighbor by handsomely carved and painted trellis-work in wood, through which the cool air passes without obstruction.

"The ceilings and walls are magnificently frescoed. Overhead the light enters through two large circular skylights of colored glass, toned down so as to impress the mind with a sense of freshness and coolness, and in perfect harmony with the colors of the frescoed walls. Over the doors are appropriate Arabic inscriptions from the Koran, and similar ones are on the walls in suitable places, for the comfort of good Moslem souls.

"Immense plate glass mirrors reflect everything from all portions of the apartment, and the visitor is filled with a dreamy soothing languor which is essentially oriental, while the illusion is heightened by Turkish, Persian, and Asiatic surroundings. Scientific precaution has even carpeted the floor with fine Indian matting, which does not retain even a modicum of heat. The *mustaby,* or cold room, is the *opodyterium,* conclave, or *spoliatorum* of the Romans. Succeeding the *mustaby* is the *tepidyrium,* corresponding to the "sea" of the Jews, and the *piscinium* of the Romans. It is the warm room, wherein a heat of 120° to 130° Fahrenheit is constantly maintained.

Everything in this department corresponds with its name, and imparts or suggests warmth.

"The next in order of apartments is the *calidarium*, or *sudatorium*, which corresponds to the hot-stone baths of the Russians, Icelanders, and some tribes of American Indians. The heat of this room is maintained at 160° to 180°, and can be increased at the option of the superintendent. Here, also, everything is in keeping with the name and use of the apartment. The whole room is composed of marble, with a large marble table in the centre, surrounded by marble seats; the table being used for the shampooing process, which is very scientific and important.

"The *employés* are all imported from Turkey, having been educated to the business from the early age of eight years. Shampooers generally work for eight hours in the baths, and if there were anything debilitating in being exposed to the lengthened endurance of so high a temperature, it would certainly have made itself apparent in them, which is not the case. The handsome arched ceiling of the *calidarium* reflects and radiates the heat equally to all portions of the room, which is lighted by superb chandeliers of exquisite design, and in perfect harmony with their accompaniments. Separated from this room by thick felt curtains, especially made and imported for the purpose, are three other smaller apartments, in two of which the temperature is much higher than in the main room. Having passed through the *calidarium* and its auxiliaries, the visitor meets the ladies' entrance, on Bagley Place, where a flight of stairs leads to the second and third floors, the second floor being devoted to their use, and the third to giving all kinds of medicated baths.

"The ladies' rooms are sumptuously fitted up, and lavishly furnished with everything that can conduce to luxurious ease and intense enjoyment. The room dedicated to giving mercurial vapor baths is composed entirely of transparent plate-glass, so that the bather can be seen by the operator at all stages. This is a novel and valuable idea, introduced by Dr. Loryea.

"Without attempting a description of the ladies' apartments, to which justice can only be done by personal inspection, special admiration is called up at the manner in which the researches of science have been utilized and combined to render the Hammam as perfect as possible. It is an established fact that chemistry enables the adept to extract the active ingredients from medicinal waters, by means of which they can be transported in small bulk, redissolved, and the waters reproduced without any loss of effect, but conferring the power to remedy some existing defect in the original waters, and thereby secure a certainty in their operation which is not always obtainable in their unimproved condition.

"Doctor Loryea has happily availed himself of the powerful aid afforded by chemistry, and after thoroughly examining the active principles of the most celebrated sanitary waters in Europe, condensed those principles and is prepared to administer all the most noted baths of the spas. One can revel in the salt sea-water bath of the Mediterranean, without passing through the Straits of Gibraltar. The carbonated or alkaline baths of Vichy are brought to our doors. The famous 'serpent baths' of Schlangenbad have been transported to this city. Those of Kesselbrunnen, Swalbach, Marienbad, and Bareges have taken up their abodes here. Electric baths, administered by skilled operators, and even perfumed cosmetic baths for the complexion, are now among the treasures within the reach of our beauties. The healing virtues of Bethesda, Siloam, and the Jordan have been restored and concentrated for our use."

VALUE OF THE HOT-AIR BATH.

From the remotest ages, the bath, whether used as a curative agent, or enjoyed as a luxury, always carried with it the great object of utilizing the action of air, water and heat, on the human body, so as to excite perspiration. To obtain this end, various rude and imperfect means were employed; but however faulty and primitive the contrivances resorted to, they were, nevertheless, such as tended to produce the desired effect.

The great therapeutic qualities of the bath, it is true, could not be fully developed by the faulty constructions generally used; but, as benefit was derived from the imperfect application of the principle, we may learn to appreciate its true value when carried out scientifically, and in accordance with the teachings of physiology.

Esteemed and valued, it flourished as an institution among the renowned nations of antiquity, and when it was buried amid the splendid ruins of the Greek gymnasium, and shared the destructive fall that overwhelmed Imperial Rome, it survived in distant portions of Western Europe and Asia, to become, eventually, the great luxury and necessity of modern civilization.

The vital functions of the skin, in their relation to the animal economy, were formerly underrated, because they were not properly understood. The investigations, however, of modern physiologists, aided by powerful microscopic agency, have clearly revealed the truly wonderful organism of the skin, and demonstrated how essential its sound and active vitality is to the due performance of the functions of healthy life, and how it is designed as a medium through which the internal organism can be safely acted upon in case of disease.

In health, the skin is the seat of various secretions which seek the surface of the body to be eliminated as excrementitious matter from the system. Hence the skin performs functions analogous to those of the lungs, so far as it takes in and gives out similar matters to those taken in and given out by the lungs; and, for this reason, has been described as the "assistant apparatus of the lungs."

It is recorded, that a boy who was covered with a coating of gilt to represent the Golden Age, in a pageant given by Pope Leo X. died in a few hours, in consequence of the impeded functions of the skin. We find that disease and inability to perspire are coincident. Consequently, force perspiration and you subjugate disease.

For this purpose, no means are so certain and efficacious as heat; and it is marvelous that this, the strongest of the powers of nature, should have been neglected during so many ages. A means by which we operate in the laboratory; by which all culinary operations are carried on; by which all mechanical arts subsist; by which the earth yields her produce; and, in a word, the whole mechanism of the universe, is put in motion.

The scaly deposits of the scarf-skin, which, in the natural and healthy condition of the body, exfoliate to keep the pores free, are not removed by mere external bathing, nor are the excretory functions of the skin stimulated, as they unquestionably are by the hot-air bath. Ordinary washing may keep the surface of the body in what is considered a state of cleanliness; but, as compared with the action of the hot-air bath, such cleanliness is like removing filth from the mouth of a sewer, instead of flushing the whole sewer itself.

The "Poet of the Sierra," while undergoing the ablution of a Turkish bath, exclaimed with delight: "By George! they have worked down to that red shirt I lost in '49." The exquisite sensations experienced by the bather while taking a hot-air bath, and the condition of improved health and invigorated frame in which it leaves him, are finely illustrated by the Arabic inscription over the door of the *calidarium*—"Pain enters not here."

L.

SUICIDE—INSANITY.

SUICIDE MANIA—MOST COMMON CAUSES OF SELF-DESTRUCTION—DIFFERENT METHODS EMPLOYED—INSANITY.

SUICIDE MANIA.

IN a country so favored as California—possessing a climate, a fertility, and a natural beauty that renders it as pleasant a locality for human habitation as has been provided on earth—with such desirable opportunities for the perfect enjoyment of life—it is most strange that man should seek his own destruction. That "first law of nature," self-preservation, that is implanted in all animate creation, amid such surroundings, should naturally in man become strengthened, and, instead of wearying of life, he should endeavor to shield the brittle thread, and, if possible, extend its span beyond the prescribed limit of threescore years and ten.

There is, therefore, an inconsistency in the fact that California buries more suicides, in proportion to its population, than any other State in the Union. There must be an underlying principle in its business or social system, yet unrevealed, that impels this fatality. When God and Nature stand in opposition, it is evident that man himself has developed the causes that lead to such dire results.

San Francisco—that holds up her hands to the world, and cries out—"Behold, how majestically I sit at the Golden Gate, with one foot upon the sea, the other upon the land, holding the commerce of the world! See my crown of gold, and the silver bands that encircle my arms! My robes are decked with ever-blooming flowers, my skirts trail among waving fields and purpling vineyards! I am intoxicated with my glory and my wine! Behold!" San Francisco, that Queen of the West, is pregnant with disease. At her heart is the canker that poisons the life element that flows through the arteries of her great body—the State.

The number of suicides in San Francisco in 1874, was 58; in 1875, 64—an average of more than one a week. It is confined to no particular class of individuals, or no condition or circumstance in life. Wealth and poverty, sick and well, American, European, Asiatic, male and female, contribute alike to the list of those who willfully commit self-murder.

MOST COMMON CAUSES.

Suicide and insanity result from similar causes. Some medical writers assert that suicide is a proof of insanity. They assume that the love of life or the instinct of self-preservation cannot be overcome until the reason is dethroned. But early education, nationality, and the habit of thought and life, may have much to do with self-murder. Among the principal immediate causes are financial embarrassment and domestic and social trouble.

There are but few persons who have spent years in California without meeting with reverses in business. In no part of the world are poverty and affluence so nearly mingled in the same cup. Nowhere is fortune so fickle; nowhere do so many fall in a day from wealth to want. Such transitions naturally disturb the mental balance, and destroy the power of self control. Desperate and dishonest efforts to recover or conceal, if unsuccessful—as they generally are—only add remorse of conscience to other exciting causes of suicide.

There are other suicides by persons who, though they have had no wealth to lose, have not possessed strength of mind to enable them to encounter poverty and disappointment; and who have just enough intelligence to perceive that their lives are worthless to themselves and to society. Disappointed love, licentiousness, and every variety of dissipation, also tend to swell the number. A disregard of the laws of nature, as relates to mental and physical health, prostitutes the powers, and invites that depression of spirit that so often precedes the act of self-destruction.

DIFFERENT METHODS.

The favorite weapon of defense, the pistol or revolver, seems also to be the favorite implement of the suicide. Nearly one half of the number of suicides have employed this as the means to accomplish their purpose. Between cutting the throat, hanging, and drowning, there seems to be but little choice. By these methods collectively, one third depart, while the residue resort to the less tragic mode of taking poison, the various preparations of opium being preferred, and next to these, strychnia.

That the pistol should be the most popular means, is easily accounted for. This weapon is always carried about the person by rowdies, gamblers, and night-walkers,—in short, by all that class of people who are likely to encounter personal difficulties. Others than these are also in the habit of going armed. Even women of loose habits carry their derringers, and almost everybody knows how to handle a pistol. It is perfectly natural, then, that the weapon provided for taking the life of another should be employed in the moment of desperation as the means of self-murder.

INSANITY.

That insanity exists to an unusual degree in California, and is more particularly developed in San Francisco, there is little doubt. The population is not a fair average of the human family. The most excitable and unsettled people have been attracted hither from all parts of the world, bringing with them a temperament favorable to the development of insanity. And then the circumstances to which they are exposed are inimical to the exercise of self-control.

In the earlier history of the State, when those who came to California had to encounter so many difficulties on the road, as well as after arrival, there were but few who had not left home and friends and a quiet life behind them. This absence and comparative isolation was a great deprivation. There were no social and moral influences to which they had been accustomed, about them, and this created a longing for that which they could not enjoy, which condition of mind often results in a species of insanity. The change from a passive life to one of adventure, and ofttimes hardship, together with the impetuous pursuit of wealth that characterizes the people of California, pushing business under a high brain-pressure, is more than some intellects can bear, and the result that follows is mental derangement.

Men in San Francisco are not content with a little portion of the good things that abound, and are wretched and despondent unless they prosper. Reverses are common, and there is a want of fortitude and patience to endure them. Perhaps the most potent cause of insanity in California, is the excessive indulgence in intoxicating drinks. When the traffic in these is the most profitable pursuit, and children, youths and adults have no hesitancy in entering the saloons and drinking, it is not at all startling that the asylums for madmen should be the most expensive charge of the State.

As aggravating to the mind, and promoting insanity directly or indirectly, might be mentioned ill-health in a great variety of forms, without the means of relief afforded by home and kindred, and which is fanned into intolerable severity by the prevalence of quack literature, in newspaper advertisements and distributed circulars; family troubles and disappointed affection; spiritism, fortune-telling, and trickery of various kinds, by which weak-minded or credulous people are led away from the control of judgment and reason; absence of religious faith and religious observances, which, even though there be no hell, nor heaven, nor soul in man, serves to steady and anchor the mind amid the storms of life. Religious belief and observance is better for the mind, even if blended with bigotry and superstition, than no religion and no belief at all.

A large proportion of mankind are susceptible of insanity. Some are prone to it, while with others it is impossible. Very few, however, are put to the extreme test. Thousands lead a normal life, presenting throughout their entire career, examples of mental health, simply because they escape the causes, physical and moral, by which reason is often dethroned. In proportion to the prevalence of those causes, madmen will multiply. New countries, which attract the adventurous, enterprising, and ambitious from the four quarters of the world, will always furnish a large proportion of insane persons.

Insanity prevails to a remarkable extent in California among those in the more humble walks of life. Those whose minds remain year after year almost inactive, the illiterate and unrefined of the laboring classes, furnish more insane subjects than come from the brain-workers and those whose mental labor is most severe and constant. Although San Francisco develops comparatively more insanity, and induces a greater number of suicides, it is withal a pleasant reflection that she has but few idiots.

LI.

GOLDEN GATE PARK.

CONTRASTS—DESCRIPTIVE—DIFFICULTIES TO OVERCOME—VISITORS TO THE PARK—THE PARK COMMISSIONERS—PARK POLICE.

CONTRASTS—DESCRIPTIVE.

WHEN, little more than twenty-five years ago, the missionary Fathers gathered about them their small band of ignorant converts, and, in the Mission Dolores, offered up prayers to the Most High for the prosperity they had enjoyed, the thought, perhaps, did not occur to them that during the nineteenth century—a wonder working century—that part of the San Francisco peninsular to the north and east of them would echo the commotion of a million intelligent inhabitants, or that the barren waste of ever-shifting sand dunes that spread out in gloomy desolation between them and the placid Pacific, would be transformed into a beauteous landscape clad in perennial verdure—its hills crowned with forests, its valleys emitting the delicate fragrance of ever-blooming flowers. This has not yet been realized; neither is the work of the nineteenth century complete. Four years ago, Golden Gate Park was only a name. The grounds that its limits comprised were those same wild sand hills that the mission Fathers contemplated with horror; that the fogs of centuries have rolled over. The remaining two and a half decades of the century will clothe these hills with classic beauty, and Golden Gate Park will know no rival as to extent and scenery. San Francisco, too, ere the century has closed may count her million inhabitants. The ratio of increase in population warrants the prophecy, that this will be realized also.

Golden Gate Park is four years old. It comprises more than one thousand acres, and in its boundaries almost every style of landscape is presented, from the level plain to the towering and precipitous cliffs. It is traversed by gorges, dotted with gently rolling hills, backed by mountains, and opened out by beautiful valleys.

Previous to the selection of this site for the great public park of San Francisco, there were some who contended that the heights beyond South San Francisco toward Islais creek should be embodied in its precincts. This would have given to the grounds a rugged and perhaps more romantic phase, and would have involved much more work in preparing long and safe drives—a feature in all public grounds more appreciated than anything else by San Franciscans. A leading object with the projectors of Golden Gate Park, was to provide a grand public drive, that would afford a pleasant approach to the Ocean. In this they have already succeeded. View, extent, and smoothness considered, there is not a finer drive on the continent.

The extent of the park is a matter of astonishment to strangers. The grand avenue, through which the main park is approached, is three fourths of a mile long and 275 feet wide. It is magnificent in its windings through groves and dense shrubbery, whose perpetual verdure is at all seasons refreshing to the eye. When within the park, an expanse of three miles in length by half a mile in width, traversed by promenades, bridle paths and drives, invites the pedestrian, equestrian, or driver to follow their mazy windings into the labyrinths of hedges and borders. Smoothly macadamized roads lead to quiet summits, from which landscape and marine views of wonderful beauty open out before him.

DIFFICULTIES TO OVERCOME.

The greatest difficulty that had to be met in improving Golden Gate Park, was the reclamation of the ever-shifting sand hills. A greater part of the surface ground in the inclosure, is formed by the sand-wash of the ocean, and was constantly drifting from place to place by the action of the wind. This, of course, had to be stayed. The only known means of attaining the desired result was to propagate a vegetable growth that would send forth abundant fibrous roots to hold the sand in its place. The lack of fertility in the sand was an obstacle to this. The California Lupine was known to thrive in sandy soil and it was therefore chosen as the plant that would effect the reclamation. Large quantities of the seed were obtained and sown, and in the four years since its planting, it has proven a perfect success. Under its shelter stronger plants and shrubs are fast springing up and a few years hence, what was a bleak and barren waste will present a panorama of tropical splendor.

A fence, constructed of boughs of trees and brush, extends along the ocean beach, and acts as a barricade to the encroaching sand. The flying drifts are caught in the eddy it creates, and are precipitated to the ground on the leeward side, and add to the efficiency of the bulwark.

Thus nature has been made subservient to science, and her frowns converted into smiles.

VISITORS TO THE PARK.

Californians, as a rule, are pleasure lovers—fond of amusements of all kinds—although somewhat loath to spare the time that should be devoted to careless recreation. They are fond of manly sports, and delight in spanking roadsters—and this last indulgence very naturally leads them to the smoothly paved and broad drives inside the limits of Golden Gate Park. On pleasant holidays, and Sundays in particular, the Park presents a lively scene. Gold-mounted carriages of every approved pattern, drawn by richly caparisoned steeds, driven by uniformed livery-men, whose brilliant buttons are conspicuously numerous, and containing beautiful belles and gallant beaux, are seen whirling swiftly over the open road, now lost behind a curve, now penetrating a thicket—appearing and reappearing, rivaling each other in display, as well as emulating each other in merrymaking and jollity. Less pretentious turnouts mingle in the scene, and numerous equestrians vie with each other in knightly pose and perfect horsemanship.

Along the promenades, the less fortunate but more healthful pedestrians stroll singly or in groups, and happy, playful children romp and sport, adding their joyous screams and laughter to the pleasurable excitement.

THE PARK COMMISSIONERS.

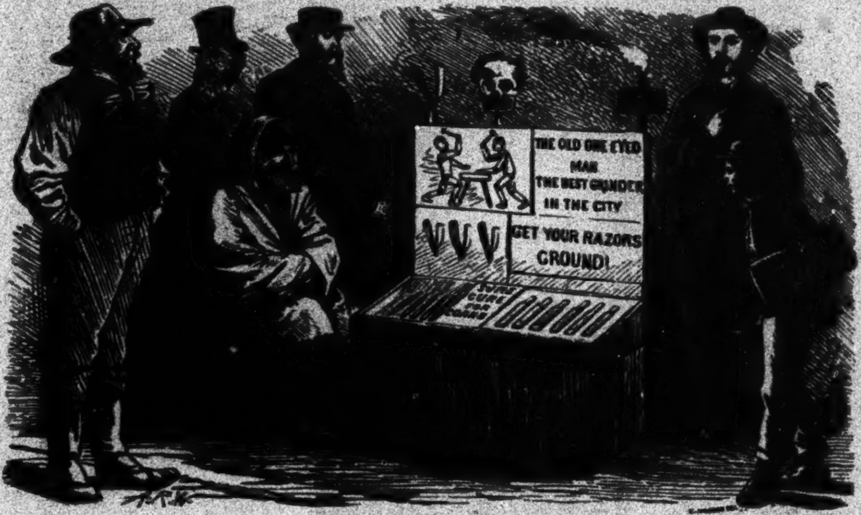
The gentlemen composing the Board of Park Commissioners have been most faithful in the discharge of their duties. Much credit is due to their intelligent enterprise. Only from their earnest efforts, have the magical effects in the improvement of the grounds been produced. The whole business intrusted to them has been conducted with strict economy and great accuracy, in every detail.

The engineer, under whose personal supervision the improvements have been prosecuted, has developed a genius that is acknowledged to be superior. Every one engaged in the various departments of the work has been notably faithful in his labors. This is a precedent that might well be followed by municipal officials and attaches, particularly, and by all administrators of public funds generally. Investigations would then be infrequent, and confidence in official integrity would again take root in the public mind.

THE PARK POLICE.

The "Park Guard" consists of forty-five men regularly organized and in an efficient state of discipline. They have their designated beats and hours, and attend to various other duties assigned them. To preserve personal safety and order in so large a tract of ground, which is so numerously and constantly visited, is a task of considerable responsibility. Ladies often ride through the park unattended, and are as free from peril or annoyance as they would be in the most frequented street in the city. The visitor is as safe in the most secluded nook in the grounds as he would be on the much traveled highway. The most common offense that is committed, and for which arrests are promptly made, is fast driving.

The visitors to the Park number about fifteen thousand weekly. When communication is had between the city and park by street railway, it will be more numerously visited. As it is now, those who cannot afford to hire a horse or carriage, must either walk or forego the visit. The walk is more extended than most persons wish to undertake, and hence many are thus deprived of the benefits that should be enjoyed by all.


THE OLD ONE EYED MAN THE BEST GRINDER IN THE CITY
GET YOUR RAZORS GROUND!
SURE CURE FOR CORNS

"GET YOUR RAZOR'S GROUND."

LII.

STREET CRIERS.

A CITY—"TINS TO MEND"—"RAGS, SACKS, AND BOTTLES"—QUACK MEDICINES—GAMINS—STREET ECHOES.

A CITY.

WHAT a human medley is a city! What phases of life are therein represented! To know familiarly a single cosmopolitan city, is to know the world. It is humanity concentrated; and the manners, customs, habits, thoughts, feelings, and actions of its inhabitants represent these diversities as they exist in whatsoever land or clime. It is a book that is much conned, but has never been learned or understood; many of the leaves are yet uncut. We see its massive walls, its spires, but we know not what those walls contain within. We see its people on the streets, but we know not of their lives. With its external we become familiar, but the internal is hid in the depths of mystery. Our closest scrutiny is only superficial. The light and shade are visible—but whence that light, and why the shade?

TINS TO MEND.

How desolate and deserted would the streets appear without the street-crier. Our ears become so accustomed to his call that his absence creates uneasiness. "Ti' to men'," comes to us in familiar tones, and we glance up the street and see a sturdy crier plodding slowly along, as if the box on his shoulder and furnace in his hand were too great a load for him to bear, or the monotony of his life had transformed him into a mere machine, whose motor was unchanging, and kept up the same incessant action, never speeding nor slacking. He has traversed a block, and again we hear the call, "Ti—' to men'," and he peers into narrow alley-ways and open doors, hoping that he may catch the beck of some unfortunate cook who has allowed the tea-kettle to "boil dry" and the solder to "melt off."

"Ti—to men'," and he glances wistfully across the street, scrutinizing every open window. Ah, now, his pace quickens, and his countenance lights up, for he has descried, through the lattice-work, a waving hand, and he knows full well that he has found some tins to mend. He follows the walk around to the rear of the house, and disappears.

GET YOUR RAZORS GROUND.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle. Tinkletinkletinkle. Tinkleinkletikinkle. "O-ho, get your razors ground!" and there goes the grindstone on wheels. The gearing looks wonderfully rickety, but the more it wabbles the louder the bell jingles, and hence the more eyes it attracts. How brawny the face of its proprietor, and how clumsy he appears as he jogs along over the irregular pave! But all this while there is a tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, and anon the "Get your razors ground!" echoes through the street. But why does he turn into that narrow lane, as if to escape our gaze? Oh, it was that smooth-faced youth, who had nodded him thither; he wanted *his* razor ground.

These perambulating grinders develop quite a business sometimes. There is one turn-out, in particular, that attracts considerable attention; and, because of the novelty of the establishment, does quite a thriving business. The machinery by which the grinding is accomplished is mounted on four wheels, and consists of a large hollow drive-wheel, wherein may be placed two good-sized dogs. This is connected by a band to the grinding apparatus, so that when the large wheel is started, the dogs, to keep from tumbling about, use their legs very freely, which action keeps the wheel revolving, and when once under headway there is no alternative for them but to keep moving until their master deems it expedient to give them rest.

The business of this establishment consists principally in grinding the knives and tools of the butchers and restaurateurs. Of these he not only gets his regular pay for work done, but many times squares accounts with his faithful dogs, by paying them their salary in scraps and crumbs from the stalls and tables.

The original "Get your razors ground" character occupies a corner on the curb, at the intersection of Bush and Kearny Streets. He has grown old in the service, and his locks are fast silvering. Day after day, and night after night, he sits on his little low stool, with his feet on the treadle of his machine, and whether the street be thronged or the passers-by be few, the little mechanical men on his sign-board keep up their sawing and grinding, and the deep, guttural call is heard, at regular intervals—"Get your razors ground." He is a little, one-eyed old gentleman, and is intelligent, and remarkably ingenious withal—having invented and patented a number of mechanical devices, among which was a quartz mill for crushing ore, that is said to be valuable. San Franciscans will often recall to memory this little old man, with his hat always tied down close over his ears, even when the ghouls of the churchyard will be echoing his call of "Get your razors ground" over his grave, and the pigmies on his sign-board will be sawing away to the music of his successor's voice.

RAGS, SACKS AND BOTTLES.

The collectors of rags, sacks and bottles, may be seen almost any day slowly threading the streets in the residence portion of the city. The outfit consists, firstly, of the rag-man himself, who is most commonly rather older than young, and in his general make-up is a living advertisement of his business pursuit. His clothes are rags, his lap-robe a sack, and we have every reason to suspect that a bottle is within easy reach. Secondly, is his charger—steed, horse, or plug, as you may choose to call him—which there is no doubt, has the *bronco* blood, and is in the same animal gradation as his master. Lastly, the squeaking vehicle that bears the weight of the rag-man himself, and the commodities in which he traffics. An outfit like this gains a living for a family.

The rag-men are seldom seen dismounted from their wagons, are never in a hurry, never seem to be doing any business, yet their loads gradually increase as they travel along, and must soon be delivered to headquarters to make room for more. The peculiar inflection with which they cry out "Rags, sacks and bottles," attracts the ears of the little folks, and every urchin in the nursery that can lisp its mother's name, calls out in mimic tone: "Wags, sacks, bottélls."

QUACK MEDICINES.

There sometimes appears on the principal streets of the city a magnificent equipage—"a coach and four"—with a solitary passenger reclining at ease on the silken cushions. The liveried coachman maintains the dignity of a king's favorite courtier, and as he gracefully manipulates the reins, his gaily caparisoned team prance lightly along, as if it was the advance leader of a gorgeous pageant. The public gaze upon them in wonder and admiration, but the occupant maintains a dignified indifference, and they pass out of view.

There is a peculiarity about this personage that is marked. His face is generally emaciated, though glowing, and his hair falls in wavy ringlets far down over his shoulders. His dress is somewhat clerical, except the hat, which is the broadest planter style. Upon the whole, the picture is rather grotesque, and never fails to attract attention.

For several days, this same equipage may be seen on those streets that are most traveled, and public curiosity will begin to be manifest. Then there will be a sort of transformation. The same team will again appear, the same driver, but a different occupant. This time a person whose very look excites mirth; who has such a humorous face and bearing that all who look upon him smile. He bears in his hand a banner trimmed with gold, upon which is emblazoned the words "World's Relief." Upon each of the horses, also, are silken coverings bearing the same device. At nightfall, where the throng is thickest, this team darts up, halts, and the humorous man rises in his seat, bows profoundly, and informs the eager crowd that he will sing them a song. The people are thus attracted to the spot, and after the singing is over, a few humorous remarks serve admirably to introduce the "famous Dr. McBride, a scientist, naturalist, botanist, and a *graduate* of the most noted medical college in Paris, who will address the assembly for a few moments." Slow, and with devout solemnity, there ascends the steps into the carriage, the first personage we have mentioned, his broad hat pushed back, displaying a formidable brow, and his graceful locks trailing over his shoulders in sublime profusion. "Gentlemen of San Francisco," he says, "I have the honaw to remawk that I have just retwuned fwom an extended journey thwough the Owiental countwies. My visit was in the intewest of the *Woyal Academy of Sciences de Pawee*, and in my re-sawches in that stwange countwy, that abounds in so much that is of peculia' intewest to the scientist, I discovewed the Bawm of Gil-léad—

the gweatest wemedial agent that the wowld will evew know, and which I shall pwesent to you to-night in the fowm of my 'Wowld's Welief.' Gentlemen, I"—(a voice: "Quack, quack; oh, give us a rest"). Thus he continues until the wonderful properties of his preparation are fully set forth, and then the songster takes the stand, and sings and sells medicine (?) alternately, keeping a crowd about him, and doing a thriving business.

Other venders of quack preparations, station themselves in the middle of the street, and with a box for a rostrum, and a tripod stand before them denounce the public as fools, if they fail to perceive the force of their reasoning. What lessons in physiology and hygiene may we not learn if we give attention to the wisdom that is proclaimed from the streets of a city by the agents of a quack fraternity.

GAMINS.

How numerous are the newsboys in San Francisco! Around the doors of the publication offices of the evening papers at the hour the paper issues, they swarm in such numbers, that travel is sometimes obstructed. How eager they are to get the first sheets the clashing press throws out! How they clamber for place, and press forward toward the distributing clerk! And how gaily they speed away, when they have secured their number, shouting and singing at the top of their voice—"Evening Post, first edition," "Bulletin or Examiner," five cents; and when a person passes near, "Post," "Bulletin"—"don't you want a copy, sir?"—"Post, Mr.," "five cents, latest edition," and when he has gone, cry aloud again "E-ven-ing Post or Bul-le-tin." They skip into the business offices, jump on the cars, scream at the hotel entrances, gather at the wharves. In rain and storm, the cry is heard in every direction. Late at night, the streets give echo to their shouts. In the morning, as soon as the first footsteps are heard upon the pavements, "Alta, Call or Chronicle," goes ringing on the quiet air. Every arriving car or steamer is besieged with these busy little bodies, that ply their vocation amid so many besetments.

How their eyes sparkle when a flaming headline of their paper announces a tragic death, a suicide of a prominent citizen, a flood or fire in a mine, a panic, or anything surprising or startling to the community. In exciting times they swarm by the hundreds upon the public highways. "Latest advices from burning mines." "Another bank suspended—full perticlers in the Bul-le-tin and Po-est."

On the days that the dailies issue double-sheet editions, they throng every street, penetrating far out into the suburbs. "Double-sheet-ed Post, fi-eve cents." "Even-ing papers, three for a dime."

What a variety of voices! Some with the power of a man; others, little baby voices that have scarce ceased cooing on their mothers' knee (if, perchance, they ever knew a mother, and heaven knows there are many that never), and who timidly lisp in feeble tones—"buy my paper thir, pleathe." Another calls out so shrill and loud that he is heard for blocks away. Some are in rags, and some well clad; some are puny little fellows, whose looks tell that they will not long face wind and weather to mingle their voices with the din; while others are hale and rugged lads, inured to hardship, and proof against fog and rain.

Where are the homes of the gamin? That is a query that is difficult to answer. Some have comfortable homes, kind parents, and have of their own accord chosen to embark in business for themselves. Others, and of these there are many, have never known the meaning of that sacred word Home. They may have parents, but not *fathers* and *mothers*. But many of them are alone in the world, seeking food and cover where they may; driven about from one rude shelter to another, as the whim or disposition of 'humanity may prompt; with manly hearts in their bosoms, brave enough to fight for room in this world, and who with surroundings favorable to development would grow up to be honored among men. As there always will be gamins, and since the very fact of their existence entitles them to consideration, there should be more provision made for their comfort and protection than is now; and during the night, at least, they should be gathered into comfortable quarters, where the surrounding influences would be such as to inspire them with a noble ambition.

STREET ECHOES.

Were it possible for the ear to catch the different cries that are continually echoing through the streets, rising above the hum of solid business, what a chorus it would be. The song of the orange-men—"Or-r-anges, sweet Los Angeles oranges, two-bits a dozen"—would blend into "wild-game, wild-game," and "ti' to men'," would be drowned by the rolling call of "rags, sacks, and bot-tells." "Her-r-ring, fresh herring," would lose its significance by the more attractive cry of "oysters and clams;" "get your razors ground," would echo back the strange refrain of "glass p'tin," until there would be such a babel of voices that only an occasional word could be distinguished. In the confusion would be heard, "tinkle, tinkle, tinkle—oh get your razor's—;" "gentlemen, all ye who are afflicted will find relief by using my—;" "rags, sacks, and—;" "E-ven-ing Post and Bulle—;" "ti' to—;" "cure you of rheumatism;" "wild game," "oranges sweet;" "glass p'tin;" "my wowld's welief," "is pure o-ro-ide that will not turn taint—" "for only five cents a copy." "Try your lungs, gentlemen, it will expand your—" "bottles—" "and the whole will cost you but a—" "Call or Chronic—" "case of neuralgia that was pronounced incurable by medical—" "oyster and clams." "Walk right up to the battery and see how much lightning your nerves can—" "get your razor's—" "p'tin—" "to men'—" "sacks and —" "wild—" "Los Angeles—" "infallible remedy for tooth-ache, ear-ache and—" "morning Alta."

These are some of the cries that are heard in a city—but there are *wails* unutterable.

LIII.

THE CEMETERIES.

LONE MOUNTAIN — LAUREL HILL CEMETERY — CHINESE GRAVES — MASONIC AND ODD FELLOWS BURIAL GROUNDS — CALVARY CEMETERY.

LONE MOUNTAIN.

WESTWARD from the city, and about midway between the western margin of the bay and the ocean, towers up a solitary peak. A large rude cross, erected in early days, stands upon its highest point, to perpetuate the memory of the ancient Spanish missionaries, who dwelt and worshiped God in quietude, so long in its evening shadow. This peak is Lone Mountain, and the cross that is its crown, also marks the resting place of San Francisco's buried dead.

The rolling hills about its base, on either side, are dotted thick with white gleaming stones or painted boards, the domes and steeples of the city of the dead.

LAUREL HILL CEMETERY.

Why the name "Laurel Hill" was borrowed and substituted for the local and original Lone Mountain, we do not understand, unless it is intended to suggest comparison. While Lone Mountain (or Laurel Hill) Cemetery in natural beauty has no superior, and in cultivated improvements is in accord with the youthful city whose dead repose beneath its sacred soil, brought into comparison, as it is by bearing the same name, with its eastern namesake, its natural beauty wanes before the cultivated charm and grandeur of the latter.

Lone Mountain is appropriate. There is loneliness in the graveyard! There is loneliness in the silent tomb! The very stones and monuments that boldly rear their heads above the cheerless death-chambers, make mute appeals for silence. Where death is enthroned, silence reigns; and only in silence is there a perfect realization of loneliness. Then let San Francisco's burial ground be called by its native name—Lone Mountain. The little warblers whose throats swell with ecstatic trills, that ring out in shrill echoes through the forest, respect the hallowed ground, and warble soft notes of love when perched upon a drooping bough above the graves.

Lone Mountain Cemetery is the city's burying ground. Standing by the cross on Lone Mountain, and looking northward, a few lofty monuments, a few arched and gothic vaults, and many smaller emblems of remembrance to the dead, stand out to view upon the undulating landscape. Entering the enclosure, the broad avenue divides into numerous divergent paths, that lead between green borders and hedges until they disappear in the unimproved wilds. Vaults of massive granite or shining marble, within whose echoing chambers the wealthy dead repose embalmed; monuments of granite, sandstone and marble; tablets and slabs of marble, porphyry and wood; surmounting the green sod, or standing sentinel over the little mounds of earth: are seen on every side.

Inscriptions telling only of the virtues of the departed, or the lamentations of surviving friends, extolling the qualities in the dead that were not recognized in the living, make the visitor to conclude that the Angel of Death chooses well his recruits—admitting into his ranks only those whose heavenly virtues rendered them unfit to inhabit a sin-cursed world. The same old story, "We never appreciate a blessing 'till we are deprived of it."

We read the touching epitaph, we admire the wreaths and crowns of flowers that are strewn over the graves, we see the weeping mourner watering the new-turned sod with her tears of grief, and our hearts grow sad, and we feel that there yet remains in the hearts of some, those tender sentiments of love that even death cannot efface. But we are forgetful of the living.. There are brave hearts yet engaged in life's struggles, to whom even a word of sympathy would give joy, and disperse clouds of gloom, that we think not of. They may be battling with misfortune, bowed down with sorrow, stricken with disease, grappling with poverty; but we hold in reserve our friendly aid until they have passed beyond the reach of our sympathy or encouragement—until their putrefying bodies lie in the grave.

Lone Mountain Cemetery is not unlike other city graveyards. The memory of San Francisco's noble dead is kept green by towering monuments; her wealthy sleep in costly sepulchres; and her poor and forsaken sleep just as sweetly in abandoned graves.

The epitaphs seen there tell the same tale of grief, of sorrow, of comfort, of praise, and of resignation, that have been told over and over again. The flowers may be more fragrant, and bloom more constant; the breezes may blow less bleak; the verdure may be more abiding; the sun may shine brighter; but the dead of other lands or climes await in silence the same resurrection as do they who are interred in Lone Mountain.

Standing on the highest eminence of Lone Mountain, is a monument of marble, erected to the memory of one whose deeds Californians delight to recall. On one side is chiseled "Mechanic," and on the other "Senator." That is simple, but it is enough.

The most touching epitaph is that inscribed to the memory of Arthur French, who lost his life in 1860, at the wreck of the steamship *Northerner*, near Cape Mendocino. He was first officer of the vessel. The inscription simply tells: "He answered those who tried to dissuade him from returning to the wreck, after he had made *seven* ineffectual attempts, 'I have as much to live for as any man, but my life belongs to the people on board that ship, and I will go and stay with the captain. If I die, tell my wife and children I died doing my duty.'" That was a noble death! A broken mast marks his tomb—a fit emblem of the perils of his life, and the manner of his death.

There is a monument in the more neglected part of the cemetery, where the poor put their friends to rest, and strangers lie forgotten—the rude sculpturing and lettering of which, more certainly tell that death had robbed a loving heart of its most cherished treasure, than were it graved in imperishable marble and planted on a granite foundation. Nine visitors of every ten would pass it unnoticed, and perhaps the tenth would see nothing to call forth his respect or sympathy in the ordinary epitaph. A rough-shapen wood slab, painted white; a rude tracing, in black, of "Christien Hansen, died March 6th, 1867, aged 42. Erected to his memory by his wife." That is all. But the grave is well kept; the mound is always green; and on every Monday morning there are a few fresh flowers strewn upon it. There is a whole volume of love in that grave.

The ground devoted to the interment of deceased members of the Volunteer Fire Companies is beautifully located. The monuments and tombstones are modest and appropriate, and the whole inclosure is kept in good order.

CHINESE GRAVES.

To the stranger the Chinese vault and their burial grounds are perhaps more attractive than any other feature in Lone Mountain Cemetery, because of the peculiar rites and ceremonies observed and performed at a Chinese funeral. But the graves of these "heathen," as seen in San Francisco's cemetery, are mum as to the significance of any ritual service, feast, or sacrifice that may have been performed at their creating. The vault is a wooden structure, in which numerous styles of architecture have been followed, but none maintained, surmounted by an oriental steeple and cornice, in which divers wooden bells are conspicuous. At the front of the vault is a trough, filled with earth, containing the remnants of numberless fancy-colored tapers and "Joss" sticks, whose nauseous vapors are indispensable at a Chinese funeral.

It is certainly an injustice to their dead, if not to the living, to permit the desecration of their vaults and tombs. They are bespattered with mud and filth, battered with stones, and sometimes defaced in a most irreverent manner. The animosity that many persons bear to the living, seems to extend even beyond the grave.

The lots used by the different Chinese companies for interment, are each surrounded by a common board or picket fence, and at the entrance a sort of canopy is erected, under which is the sign or name of the company. The graves are scarcely visible, being almost on a level with the general surface of the ground. A rude brick furnace, and a cheaply constructed table, a plain head-board with incomprehensible hieroglyphics upon it, complete the furniture on the premises.

In the future, when that reaper whose name is Death, and whose sickle is Time, shall have gathered in the harvest that is now fast ripening, there will be many sheaves among the garnered, over whose graves will spring up elaborate commemorative statues and monuments; the march of improvement will keep pace with the march of time, and Lone Mountain Cemetery will be no less attractive than Greenwood or Laurel Hill.

MASONIC AND ODD FELLOWS BURIAL GROUNDS.

To the south of Lone Mountain is the Masonic Cemetery, and to the west, the Odd Fellows—both of which present a neater and more finished appearance than Lone Mountain Cemetery. The Orders, whose dead find rest in these graveyards, are numerously represented in San Francisco, and are powerful and wealthy. The bond of brotherhood that holds the living in such harmonious unity, is not broken by death, but is even more manifest to the world at the grave than in any of the ordinary circumstances of life.

The graves are well kept. That desolate spot that in public burial grounds tells too plainly that some have died who were among strangers; who left no friendly heart behind to cherish their memory, by smoothing the sod or watering the grass over their graves; that abandoned plat that shows so many new-made mounds, is not seen in the grounds devoted to the burial of Masons and Odd Fellows.

CALVARY CEMETERY.

East of Lone Mountain, and nearer the city, is the Catholic graveyard. Viewed from a distance, it might be taken for a lilliputian village; the low-gabled head-boards with the crosses upon them, look like the ends of so many little houses.

This cemetery mantles the top of a considerable hill, and its landscape is not nearly so picturesque as the other cemeteries. The comparative absence of trees renders it more cheerless than it would otherwise be, and therefore there is not that attraction in it to strangers that there is in the others. There is also less stone and marble used for marking graves, and much more wood and brick.

The fact of the cross being universally employed on the graves, renders the view somewhat monotonous; yet this is symbolical; and perhaps if the cross was not borne, there would be no compensating crown for those whose bodies lie in the tomb.

"Earth to earth," is exemplified in the cemetery. Were the grief for the dead inconsolable, what a world of mourning this would be! But Time is a potent healer. It is not a pleasant thought, that when we die a few short months will veil us from the memory of those we loved, and there will be no longer vacant the place we thought we filled! Yet the most powerful potentate, to whom nations are wont to bend the knee in reverence, may sink into his grave without disturbing nature's poise—there is only a ruffle on the surface, when all settles quietly back to the different channels of action. How insignificant is man!

THE "BALDWIN"—HOTEL AND ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

LIV.

E. J. BALDWIN'S HOTEL AND THEATRE.

E. J. BALDWIN—THE "BALDWIN"—BALDWIN'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

E. J. BALDWIN.

E. J. BALDWIN, proprietor of the "Baldwin Hotel," and "Baldwin's Academy of Music," is a native of Ohio. In 1853, after an exciting and hazardous journey overland, he arrived in San Francisco.

His first business venture in the city, was the purchase of the Pacific Temperance House, which he kept for only thirty days, when he disposed of it for a profit of five thousand dollars.

Being full of resource, and gifted with surprising discretionary powers, Mr. Baldwin was not long in discovering a profitable business opening. He therefore, in 1855, engaged successfully in brick-making with another gentleman.

Shortly after this time, he was offered a position at Fort Point, to superintend the government brick-yard, which he accepted. While there, his position yielded him a profit of from one thousand to fourteen hundred dollars per month. He continued in this for about two years, when he turned his attention to the livery business, in which he was constantly engaged for six or seven years following.

While conducting this business, Mr. Baldwin made numerous purchases of real estate, and also became initiated into the mysteries of mining stock speculations, which was then rapidly developing into the most important financial business in the city. The magnitude of stock operations gave scope to his speculative powers, and the activity and excitement that attends the pursuit was congenial to his ambitious nature. So he at once gave his whole attention to mining stocks, determined to secure his share of the profits that so certainly would be theirs who had the nerve to push out into the stream and the judgment to pilot their craft safely through the dangerous breakers that lay in their course.

Mr. Baldwin proved a good navigator. He was so successful in his "deals" and "turns," that his less fortunate brother voyagers were not content to concede his good fortune to a superior business ability, but reflected, with some degree of consolation, no doubt, that it was only *his luck.* This was the origin of the name that he is familiarly known by—"Lucky" Baldwin—and which, on account of subsequent and continued successes, still clings to him with persistent tenacity.

Those were the early days of California Street stock operations, and the business was yet in its infancy. It was therefore a matter of serious comment among dealers, to have an "outsider" step in and take the lead, and it is very possible that Mr. Baldwin's prosperity excited a feeling of envy. The consequence was, that there were numerous "rings" formed and "jobs" put up to thwart his plans, but he continued self-reliant, entered the contest determined to win, and seldom suffered defeat.

In the winter of 1874–5, during the great bonanza excitement, in the contest for a controlling interest in Ophir, Mr. Baldwin stood alone against what was then called the "Bank ring." He so manipulated his plans relating to leading stocks, that at one time he could have precipitated a panic, and come out with fifteen or eighteen million dollars ahead; as it was, he netted the snug sum of five millions. His favorite stocks have been those representing mines on the Comstock lode: Crown Point, Belcher, Consolidated Virginia, California, Ophir and Savage.

Mr. Baldwin's California career furnishes an example of what can be done by enterprise and energy, attended by strict business integrity. His "luck" has been the luck that comes of one's own making; a luck, if such it be, that only nature endows some men with, and that consists in a comprehensive mind, directness of purpose, and withal, a native energy to push one's way through to a desired object, regardless of any obstacles that may intervene. Other luck than this, like Mr. Greeley's men of *genius*, is as "scarce as white crows."

His hotel, which is just approaching completion, occupies much of his attention. The theatre is a model of elegance; and the hotel, when finished, will, without doubt, surpass in its arrangement for comfort and convenience, any public building of its kind in the country. These are Mr. Baldwin's "pets," and all knowledge relative to their proper construction has been eagerly sought, and no expense nor labor, to make them complete in every detail, has been withheld.

Mr. Baldwin was one of the projectors of the Pacific Stock Exchange Board, and since its organization has held the office of president. He heartily enjoys turf-sporting, and is the owner of "Rutherford" and "Grimstead," two of the finest and fleetest running-horses on the turf record.

THE HOTEL.

The "Baldwin," for under that name will this hotel be thrown open to the public, is a rhomboidal building, with the irregular dimensions of 138×210×275 feet, located on Market Street, at the junction of Ellis and Powell. Its frontage on Market Street is 210 feet, and on Powell, 275. The main entrance is on Powell Street, fronting which, on the first floor, are the offices, reading-room, billiard and bar-room.

Assuming that the plans of the architect and projector are realized, a handsome structure is seen, rich in architectural embellishments, and symmetric in its grand proportions. It is six stories high, with a basement; surmounted by one principal dome, 162 feet in height, with numerous other towers of lesser altitude, from each of which there rises a tall flagstaff, tipped with gold.

The general architecture is in the style of the French *renaissance;* mansard roof, corinthian columns, and classic cornices, with modern combinations and ornaments. The building is neither brick, wood, nor iron, but all of these materials are embodied in its construction.

The office, reading-room, billiard and bar-rooms, are paved and wainscoted with marble tiles, and the broad stairway leading from the office to the second floor, is composed of solid slabs of marble, the balustrades being constructed of vari-colored woods. The dining hall, located on the second floor, fronting on Ellis street, is 138×32 feet in dimensions, with a wing 40×40 feet, fronting on Powell, and is divided into different compartments by folding doors, or opened into one grand hall, as may be desired. There is also a children's dining-room, 40×42 feet in dimensions. The public parlors and reception room, are also on the second floor: these form commodious rooms at the angle of the building, commanding a view of Market, Fifth, Powell, and Eddy Streets, the other being immediately over the office.

The whole of the first floor except that part occupied for the offices, reading room, billiard and bar-rooms, barber-shop, and a marble fountain, is divided into stores. The other floors repeat themselves in each other, being divided into family suites of five compartments each—two chambers, a parlor, clothes-room, and toilet-room. A broad corridor traverses the entire length, on each side of the building, communicating directly with every room on the floor, the grand and private stairway, and the different elevators.

From each suite of rooms a light-well extends from the first floor to the sky-light on the roof, affording perfect ventilation and light. There are two public elevators; one for passengers exclusively, leading from the office to all the floors above, around which the grand stairway is coiled, circle after circle, until lost in the blue air that hovers over the roof.

Nickel-plated hydrants, with endless coils of hose, that when unrolled, extend the one to the other, are placed in niches off the corridors, and protected by plate-glass doors. Upon the roof a broad promenade extends around, from which a magnificent panoramic view of the city, bay, and surrounding country is had. And there, too, where one would least expect it, clear up on top of the roof, sheltered by one of the towers, is a cosy little room, elegantly carpeted, and furnished with luxurious chairs and sofas; with tables to write upon; and, in the midst of all, two or three of the most superb billiard tables, designed for none other than fair soft hands to play upon. This is the ladies' billiard room. Above it, and easily reached by convenient stairs, is another room, the walls and roof of which are of plate glass. Ranged around on all sides, are pots and baskets of the choicest flowers, blooming in all the colors of a California sunset, and breathing their delicate perfume upon the tempered air. This is the temple of health, the bower of sunshine and fragrance; or, to speak more plainly—the conservatory.

In the basement, are located the store-rooms, butcher shops, laundry, steam engine, and pumps, and the steam-heating apparatus. A private elevator connects on the second floor the kitchen with all serving rooms in the basement. Thus we see the general outlines of this hotel.

There is no place where hotel patrons consist of families more than in San Francisco. This hotel is designed more fully to meet the wants of such patrons. It is a family hotel. The rooms are so planned that any number desired can be included in a separate suite. There is not a dark room in the house, and there is not a suite that does not get the sunshine sometime during the day.

The protection against fire, it seems, is complete. Two artesian wells, flowing not less than 50,000 gallons of water each a day, supply the immense tanks on the roof, which are connected with pipes leading throughout the building; hydrants stationed at proper intervals, with hose constantly attached; self-acting electric fire alarms or detectors in each room; perforated pipes, projecting above each dome and tower, through which a perfect torrent of water can be showered over the roof; and besides all this, five different pipes leading from the sidewalk to the roof, and there connected with long sections of hose, ready at all times for the use of the Fire Department: would certainly afford protection from that dreaded element, fire. Further than this, there have been, during the construction of the building, other precautionary measures adopted that would greatly retard if not entirely check, the progress of a fire, should it ever gain any headway.

Mr. Alexander Macabee, the superintendent of the building, has caused to be placed between the ceiling and the floor of each story a layer of fire-proof cement, varying in thickness from two to three inches; the openings between the joists have likewise been closed, forming air-tight chambers, thereby precluding the possibility of a draft, without which fire can never penetrate a partition or ceiling.

Prior to the erection of the hotel, Mr. Baldwin visited many of the eastern cities, and personally inspected the modern hotels there, with a view to embody in his hotel enterprise all improvements for the comfort and luxury of the patrons that the progressive ideas of the times have developed.

The one idea of making the "Baldwin" a family hotel has been constantly kept before the minds of himself and the architect. The arrangements for the comfort and safety of its occupants, their health, amusement and home-like entertainment, are perhaps more complete than in any other hotel in the world. The finish is elegant.

A peculiarity in the arrangement is that each floor is a community of itself, being conducted by different attendants, having an independent supply of gas, though of course subject to the control of the principal office. The call-bell register for all the rooms on a floor is located at a central station off the corridor, which communicates with the office by a small parcel elevator. A person is constantly in attendance at each of these registers to do the bidding of the guests who occupy his particular floor.

It might be urged that all these luxuries and conveniences would add greatly to the expense of living at such a hotel. This is to a degree true, but in a city like San Francisco, where there are many persons maintaining splendid private establishments, harassed and annoyed by the cares that these beget, simply because there have not until recently been public houses that offered all the desired comforts and luxuries. The elegant provisions made by Mr. Baldwin will be much appreciated, and the cost for enjoying them will not be so great as if kept up at private expense.

BALDWIN'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A mere exterior view would lead an observer to think that the Baldwin Hotel and the Academy of Music were indistinct buildings. But the plans of construction show them to be as distinct and separate as adjacent buildings usually are. The hotel being the larger, completely shuts in the space occupied by the theatre; and this fact accounts for the rooms in the hotel occupying front positions.

A theatre, from the very nature of the purposes for which it is used, must exclude sunlight; and hence it is not necessary that it should occupy a prominent position on the street. For the purposes of a hotel, however, the contrary requirements obtain, and therefore, by combining the two, all space is utilized; this is the skill of the architect, to plan so that there will be no waste room.

Baldwin's Academy of Music is the finest theatre building in the city. It is not large; its seating capacity accomodating seventeen hundred persons; but for elegance and style of finish, for comfort and cheer, it doubtless has no superiors, even in art-loving Europe. It is characterized for its substantial embellishments; every ornament that is used in its decoration having been applied by skilled hands. It is modeled after Booth's New York.

At the grand entrance, on Market Street, two handsome chandeliers, pendent from the richly-carved mouldings illumine the sidewalk and street, and sparkle invitingly to the passers-by. Just within the vestibule stands the office, which is faced with French walnut paneling, carved in exquisite designs. A double staircase, massive and beautiful, of the same material, leads to the balcony circle. Upon the richly carved newels stand pedestal torches, brilliantly lighting up the room and revealing the delicate fresco of the canopied ceiling. Pushing back the crimson doors, and entering, the visitor is confronted by large mirrors, that seem to invite him into mazy halls and corridors infinite. Following along the corridor, the auditorium is reached, and the splendors that meet his gaze are almost bewildering.

The auditorium comprises the orchestra, balcony, and family circles. There are six proscenium boxes on each side, finished in superior elegance. In the rear of the dress-circle are ten magnificent mezzanine boxes. Above, depending from either side of the ceiling, are two large crystal chandeliers, that shed their brilliancy upon the splendid scene beneath, which charm every sense of the beholder by its wonderful beauty, while far above, the paintings in the dome, that so faithfully represent Music and Comedy, are quickened by the warmth of colors, and to the imagination enact a play whose characters no mortal songster or comedian has ever yet aspired to delineate. The stage is hid from view by a pure crimson satin drop-curtain, which, when drawn up, droops in graceful folds from the proscenium arch, forming a rich frame-work to the actors and scenery behind.

The prevailing color of the upholstery is crimson, which gives to the room such a warmth, and cheerful air, that, whether the seats are filled or occupied by but few, there is no feeling nor appearance of desolation. The woodwork is painted in party-colors, ornamented with gold. The walls are painted in imitation of drapery, and the ceilings are resplendent with fresco.

So perfect are the arrangements for sight and sound, that there is not a seat in the house but commands a good view of the stage, and every word that is spoken is heard full and clear at the remotest corner.

The stage is capacious, though not designed for spectacular plays. It has every appurtenance for the legitimate drama and comedy, and the whole paraphernalia is very complete. The dressing-rooms are numerous, well arranged and airy, and the green-room is comfortably and tastefully furnished.

The architect of the Academy of Music and the hotel, was Mr. John A. Remer, who designed and superintended the architectural construction of the Lyceum and Union Square Theatres in New York, and planned Hooley's, in Chicago, and Wade's Opera House, in San Francisco. This he considers his most skillful and artistic work.

The cost of the hotel, furnished, and the theatre, will exceed two million dollars. The two principal chandeliers in the theatre were imported at a cost of sixteen hundred dollars each; the satin drop-curtain was obtained at an expense of six thousand dollars, and for the central painting in the dome of the auditorium, ten thousand dollars was paid. The whole expense for frescoing was thirty thousand dollars. It was executed by G. G. Garriboldi, a New York artist. The act curtain was also painted by this gentleman, and is a beautiful work of art.

LV.

THE MARKETS.

FRUITS—VEGETABLES—MEATS AND FISH.

WHO hath gold can live well in San Francisco, for the markets are perhaps as well supplied as any in the world. And, too, this supply is lasting, subject to no freaks of the weather. As to variety, there is no summer of luxury and winter of famine, but every day in the year, the choicest fruits and vegetables that the country produces are displayed in the markets, with all the imported delicacies that are forbidden the residents of other climes, at certain periods of the year.

San Francisco has no burning summer sun to wilt or wither the more tender fruits, nor winter frosts to nip the flavor from them. The city markets are continually aglow with tempting delicacies. But except at their ripening seasons, when they are more abundant, the rarest fruits, and sometimes the more common, are sold at prices beyond the reach of the poor. "Transportation is expensive, winter crops are small and difficult to mature," is ample argument to justify the dealer in charging big prices. Lettuce, radishes, green peas, celery, cauliflower and the more hardy vegetables are, however, obtainable at moderate rates; and of the fruits, apples, winter pears, and oranges, are usually offered at very reasonable prices. Yet with the peculiar advantages California offers to the fruit and vegetable growers, both as to quantity and variety, the San Francisco markets should be able to furnish the whole list of the common kinds at prices that would place them in abundance upon the tables of every householder.

Freights! freights! is the cry, and no doubt the high charges for transportation is the secret of the prevailing high prices. There are hundreds of bushels of good fruit that rots under the trees where it falls, simply because of the exorbitant tariff that most of the transportation companies exact.

The meat and fish markets are also very attractive features in San Francisco. These are well stocked with every variety that the appetite craves. Both meat and fish are cheap—the latter in particular being so abundant as to sometimes almost be a drug on the market. For a nominal outlay, a feast of the favorite varieties may be prepared. It is a gratifying fact that what is ordinarily termed the necessities can be obtained at very low prices. The wheat product being so large renders breadstuff cheap; and the abundance of fish, by the law of competition, holds the different kinds of meat at a moderate price.

A visit to either the California or Centre Market is an interesting pastime, and never fails to astonish those who dwell in that part of the country where the year is but the alternating seasons of heat and frost. The abundance of tropical fruits would be remarked, and the great variety of California products would excite surprise and admiration as well. They would perhaps note the characteristic difference in the style of doing business from what they were accustomed. Almost everything is sold by the pound. A pound of apples is an incomprehensible quantity to those who have only bought and sold them by the bushel or dozen. And so with potatoes and other vegetables. The nearest approach to measurement that is had is "basket," "box" and "bag." If you want about a half bushel of apples, peaches, or pears, you will be asked to take a "basket," which is an indefinite quantity, perhaps more than a peck yet not so much as a half bushel. If you desire a greater quantity, then you must take a "box," which is likewise a vague amount. You will be requested to purchase a "bag" of potatoes, a "frame" of honey, and a "roll" of butter—all of which are subject to any variation of quantity that the whim of the packer may suggest, yet approaching so nearly to a common standard that the difference would not be discovered except by actual test. Of the berries you may either buy a "basket" or "box," and with grapes it is both "pound" and "box." Thus the buying and selling of fruits and vegetables is attended almost unconsciously by a considerable traffic in lumber and jute fabrics, for all of which the consumer must certainly pay.

LVI.

DIVORCES—SUDDEN DEATHS.

SOCIETY DISEASED—ALARMING STATISTICS—"UNTIL DEATH US DO PART"—SOME CAUSES—SUDDEN DEATHS.

SOCIETY DISEASED.

THERE is a growing sentiment throughout the United States, and even overlapping to foreign shores, that is productive of much discord and disruption in the social system. As a nation—whether considered by sectional divisions, or as a whole—we are governed by one supreme ruler, whose name is Fashion. And what is Fashion, but public sentiment in fantastic disguise? Legislation is of no avail, if not in accord with the popular sentiment. That is the basis of our free institutions.

As pertains to citizenship, right of possession, and religious belief, freedom is given us by the law. But our liberty of action and expressed opinion is restricted and hampered beyond belief, by—"What will people say?" That little interrogatory phrase signifies nothing, and in itself is altogether indefinite; but how wonderfully potent in its effect! Statesmen, authors, artists, and—we had almost said—scientists, stop in the midst of their most earnest work, and with a glance, both retrospective and prospective, ask themselves the question—"What will people say or think?" This influence is the prompter of action in the highest and lowest social positions; its power extends down the whole grade of humanity.

We have been known to boast of our "free institutions," of our "independence of thought and speech," yet it is a rare occurrence to find a person that ignores the existence of this influence, by act or word. What is most strange in the matter is, that all deprecate it, and fret under its galling weight; but continue to conform to its exactions, and sustain it. It is Society's edict; it is fashion; and to be out of fashion is to be out of mind. Yet this is the natural outgrowth of a republican government; it is the true principle of democracy; and it would be a wholesome influence, and one that should be fostered, only that we have not attained to a civilization so refined and wise as to admit of the development of this principle, without disaster. Until a higher standard of humanity is universal, society, formed as it is by the masses, will be debased, and its rules and actions will retard true progression. Under such circumstances, stability of character and purpose exists only in a very limited degree. Men become fickle and irresolute, because their efforts are not earnest, but assumed, for "policy sake." Their secret thoughts may be right, but expressed, they conform to the popular sentiment. Each succeeding generation apparently manifests this fickleness more than the preceding.

It is possible, then, that the divorce mania is among the legitimate offspring of society. Society, at least, winks at the proceeding, and there is no ban of ostracism placed upon those who sever the marriage bond. They are commended more than condemned; hence it has come to be so popular.

ALARMING STATISTICS.

In San Francisco, the divorce malady seems to have taken epidemic form. During the twelve months of 1875, there were more than six hundred applications for divorce, three hundred and fifty of which terminated in the dissolution of the marriage tie. A few applications were denied, others were pending, and many were withdrawn by consent of the parties, a reconciliation having been effected ere the suits were terminated.

The old and young, the rich and poor, whether foreign or native-born, are alike seized with the mania, and seek redress through the courts. Those who have lived together for a score of long years, sharing each other's joys and bearing each other's burdens, and the newly-wedded pair yet unacquainted with each other's good or bad qualities, are in the list.

San Francisco does not appear an exception to the State. California, throughout, furnishes the records of its great prevalence. Indiana was once the favorite resort for relief from "hymenial woes," but at the present rate of progress, California will soon be the Mecca whither those whose bonds are galling may fly for relief. It is pleasant to know, however, that the law-makers of the State have, by recent enactment, limited the grounds upon which divorces may be obtained, to such an extent that it will, at least, be more difficult to effect a legal dissolution than it has in time past. This may stay the tide until public sentiment will change its tactics, and frown upon such conduct as disgraceful to intelligent beings, and disastrous to the welfare of the country. So long as society chuckles over family disagreements and social scandals of whatever nature, the courts will have much divorce business to attend to, and unprincipled husbands and wives will continue to discover some "incompatibility of temper" sufficient to warrant a dissolution of the sacred bond.

"UNTIL DEATH US DO PART."

These words were once the conclusion of a vow that was considered the most solemn and sacred that could be uttered. Their full import was understood, and when they had passed the lips of the bride and groom, there was no mental reservation that could furnish a shadow of excuse for a non-fulfillment of the pledge they sealed. The heart also had recognized their significance, and there was not only a union of hands, but a union of life and destiny.

To-day, they seem to be but a meaningless utterance, a mock phrase in the mouths of the central figures of a formal assemblage, where more interest is felt in the etiquette of the ceremonies than in the impressiveness of the vows that are taken. Their significance is apparently not thought of—it is the established form of the service; but why it is thus worded, is beyond comprehension; in fact, it is of small importance any way. "If Charley, or Fred, or Maud, or Nellie, don't prove to be a good husband or wife,—Oh, dear me, I can't endure it! So it makes no difference as to the vow I take—but I know you will, won't you dear?"—and that is about the sum of serious reflection before the ordinary marriage.

The people have grown so accustomed to things as they now exist in the social world, that they do not think of the evils that may result, else there would be more outspoken denunciations of them. To get a divorce is only getting rid of an unpleasant and boorish companion. No one ever supposes that there are most always two lives wrecked, some innocent children perhaps corrupted for life by the example of the parents, and often times cast upon the world homeless. No one seems to think it possible that a heart is ever broken at such times. Yet these are a part of the drama; there is sometimes tragedy interwoven—but seldom burlesque. It would be better, many times, if death should step in and dissolve the contract by limitation.

SOME CAUSES.

The most common causes of divorce in San Francisco, are adultery and intemperance. "Extreme cruelty," also induces many separations. If a person's knowledge of San Francisco society was gleaned from what he learned by a constant attendance at the different divorce trials in the courts, he would be justified in the opinion that the city was inhabited by a wrangling population of semi-barbarians; that morality and refinement were ignored almost entirely; that the common rules of decency and self-respect were seldom, if ever, observed. So disgusting and scandalous are the details that a trial brings out, that even the judges and lawyers, whose delicate perceptions have become dulled by constantly listening to tales of domestic woes, have, in some instances, refused to hear the revolting complaints.

It frequently transpires that persons of great wealth grow weary of each others society; finding, strange to say, after many years of wedded life, that there exists between them an irreconcilable difference. A divorce suit follows, and they go forth among their friends, and are congratulated because they are "free." Investigation into the history of such persons, generally reveals the fact that when the sacred vow was taken they were poor; that their life had, for a long time, been a struggle against poverty. But fortune smiled upon them, and in a day—as has often been the case in California—they found themselves in the possession of wealth, and the pets of society. This sudden elevation to position and power is too much for them. They see about them the bright glow of well-kept youth and beauty, the gaiety and life of society, but in each other discover that years of toil and anxiety have left ineffaceable traces: a rudeness of manner, a general lack of vivacity, polish, and personal elegance, that even the veil of wealth cannot conceal. This was only revealed by the contrast, and although some of the defects may be remedied by the toilette artist, the milliner, and tailor, the awkwardness of their position is shown by the absence of those little acquirements that only "use doth breed." Each becomes a source of worry to the other, and the harder they strive to overcome the imperfections they are constantly reminded of, the more awkward they appear, and as a last resort, resolve to seek more congenial companions, among the brilliant throng to whose society they are admitted by reason of their wealth.

To accomplish the dissolution of the marriage tie is not a difficult matter when such is the desire. A glance at the morning papers, shows numerous four-line advertisements of divorce bureaus and divorce lawyers, who guarantee a legal decree in the "shortest possible time," on the "smallest grounds of dissatisfaction," and "with no publicity whatever." Numerous witnesses are furnished specially for the occasion by these nefarious tricksters. Any charge whatever can be proven, and the divorce is readily obtained. There are many unprincipled fellows engaged in the divorce business exclusively; and they are, perhaps, the most prosperous class of lawyers. Private detectives are furnished by them to shadow a husband or wife whose companion desires to obtain a divorce, and discover, if possible, some legitimate grounds upon which to base the proceeding. If unsuccessful in one device, others are resorted to, until the end sought is gained, whether legitimately or otherwise.

A number of citizens in San Francisco, whose wealth is counted by millions, have been divorced from their wives; it seems, more for the opportunity of choosing a companion from the gay and blooming belles of upper-tendom, than because of family disagreement or troubles. The wives of rich men seldom sue for divorce, unless they are certain of a goodly life-competency being secured to them also; but among the poor and laboring class it is the wife oftener than the husband that makes complaint and seeks relief. The divorce records show that there are four women to one man applicant.

SUDDEN DEATHS.

It no doubt strikes the reader as a peculiar and rather awkward association of ideas, in combining under one heading and in one chapter, two subjects so dissimilar as "divorces" and "sudden deaths." It was more from accident than purpose, that such grouping occurred; but if by any suggestiveness the combination contains, any one should be deterred from committing so grave a social crime as divorce, it will have been proven a happy accident. It is not always that sudden death follows so closely upon divorce, but if by chance or otherwise it should thus occur so frequently as to be looked upon as ominous and become a superstition, it would certainly do much to check the tide of family disruption. If the idea obtained with each, that he would possibly be the next pale passenger to Lone Mountain, their would be neither so many divorces nor so much of rascality and immorality as there is now.

While paralytic strokes and attacks of apoplexy are, of late years, alarmingly common and fatal in the Eastern States, there is yet not that prevalence of diseases suddenly fatal to life that exists on the California coast. There the victim is generally one whose life pursuit has involved more than ordinary severe mental labor, while in California no such distinction is observed. In San Francisco there are more sudden deaths in proportion to the number of the inhabitants than in any of the cities east of the Rocky Mountains. This is true of the towns and villages throughout the whole State—the ratio perhaps slightly increasing in the southern parts.

All classes, conditions, and nationalities are included among the victims. The common laborer, the mechanic, merchant, and lawyer may be cut down without a moment's warning, even "in the blossom of their sins." On the street, at church, behind the counter, or at the gaming table, there is no exemption. The afflicted to whom life is but a painful existence—a burden they would gladly drop—are seldom the chosen subjects of the swift-flying sickle; but the eye that sparkles with the full brilliancy of life, in a moment is glassy and expressionless; those who are blessed with health and strength, whose manner and look would betoken long years of active life to come, fall in the twinkling of an eye, under the stroke of this death-reaper. "They eat, drink and make merry," but before the morrow comes they are dead.

It must not, however, be understood that this fatality prevails to such extent as to cause alarm to the living or to render life unhappy. So many deaths from no apparent cause would naturally be remarked, especially in a country so exempt from epidemic and contagious diseases as California. Although the number that die suddenly is far in excess of the number of similar deaths in other cities, the rate of mortality is much smaller than in the most healthful Eastern localities.

The causes of sudden death on this coast are not understood. The habit of life seems to have little to do with it, as there is no distinction as to business or pursuit. It is attributed to some climatic peculiarity, that has the effect of paralyzing the heart, and for which there is no preventive or remedy; though it is very possible that by observing regular habits in life and avoiding the excessive use of stimulants, of every kind, all might escape.

LVII.

ACROSS THE BAY.

OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA—CROSSING THE FERRY—OVERLAND ARRIVALS—SAN RAFAEL, SAUCELITO, AND SAN QUENTIN.

FIGURATIVELY speaking, San Francisco is an object of serious contention between land and water. However, Land, as yet, maintains the mastery in the struggle; but the arm that Ocean thrusts forth almost encircles the fair queen, leaving her but a point of *terra firma* upon which to plant her wave-washed feet, and from which, by one mighty effort, this jealous rival may yet draw her to his heaving bosom. Dropping the figure, the reality is discovered in the plain outlines of the Bay of San Francisco, that extends its length in irregular dimensions many miles inland; and the hilly peninsula of the same name, that this encroachment of the ocean forms. This exploring disposition of the ocean, however, cuts off the city from the more attractive parts of the mainland, so that its inhabitants, like Moses of old, are only permitted to feast their vision upon the inviting prospect beyond, unless they accept the offers that are extended by the numerous ferry companies, whose boats are waiting to bear them over this Jordan that rolls between.

Besides the many vessels that navigate the bay, carrying passengers and freight to all the towns and villages that are planted on its margin, there are four ferry lines, crossing more or less directly to the opposite shore. Of these, that which is by far the most important, is the Oakland and Alameda ferry, the last link in the great overland railway route, between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. After his rapid career down the slope of the Sierra Nevadas, and over the fertile plains of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, slacking his impetuous speed only as he labors through the cañons of the coast range, the iron horse comes weary and panting, though with a clamor of bells and oft-repeated shrieks that herald his approach, down to the extremity of long wharf, Oakland, where he halts; and the eager passengers that he has safely brought with him, betake themselves to the ample decks and salon of the *Oakland* or *Alameda*. Thirty minutes thereafter, they are lost in the confusion and bustle on the streets of San Francisco, or have distributed themselves among the hotels of the city. But the passengers going to and from the overland trains constitute a small proportion of the travel over this ferry line. Two trips only, of the forty-six made daily, by the excellent steamers, *Oakland* and *Alameda*, are required for these; while the people passing and re-passing, besides, are numbered by the thousands. The foliage-sheltered city of Oakland, which, because of its vernal beauty has been called, by its biographer, the "Queen City of the Valleys," and because of its home-like qualities, the "Bride of the Bay;" Oakland—and her sylvan twin sister, Alameda—lies just across the bay; and the daily travel over the ferry is mostly made up of her residents.

OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA.

"Before Oakland existed," says her faithful historian, "San Francisco had become the great centre of population and trade on the North Pacific Coast. Admirably situated for deep-sea and inland water traffic, wealth was attracted to her lap. This stimulated the enterprise of her people, and made her what she is. Sacramento, Stockton, San José, Benicia, Vallejo, Sonoma and Petaluma (to say nothing of numerous mountain towns which dot the map of California), all acquired considerable importance before Oakland was heard of.

"On New Year's day, 1851, the site of Oakland was only known as a part of the Peralta Rancho. Wild cattle roamed where now, surrounded by all that pertains to modern civilization, more than twenty thousand people are living. The sound of church organs and college bells now reverberates where, then, nothing but the bellowing of animals interrupted the stillness of nature. In the place of the old cattle trails are railroads and macadamized streets; and where the cattle lazily roamed, we now witness forty-six daily passenger, and numerous freight trains, rushing to and fro, propelled by the mighty power of steam. Even the wild flowers that once bedecked the surface of the earth, exist only by sufferance, and a cultivated flora has usurped their place.

"The situation of Oakland toward San Francisco is often compared with the situation of Brooklyn toward New York, and comparative deductions are made corresponding with the history of those eastern cities. Had New York been located at the end of a peninsula, jutting from the main land into the Atlantic Ocean, and had Brooklyn been located on the main land opposite, and enjoyed a climate as much more genial as that of Oakland compared with the climate of San Francisco, we opine the result there would have been different."

The climate of Oakland is the same as that of San Francisco, except that it is greatly modified by the topography of the surrounding country, and the many trees that protect the town from the gales that meet no obstruction in passing over San Francisco. The thermometer indicates very nearly the same degrees of temperature at both places.

From an elevation of thirty-eight feet above the sea, the land slopes in a gradual incline westward to the margin of the bay; while to the north and east it extends in gentle undulations to the foot hills of the Coast Range, which rise up a few miles beyond.

Descriptive of the scenery, of both land and water, in and about Oakland, her biographer further says:

"There are few places upon earth which are more inviting to those fond of out-door exercise, than Oakland and its vicinity. If it be true—as it unquestionably is—that the Bay of San Francisco is the finest and most picturesque in the world, not even excepting the Bay of Naples, and the magnificent harbor of Rio Janeiro, it is no less true that the site of Oakland affords the most beautiful view of that Bay, and the most delightful of the valleys by which it is environed. Here, the Coast Range, generally so abrupt and rocky, recedes gradually into a vale, miles in width, and slopes with a gentle declivity to the waters of the Bay, that bathe its borders with the health-inspiring ripples of the Ocean, just visible through the opening of the Golden Gate. Eastward, the summit of Mount Diablo presents the loftiest peak from San Diego to Shasta Butte. Westward, gleams the broad bosom of the Bay, bordered in the distance by the triple hills of San Francisco, the blue summits of the San Bruno Range, and the slumbering valleys of San Mateo. Northward, stretch the fruitful orchards of San Pablo, the green hills of Carquinez, and the fairy islets of Golden Rock, and the Sisters; whilst southward, the old Mission of San Jose looms up in the distance like a glimpse of Aden; and the most fertile of hills, and dales, and plains, commingle in the view, assuring the spectator that no land upon the globe unites in itself blessings more varied or landscapes more enchanting than those which greet the eye from the flower-enameled plain of Alameda.

"Here, are no toll-roads to check adventure and tax the pleasure-seeker with their oppressive exactions. There are no craggy precipices to climb, or soft morasses to cross; but the country is intersected with highways attesting the genius of McAdam, and leveled like the thoroughfares of Holland.

"Are you weary of city life, and require the mountain air to invigorate your frame? Scale the summit of Mount Diablo! Are you ill, and need the waters of old Ponce de Leon to reanimate you with the vigor of perpetual youth? Go and bathe in the fountains of the old Mission San Jose! Are you fond of sport? Shoulder your gun, and gather quail from the foothills, or rig your fishing-tackle and bait for smelt or silver-fins, for trout or perch, off the end of our piers, or in the shady nooks of the San Leandro! Are you a lover of nature? Mount your horse, and thread the grounds of the State University! Visit the gems of the foothill farms! Climb the gentle acclivities of the Coast Range, and, turning suddenly in the saddle, cast your eye on the slumbering landscape at your feet! Where upon the broad earth can your gaze meet with so enchanting a spectacle? Vineyard, orchard, and garden; fountain, bay, and ocean; plain, meadow, and mountain, blend in a unison so perfect that you feel there can be no spot where nature presents greater inducements for homes, than the gorgeous queen of the valleys, the beautiful bride of the Bay, the flourishing city of Oakland."

The schools of Oakland are excellent. Many private seminaries are maintained, which, because of their superior educational facilities, the healthfulness of the climate, and the refined society of Oakland, are much patronized by residents of the State, remote from "the Bay," as well as by San Franciscans. The University of California is also in its northern suburbs; while, a few miles to the southeast, is Mills' Institute, or Female Seminary, considered one of the best educational institutions in the State. The Oakland Military Academy, founded in 1865, is another excellent institution, where the Californian youth may be educated not only in those things that pertain to civil life, but also in the arts of war. It is provided with muskets and other military equipments, and has a large armory. It is well patronized, and the discipline is good.

All the different church denominations are represented, some of the church buildings being very commodious and elegant.

There are two superior hotel buildings—the Grand Central, in Oakland proper, and Tubbs' famous hotel in Brooklyn. (Brooklyn is a part and parcel of Oakland; but because of it being cut off from the main part of the city by a slough of the bay, it aspires to be known by the foregoing pretentious name. It is not unfrequently called East Oakland, as well.) Both of these caravansaries are thronged with city-folk during the summer months, who repair thither to be rid of the bustle of the city, as well as to escape the annoyance the summer wind and fog occasions. These are delightful resorts for recreation.

Alameda is, likewise, a beautiful residence town, being two miles to the south of Oakland, beyond what is known as San Antonio Creek. What we have said of Oakland, is also applicable to Alameda, except that being the younger, it has not so many improvements as its sister city.

Both of these places are famous for their fruit and floral products—though with the rapid increase of population, the former luxury is fast giving way. Land has become too valuable for building lots, to be held and cultivated for the tree and vine. Orchards are therefore abandoned, or cut down, and the land they cumbered is given over to the cottage tenement-house, as a more profitable occupant.

As places for family residence, Oakland and Alameda are unsurpassed in California; and there are few more lovely abiding places on the face of the continent. Indeed, it would seem that any one ought to be happy and perfectly content, if he is the fortunate possessor of a pleasantly situated home in Oakland or Alameda, with a sufficient income to maintain it properly. He has a beautiful city; a climate which, for healthfulness and mildness at all seasons, is all he could wish; a community whose members are exceptionally refined and intelligent, rendering his social advantages superior; churches and schools, and, besides, what is of great importance to the enterprising citizens of to-day, he is, as it were, but a step from a thriving metropolis, where all the business, intelligence and refinement, of a vast country centers. An invigorating voyage of thirty minutes, is all that intervenes between San Francisco and Oakland.

Because of these superior advantages, Oakland and Alameda are rapidly filling up with settlers, who go there to build up homes for their families, and at the same time pursue their business occupations in San Francisco. Although, for the reason that the bay intervenes between the mainland and San Francisco, Oakland is of necessity the terminus of the railroad system of the Pacific Coast, her business is only of local importance. She is still but a way-station for the passengers and freight that pour in from overland and the interior. The water that rolls between the "bumping-post" where the iron horse must halt, and the "City at the Golden Gate," is virtually bridged by the stanch steamers that are forever busy, crossing and re-crossing on its bosom.

San Francisco is the office, store and workshop, while Oakland and Alameda are the homes of the many laborers, mechanics, business men and capitalists who daily cross upon the ferry.

CROSSING THE FERRY.

The number of passengers crossing the Oakland and Alameda ferry daily, may be safely estimated at eight thousand. Many of them, of course, are transient persons, who are perhaps visiting the opposite side for the first time. Others, again, make semi-weekly and weekly trips, but the greater number is composed of those who reside in Oakland and Alameda, and cross over to the city of mornings, returning again at night.

The early morning boats are thronged with laborers and mechanics, who, with lunch baskets or pails at their feet, and pipes in their mouths, lean comfortably back in the seats and read the morning paper; thus improving their minds and resting their bodies, while at the same time they are being carried rapidly to their places of labor. This is one superiority over street-car travel, for that man must be a persistent book-worm indeed, who can intelligently read either book or paper in a San Francisco street-car, during the morning or evening trips.

He is certainly fortunate if he succeeds in securing standing room for his six and a quarter cents fare, and the idea of his finding space to open out his paper, is out of the question.

Upon the next boats are seen many youthful faces of both sexes. Among these are clerks, bookkeepers and salesmen, and young women engaged in various capacities in the shops, stores and factories of the city. Following these, money brokers and brokers' clerks, bank employees and merchants, are observed, while later come the gentlemen and ladies of elegant leisure, heavy capitalists, landed proprietors, and bankers; with not a few of the Oaklanders and Alamedans who are off to the city on a shopping tour.

A characteristic feature of the human throng upon the early morning boats going *from* the city, are the Chinese vegetable venders with their baskets and poles. They throng the lower deck in such numbers that one must needs have no fear of bumps and jolts, who undertakes to pass in among them. They are the successful competitors of the vegetable markets of the suburban cities, inasmuch as they sell cheaper, and carry their whole stock to the doors of the residents, so that the housekeeper may examine the full variety without so much as passing beyond her threshold.

The evening boats returning from the city present much the same diversity according to the hour, as is observed at the morning trips—only the order is reversed. Those that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first, is here exemplified. The army of shoppers, have done their bartering, and are returning early; and likewise have the capitalists, bankers, and wealthy brokers, transacted their day's business and now return to an early dinner. The clerks, bookkeepers, salesmen, and shop-girls, follow later; and last of all come the mechanics and laborers, who do not look so fresh and vigorous as they appeared at the morning trip. Their soiled hands and dusty or grimy faces show that they have toiled half a score of hours since they sat so comfortably reading the morning paper.

The night passengers are the pleasure seekers, who are full of life and gaiety. They are on the way to the theatres and public places of amusement, or to some of the many private parties and balls where there will be much merry-making, even into the morning hours. But those who tarry past the second quarter-stroke of eleven, must seek a shelter in the city for the balance of the night; for ere the midnight hour has struck the last boat has crossed the ferry.

OVERLAND ARRIVALS.

The arrival of the boat bearing the overland passengers, who have just quit their dusty train on the other side, is, no doubt, an epoch in the lives of many persons, who for the first time are gazing from the deck of the steamer, upon that San Francisco they had heard and read so much about. The reflective person, perhaps, recalls the stories he has heard of this city when she was passing through the exciting stages of development during her golden days. The primitive streets lined on either side with rude tenements of wood and canvas as were witnessed in the latter days of '49, had many times been pictured in his imagination; and now as he traces the lines of comely structures far up over the hills or along the valleys, so compact as to appear in the distance, almost as a single wide-spreading edifice—he notes the contrast. This, doubtless, revives in his mind, the tales that were truly told him years ago, of the ordeals that those passed through who laid the foundation of the solid improvements that are now spread out before him. He traces the important events in the history of this young city, from its earlier existence to the present. First of these may be, the distress and turmoil that followed, upon the announcement of the gold discoveries in California, when San Francisco was so overcrowded with restless human life that shelter and sometimes food was scarcely provided for the people, and many perished from exposure and want. Then follow quickly in this imaginary historical panorama the successive "great" fires, that would in a single night lick up the half of the fragile habitations in that pretentious San Francisco of early times, liberally interspersed with scenes of riot, blood and carnage.

Now, in the retrospective scene, he eagerly gazes upon the excited throngs that sway in the streets, hurrying hither and thither; and the gleam of steel, and the occasional flashes accompanied by sharp reports, tell him that the picture before him represents the city of San Francisco during the periods of strife between crime and justice, when the vigilantes were purging the city.

Why does he look so intently at yonder point in the northerly part of the city? It is hardly possible that he has heard of Telegraph Hill, and has now intuitively recognized it! But, thither his gaze is directed, and for the benefit of the occasion he imbibes the spirit of the San Francisco pioneer, so that the kindly feelings may be stirred within him, that a contemplation of this prominent landmark revives, in those who were among the early population that christened the spot and created for it an historical importance. He disrobes it of the mantle of improvements that has gradually been woven over it, until its rugged and irregular surface has almost entirely disappeared, and again clothes it in the shaggy garb of chapparal that it wore in the long ago when, as tradition tells us, it stood sentinel guard between lake and sea—the briny billows of the Pacific tossing their spray against its westerly base, while the transparent ripplets of a fresh-water lake were playing on its easterly margin. As the scene moves along into the nearer past, the first footprints of civilized man indistinctly appear; and now there is seen a few straggling tenement structures indicating that the first glimmering rays of the "Star of Empire" have glanced across the summit of the mountains that have for a long time impeded its westward march, and are penetrating the fog-cloud that hovers about the peninsula of San Francisco.

Another change of the scenery, reveals a broad cluster of houses, and as the canvas moves along he discovers that the valleys and sidehills of the point of the peninsula are dotted thick, with human habitations. A busy city lies before him, the improvements of which, are creeping slowly up the acclivity of Telegraph Hill. Upon its topmost peak the signal pole is reared, the long arms of which are wide extended—telling that a sail has appeared without the Golden Gate.

Again the scene is shifted. The signal has disappeared. This scene is like unto the present reality. There are many comely buildings, covering the whole of the abrupt southern slope, extending to the very summit where the signal before, stood alone.

Before the reverie is broken he takes a brief prospective glance at this memorable hill, and beholds in the near future, on the highest point, in the midst of a well-kept park, a massive monument commemorative of the founding of the modern San Francisco. The branches of large forest trees, bend before the stiff and steady gale, and fleck the glistening pile with sunshine and shadow—bump! the steamer has touched the pier and the command "all ashore," has awakened our dreamer from his contemplations, to the realities of life, the most convincing evidence of which is seen and heard as he passes up the wharf between the lines of hotel-runners, hackmen, and expressmen, that have gathered at the landing, to "welcome" the overland passengers. And they do it with right good will, for they shout and yell, and clamor, and quarrel, in the wildest manner. If there was a riot in progress, the noise and confusion would not be greater. Inexperienced timid travelers, draw back from this howling mob as if they had fears for their bodily safety, in passing through. Such conduct does not seem to be in harmony with the principles of independent business. These hotel solicitors not unfrequently are boisterous in the extreme, and occasionally undertake to secure patrons by sheer force. A business cannot legitimately thrive that depends upon forced patronage, and the hotels that employ such rude solicitors ought to be ignored by the public. Travelers, as a rule, decide before arriving at a place, what public house they will stop at, and all the inducements that the runner may name, in his yells and shouts, does not generally change their purpose.

SAN RAFAEL, SAUCELITO, AND SAN QUENTIN.

Ferry steamers make several trips, daily, between the city and San Rafael, Saucelito, and San Quentin. These villages are situated across the bay in a northerly direction from San Francisco, varying in distance from four to fourteen miles.

San Rafael is a charming residence spot, and is a favorite resort for holiday and Sunday picnic parties. Many wealthy business men of San Francisco have elegant private residences there. It is the county seat of Marin county, the old mission building, which was established in 1817, being used for a courthouse.

The climate is remarkably mild and salubrious. The village is protected from the chill ocean winds by a high mountain range, in which the most prominent peak is Mt. Tamalpais, made classic by both pen and brush. The ascent of Tamalpais constitutes a favorite jaunt for San Franciscans. It is a tedious exercise, but the weariness it occasions is wholesome, and the view from the summit compensates the tourist by its magnificence.

Saucelito, four miles distant from the city, also across the bay in a northerly direction, is a beautiful suburban village, set down among the Marin hills, possessing a mild climate and picturesque natural surroundings. It is frequently visited by excursion parties.

San Quentin Point is the landing place for the steam ferry-boats that carry passengers en route to San Rafael a few miles beyond. It is of interest only because of the State's Prison being located there. The prison buildings occupy a slight elevation a short distance from the landing, and are conspicuous objects to passengers on board passing steamers. The buildings of the prison, and the shops and factories connected therewith for the purpose of utilizing convict labor, give San Quentin the appearance of a considerable town. But it has not many residents, except those connected one way or another with the management of the institution. The scenery in the vicinity is remarkably fine, and serves, no doubt, as a sort of antidote to the melancholy feelings that imprisonment begets.

THE U. S. MINT.

LVIII.

GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

THE MINT—THE POST-OFFICE—THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

THE UNITED STATES MINT.

THE San Francisco Mint was, until the passage of the Coinage Act of 1873, but a branch of the parent establishment at Philadelphia. By this Act it was placed on an independent basis. It had, however, attained greater importance than the Philadelphia Mint previous to this, and now takes the rank of the foremost in the United States. Located at the central depot of all the gold and silver products of the Pacific Coast, it will no doubt maintain its prestige in the future.

The "Old" Mint, which stands near the corner of Commercial and Montgomery streets, was of very limited capacity and greatly restricted the business that would have been done had there been more facilities. But the existence of this unsatisfactory establishment led to the erection of the "New" Mint, which, situation, building and machinery being considered, would be difficult to surpass.

The "New" Mint occupies the northwest corner of Mission and Fifth streets. It is two full-stories in hight, with lofty basement underneath, and covers an area one hundred and sixty by two hundred and seventeen feet. It is in form a hollow parallelogram and stands on a concrete foundation five feet deep. The building is most unique in outline. It is built in the Doric style of architecture. The walls are of brick, faced with a beautiful blue-grey sand-stone twelve inches thick. A portico in front, supported by six fluted columns, gives grandeur and beauty to the structure. The whole finish, external and internal, is complete in every detail. The interior woodwork is mostly of golden mahogany, and is artistically executed. The machinery is massive and fine and is wonderfully accurate in its workings.

The operations necessary in conducting the Mint are divided into four departments: The General Department, under the direct supervision of the Superintendent, in which the services of more than forty persons are required; the Assay Department, under the Assayer, requiring about fifteen persons; the Melter and Refiner's Department, in which twenty-five to thirty persons are employed, and the Coiner's Department, which is conducted by the Coiner, with the aid of some sixty persons—making a total of about one hundred and fifty persons engaged in various capacities in the Mint. In the latter department there are employed about fifty women.

The total coinage per annum averages something more than twenty million dollars. Of this amount, the proportion of silver is about one eighth, to seven eighths of gold.

Visitors are admitted daily from nine to twelve o'clock in the morning.

POST-OFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE.

The building used conjointly as Post-office and Custom House fronts on Washington and Battery Streets. It is an old, dilapidated structure, much weather-beaten, and is certainly no credit to Uncle Sam's taste. The Post-office is sandwiched in between the basement and upper story, and in its neatest dress is anything but attractive. The strictness observed to economize all available space might be pardonable in the event of a general renovation of the whole building. When the fact is considered, that the San Francisco Post-office takes the rank of the third in importance in the United States, it would seem proper, and just to the city of San Francisco, to speedily provide more commodious apartments.

The San Francisco Post-office is the great receiving and distributing office for the Pacific Coast. It transmits overland to the Eastern States four thousand letters daily, and distributes as many that are received on the same route. Throughout the State and coast the distribution averages about twenty-five thousand daily. Six thousand a month are forwarded to China and Japan; five thousand to Australia; to Central and South America, four thousand, and to the Sandwich Islands, Alaska and British America, six thousand. About the same number are received from these different places.

The Dead Letter Office at Washington gets a goodly share of patronage from San Francisco—two hundred dead letters being forwarded thither daily.

The newspaper mails are enormous. There are hundreds upon hundreds of tons distributed from this office annually. Then there are the registered letters and money orders, that are quite a business of themselves.

The surplus cash from other offices on the coast flows into the San Francisco office at the rate of twenty thousand dollars per week; and ten thousand dollars a month is, in turn, distributed among these, to enable them to cash their money orders. Thirty-five thousand dollars worth of stamps are sold annually.

A small army of employees are required to transact all this business. Forty or fifty are engaged in-doors; over thirty act in the capacities of postal clerks, stage agents, etc., and forty are employed as carriers and collectors. The system of iron postal boxes, placed at convenient intervals throughout the city, is greatly appreciated by the citizens, and is conducted efficiently.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

The Custom House—as previously stated—comprises the basement and upper story of the Post-office building. It is three blocks distant from the water front, is inconvenient for the officers as well as for merchants, and is not nearly roomy enough. Being a great source of revenue to the Federal Government ought certainly to entitle the port of San Francisco to a better and more convenient building for this purpose.

The arrivals of vessels, according to the Custom House officers' report, average about forty-five hundred, with a tonnage exceeding one million and a half, per annum. The total value of exports per year, excluding treasure, is twenty-five million dollars.

In the United States Appraisers' Store, which is now being pushed forward rapidly, there is perhaps some compensation for the shabby building used as Post-office and Custom House. This building is directly west of the Post-office building, and, when complete, will be an ornament of strength and beauty to the architecture of the city. It covers an area of two hundred and sixty-five, by one hundred and twenty-six, feet, and will be three stories high—having underneath a lofty and well-arranged basement.

The United States Court will occupy the top floors, and the first floor and basement will be used for Appraisers' stores.

In the various departments of the Custom House there are a large number of employees.

LIX.

THE TRIBE OF ISRAEL.

THE JEWS AS CITIZENS—SYNAGOGUES.

THE JEWS AS CITIZENS.

THE Jews are numerous in San Francisco. A fair estimate places the number at twenty thousand. As citizens, they are very valuable to the community. There is not that hard line of distinction between them and the Christian population that is so generally apparent elsewhere. In California, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, all seem to have united in the one effort of establishing a civilization on a broad and liberal foundation, the rules of which would not restrict in any way the liberties of any, so long as they observed the acknowledged principles of right. There is a more liberal religious sentiment among all sects in San Francisco than obtains in most American cities. The Jews, who have, since the foundation of their faith was first laid, been characterized by their retired isolation from those holding different beliefs, are conforming more to modern thought, and, in San Francisco, mingle to a considerable extent with the Christian sects.

In commercial matters they are leaders. In any business pursuit involving traffic, they are, as a class, more successful than those who reject their faith. There is more poverty among them than in New York; yet, taken as a whole, they own more real estate, and command more wealth, comparatively, than in any city in the United States. Ten members of the Temple Emanu-El—the principal synagogue in the city—have an aggregate wealth of forty-five millions.

They are leaders in, and control, to a great extent, the principal mercantile businesses. The clothing trade—here as elsewhere—is monopolized by them, and the principal dry-goods houses, and crockery and jewelry establishments, belong to Jews. In the manufacturing industries they have control of the shoe and soap factories, and the woolen mills. The manufacture of woolen goods has been very unsuccessful, having changed hands several times, and until it passed into the Jews' control had not reached a solution. Under their management it is assuming important proportions. They are also largely interested in the grain trade of the coast, and the Alaskan fur trade.

As a class they congregate in cities and engage in the mercantile and lighter mechanical trades seldom, if ever, devoting their attention to agricultural pursuits. They are therefore educated to business, each succeeding generation profiting by the experience of the preceding. They are frugal and industrious, and seldom fail to gradually accumulate capital when once established in a business, however small the beginning may be. Few of them have any political aspirations, and it is a rare occurrence to find them occupying any official position, either municipal or State. Yet they take a lively interest in politics, and seem to hold as decided opinions regarding political issues as the ordinary American-born citizen. It is a noteworthy fact that there are a less number of Jews arraigned before the criminal tribunals of the city than of any other class of citizens. In no instance has a Jew been before the courts of San Francisco to answer for the crime of murder. When they are subjects of prosecution it is generally a petty charge that is brought against them—some small theft or swindle, for the indulgence in which the lower-class Jews are characterized.

Down along the water-front and on some of the disreputable streets may be found an occasional Fagin, but the higher class dealers bear honorable business reputations.

From this class of our population the American people may learn a lesson in temperance. In fact, all the foreign population, excepting the Irish, are not so much given to drunkenness as are our purely native Americans. The Jews in particular, whether French or Russian, English or German, are very temperate in their habits. They are not, however, of the "total abstinence ilk," whose motto is "touch not, taste not, handle not," but from childhood to old age partake freely of any of the alcoholic drinks their taste may favor. But they do not drink to excess, neither do they use "mixed drinks."

They are a very prolific race, and the sacredness in which the family relation is held by the Jewish people furnishes an example worthy to be imitated in these days of social demoralization.

SYNAGOGUES.

The Congregation Emanu-El, the oldest Jewish society in the city, was organized in 1851. In 1866 it erected a synagogue at a cost of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. This temple occupies a central location, on Sutter street, and is the handsomest edifice of the kind in the city. It is very capacious, and its internal finish is elegant and appropriate. This congregation has for a long time been presided over by Dr. Elkan Cohn, a Rabbi of great intelligence, and more liberal in his religious opinions than is usual among the Jewish teachers. Previous to the erection of the Temple Emanu-El, he had endeavored to introduce various reforms in his teachings, by discarding many of the minor rites and ceremonies that have so long been clung to with remarkable tenacity by this people, and adapting their worship and observances to the spirit of the age.

This experiment, however, was attended with disaster, many of the congregation becoming dissatisfied and quitting his charge. But to-day it is the wealthiest Jewish society in the city, and is in every way prosperous. A school for the religious instruction of the youth, is conducted in the basement, and the attendance of children is very numerous.

The seceders, or dissatisfied members from Dr. Cohn's congregation, organized the Congregation Ohabai Shalome, and in 1865 erected the Mason Street Temple, which is scarcely inferior in elegance to the Temple Emanu-El. The membership of this society is large, and the Rabbi, Dr. Bettelheim, is a very able and popular minister. Although, at its organization the congregation was radically orthodox, its belief has undergone sufficient modifications to be yclept by the other societies as "orthodox in kid gloves."

There are three other synagogues in San Francisco; Sherith Israel, Beth Israel, and Shaarey Tzedek. The membership of these is composed principally of Russian and Polish Jews, while of the two former congregations, the German, French and English nationalities predominate. The salaries paid to the Rabbis range from two to six thousand dollars a year.

The cantor at the principal synagogues receives three hundred and fifty dollars per month.

These congregations maintain five benevolent societies and the ladies have numerous organizations for special beneficent objects. The different days for feasting or fasting and all times set apart for religious observance are scrupulously kept by the devout. During seasons of more than ordinary festivity and rejoicing, there is much gaiety among this class of the population. All business pursuits are temporarily abandoned and every one gives full attention to pleasure and social enjoyment.

The Jews are apparently a happy people, and although they may look forward with some anxiety to the time when their roving shall cease, and they shall be gathered as one family into the Promised Land, they yet seem contented with their lot, no doubt resting serenely in the faith that they are "the chosen people of the Lord." Though they mingle with other races more than was their custom in "ancient days," the prophecy that "Israel shall dwell alone," is yet in fulfillment. They are His peculiar people.

LX.

BLACKMAILING AND CONFIDENCE GAMES.

HOW BLACKMAILING IS PRACTISED—A BIOGRAPHICAL FIEND—CLIPPINGS FROM A DETECTIVE'S DIARY—CONFIDENCE SWINDLERS—NEWSPAPERS AS ABETTORS.

HOW BLACKMAILING IS PRACTISED.

SWINDLERS of every class are numerous in all cities where business is lively. A thrifty community is as essential to their success as to any legitimate pursuit. Hence San Francisco has been a favorite resort for blackmailers and confidence men.

To be a successful blackmailer, requires considerable genius. Self-control, tact, and shrewdness, are qualifications that are especially needed,—as much so, perhaps, as to be a detective. Blackmailers do not go blindly to work, but choose their victim and mature their plans with as much deliberation as if a bank robbery was the deed anticipated.

Perhaps the meanest phase of blackmailing that is practised to any considerable extent, is that engaged in by newspapers. Of course there is not a newspaper in the city but would disclaim any act of this nature, for do they not all labor for the "interests" and "welfare" of the country and people? Do they not sacrifice "private prejudices and opinions," for the public "good" in order that no shadow of "selfish interest" may fall upon their "independent and liberal course" to mar its good effects? Aye. So *they* say.

"How much will you give me if I will write you up?" or "If you don't give us an advertisement we'll give you a *notice?*" are questions (perhaps stated indirectly and variously modified) propounded by newspaper representatives to clergymen, politicians and men engaged in all kinds of business. Now, there are few persons in any public capacity but have, at some time in their lives, made grievous mistakes; and many have been guilty of various irregularities—sometimes of disreputable conduct and numerous paltry things, that if publicly known would be a discredit, and possibly injure their business or professional reputation. This is the leverage that a blackmailer uses on them, and since anything in print carries more weight than a mere rumor, the newspaper has a most favorable opportunity to draw the richest blood.

There is not one intelligent person who will read this, but can recall some instance where a newspaper has practiced this art upon some person, or the general public. Blackmailing by the newspapers is practiced both negatively and positively —by not noticing that which is meritorious and worthy in a person or firm, or by alluding to them (whether worthy of notice or not) in a derogatory style, simply because such person or firm has not seen fit to patronize the newspaper. Men have established enterprises in San Francisco that have been of great public benefit, and struggled along year after year without a single gratuitous word of encouragement to them in any of the city journals; not because they were overlooked (for there is no more prying class of persons than the reporters and solicitors for the newspapers), but because they *did not advertise*. So mercenary are most of the newspaper proprietors to-day, that the Devil himself would receive a highly laudatory notice if he would divide with them his ill-gotten spoils, while the Lord from heaven might pass by unnoticed unless he would make over a quit-claim deed to a sufficient superficial area of the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem.

Other blackmailers are those who, having learned something detrimental to the character of a person—generally of high standing in society—threaten to circulate it among his friends unless he will pay them to keep quiet. They are usually successful in obtaining their "hush" money, and are sure to call again for another installment. Theirs is a note that time does not outlaw, a draft seldom dishonored.

A BIOGRAPHICAL FIEND.

One of the wiliest blackmailers that has visited San Francisco, was busily playing his game in the latter part of 1875. He operated mostly among persons of wealth and high social and official positions. Upon arrival in the city, he represented himself as agent of a London and New York publishing company, and pretended that his business in San Francisco was to establish a branch house, to be known as the London and San Francisco Publishing Company.

He had the manner and intelligence of a perfect gentleman, and besides, manifested wonderful shrewdness. He went so far in the matter of establishing the branch house, as to have the name of the business, "London & San Francisco Publishing Company," printed upon the cards, envelopes, and letter paper that he used, and secured desk-room in one of the prominent printing establishments in the city. He then went about the book-making business in a manner that would indicate he had experience, in that particular line of publishing, at least. With remarkable foresight he saw the necessity of publishing a work to be entitled "Representative Men of San Francisco," which would contain brief biographical sketches of the more prominent and wealthier citizens. He therefore straightway began its preparation. To whomsoever he applied for data, he represented that the work would possess not only the important history of San Francisco's honorable men, but *great literary* merit as well. He did not forget to mention also, that the expense of preparing such a book would necessarily be great, and inasmuch as it was to be a local work, it would not likely enjoy a large sale, and hence it would be advisable that each person whose biography it contained, should agree to take a large number of copies, or pay a small amount for having the sketch published. Furthermore, it was his intention to secure magnificent steel engraved portraits to accompany each biography; and the book without doubt would be the finest work of its character that ever passed through the jaws of the press.

His tongue was so smooth, his tones so bland, his words so appropriate, and his countenance so frank, that he seldom failed in convincing his victims that "it was *just the thing*," and deserved to be patronized. As a proof of their good faith in such a declaration, he had them sign a contract, and perhaps advance him a few dollars. Time passed on, and it is possible that each person who had thus been won by flattery, was anxiously waiting to see himself in print, occupying an important position in the history of *representative* San Franciscans.

By some means, this enterprising biographer obtained the unbound sheets of a book called "Representative Men of the

Pacific," that had been published a few years previous, but had proved unsalable, and much of the edition remained with the publisher. Out of this he chose such biographies as would be appropriate for his work, and adding his fresh ones thereto, soon produced a considerable volume.

Instead of the steel engravings, that were to be in the book, he had secured a number of photographs—using, however, a few of the old engravings that had appeared in the former work. He then secured a number of assistants, and at once began the delivery of his work—collecting his bills at the same time. The party who delivered the books was instructed to show only the new part, and thereby prevent the subscribers from detecting the fraud. Some only examined the sketch of themselves, and after expressing dissatisfaction at the substitution of a photograph for a steel engraving "in the highest style of the art," paid the money, and were troubled no more; others were quick to see the deception, and stoutly protested against being thus imposed upon—but by persistent dogging, and threats of legal process, they reluctantly paid the full amount, or were induced to compromise the matter by a liberal payment. But before the business had been fully settled, a gentleman stopping at one of the hotels had been apprised of the matter, and at once recognized the brilliant biographer as a notorious blackmailer, who had successfully played a similar game in some of the eastern cities. The reporters on the city dailies worked up the case, and soon a complete exposé of the whole proceeding was made. This, however, was not sufficient to make him immediately abandon his project. He continued persistently his dunning threats, and even instituted suit against a number of the wealthiest citizens in the city, claiming sums from each, varying from five hundred to three thousand dollars. A detective was engaged to investigate the matter, and obtain evidence against him; and when the day of trial had come, there was no plaintiff to be found. The suits were dismissed, and the wily Frederick Greer, as he styled himself, had quit this "city by the western sea."

He has recently been plying the same trade in the East, and has so aroused those whom he sought to victimize, that it is very probable he will have for his study, in the future, the bare walls of some State building, set apart for such eccentric characters. It is also very probable that the "representative

San Franciscans," who were his victims, will not be so anxious to have their "good deeds" handed down to posterity by the free use of type and ink, when the next biographer seeks to thus perpetuate their names.

CLIPPINGS FROM A DETECTIVE'S DIARY.

"While standing on the corner of Market and Kearny Streets, a few months ago, I was accosted by an acquaintance—a very respectable married man. He informed me that he had just got out of a 'bad scrape,' but it had cost him $150 and a gold watch.

"Said he: 'About an hour ago, on Market Street, an elegantly-dressed lady stepped out of the dry goods store of Gleason & Fell, during a brisk shower, and asked me if I would be so kind as to give her shelter under my umbrella, as far as her house, which was close by. I politely accompanied her home. She kindly invited, and finally induced, me to enter until the rain ceased. She took me into a bed-room, and threw her arms around me in a very affectionate way. At this crisis, a man rushed into the room in a frantic manner, saying: 'My God! can it be possible that my wife has got a lover? Oh, God! what shall I do? My poor children; oh! such disgrace,' and would not listen to the explanation that I wanted to make. The woman played her part by wringing her hands and crying, while her husband, or paramour, had locked the door, and kept going on like a madman; saying, a million dollars would not pay him for this discovery. But I finally compromised the matter with him by giving him my watch and one hundred and fifty dollars, he promising to keep the matter quiet.'

"I was much amused when he told me that he felt so sorry for the woman. I told him that it was all a play to get his money, and begged of him to go to the City Hall and make complaint, so that I could arrest them; but I could not induce him to do so. He said that he would not have his wife hear of it for all the watches in the world; and if the case was brought into court she would hear all about it.

"I was determined to know more about this splendid pair, and requested him to show me the house. I called there in the evening. An old Dutch woman came to the door. I asked her if the lady was in, and she informed me that she was the only one who occupied the premises. I secured a room on the opposite side of the street; and after watching for two nights and one day, I was rewarded by seeing the handsome couple enter. I followed them in at once, and demanded of them the watch and money taken from my friend. They both at first indignantly denied all knowledge of the affair, but after a pretty severe bluff they disgorged; also the price of the room on the other side of the street."

"I know a lady in this city, the wife of a wealthy merchant, who was decoyed into an assignation house, innocently, by a scoundrel who had professed great friendship for her, but who then threatened to inform her husband where he had seen her, unless she paid him a certain sum of money. She did so, thinking to get rid of him, as he promised not to see her again. But oh, how much she was deceived! For four years he made her pay him not less than twenty-five dollars per week, and sometimes larger sums. She became so much annoyed by him that she sent a note to me, requesting an interview. I saw her, and a truly pitiful story she told me. I set a trap, and he fell into it nicely. But I could not induce her to prosecute him, 'For,' says she, 'who will believe me when I say that I did not know the character of the house when I went there?' I did not let him know that she would not prosecute, but gave him a chance to save himself, as he supposed, by leaving the State, which he did, and was very glad to do so."

"A certain well-known lawyer of this city, was invited to call on a lady who had a beautiful and lovely young daughter. The invitation was accepted, and the visits repeated until the parties became quite familiar. The daughter and lawyer were frequently left to themselves in the parlor. During one of the visits (according to instruction from her mother) the young lady made improper advances. The lawyer could not resist, and just at the climax of their guilt, the mother rushed into the room and discovered their crime. Then there was a 'scene' which can better be imagined than described. The lawyer gave the mother a check for a thousand dollars, and was glad to get off with that. He went home, pondered over it, and concluded, rightly too, that it was a 'job' to get money. He got up early next morning, went to the bank, stopped the payment of the check, and left the city for a few days. The old lady, decked out in her best, in due time called and presented the check, and was politely informed that it would not be honored, as the gentleman had no money there."

CONFIDENCE SWINDLERS.

The confidence game, so much practised now-a-days, consists in the basest deception. It is daily practised on unsuspecting persons. Sometimes the sympathies are enlisted by a doleful tale of accident or affliction, and money is needed for instant use. A man will call at a private residence and inform the lady that an intimate friend of hers has just fallen in a fainting fit, or has met with a serious accident in the street, and, as he has no money, "would she please let him have enough to pay a hackman to take the injured person home." There are few but will immediately respond to such a demand, and the next thing they do is to hasten to the house of their friend to offer aid and sympathy—only to find they have been the victim of an adroit confidence operator.

The daily papers have many advertisements calling attention to some "lucrative business chance," "a vacancy for the right kind of a man," or "opportunities for ladies to engage in a light and profitable business," most of which are only schemes by which to delude the credulous reader.

"WANTED IMMEDIATELY—One more lady to learn telegraphy; situation after learning. Address—Superintendent, box 1, this office."

The preceding is a copy of an advertisement that occurred in one of the leading San Francisco dailies not long ago. Numerous applications were made to the address, by worthy and respectable young ladies, and after due consultation with the advertiser, the arrangement for instruction was made. "Superintendent" was a very amiable and prepossessing young man, and represented himself as superintendent of an important telegraph company. In every instance, an advance of a considerable sum was required before the lessons began, which in the aggregate amounted to a handsome little capital. Some one of his students after a time became distrustful of the validity of his agreement, and communicating her suspicions to her friends, an investigation and complete exposé in the city press followed, showing that the so-called "superintendent" was a full-fledged confidence man of the most villainous type. Such is the credulity of humanity, that swindlers of all kinds have abundant material to operate on. Where the strongest inducements are held out, the greatest swindles are generally perpetrated.

A woman adopted the following novel method to delude her victims. She would decoy a gentleman into her house on pretense that his wife had engaged her to make some shirts for him, and she wished to take his measure. The husband, no doubt congratulating himself for having so thoughtful a wife, would go in, and while standing to be measured, his coat and vest off, there would come a loud rapping at the door. At this sudden alarm, the woman would manifest great dismay, and give various hints as to the ugliness and jealousy of her husband, who was about to enter. This would, of course, excite the unsuspecting man, and as the door was about to give way, under the repeated thumps from the angered husband, he would flee precipitately, leaving coat, vest, and their contents behind—the booty of the ingenious operator. Such games as this are too bold, however, to be practised long in a place.

Policemen have become notorious for levying blackmail from the law-breaking characters on their beats. They not unfrequently abuse their power by frightening ignorant innocent persons into paying them, to escape arrest. The Chinese quarter is said to be the most profitable "beat" in San Francisco, for speculative policemen. The whole of "Barbary Coast" is very desirable, for there are hundreds of villains infesting it who are always ready to drop a glittering eagle between themselves and danger.

The public is often the victim of the confidence game as practised by the newspapers. All San Franciscans, no doubt, remember the firm of Cheat & Swindle, who opened up business, with flying colors, a few years ago, on Market Street. They were praised for their enterprise and honest dealing, by the city papers (all for pay of course); their goods were the *best* and the *finest;* and their prices the *most reasonable* in the city. Well, the public patronized them liberally for a while, but soon discovered that they had been cheated in every deal, and that the whole concern was a grand swindle. If an influential citizen would go to his friends, and, under the same circumstances, for hire, urge them to patronize so-and-so, he would soon be driven out of the community; yet the press does the same thing with impunity.

It is a fact, that but few are aware of, but nevertheless true, that many of the druggists in San Francisco, charge double the amount that it is worth, for compounding prescriptions, so as to be able to allow the prescribing physician the commission (60 per cent.) he demands. This is simply a species of confidence swindling. The patient has no idea of what the cost should be, and this ignorance is taken advantage of by the physician and druggist.

"Physicians" sometimes pick up a man they know to be afflicted, and urge him to allow them to prescribe for him. "I know you need it, sir, and I shan't charge you one cent," usually induces assent. He is referred to a druggist who is extremely "careful in compounding," and goes away with a "thankful heart for the doctor's kindness." Sixty per cent. on five or ten, and sometimes twenty, dollars, is very good pay for a single prescription, and ought to prompt an apparent liberality.

LXI.

THE PALETTE AND EASEL.

THE SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION—SAN FRANCISCO ARTISTS—ELAINE.

THE SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION.

FEW countries offer a greater variety of natural studies for painter and poet than California. The diverse beauty of California's natural scenery; the grandeur and magnificence of her landscapes; her placid or boisterous marine views; her mellow or radiant skies; her earth, her heavens, and even the peculiar characteristics of her animate life, all are art-inspiring. The tinge of romance imparted to the country by its native occupants, can find no fitter expression than upon the artist's canvas or in the pages of the poet. They alone extend the hand to rescue from obscurity the quaint history of those early days. They have not been idle. But not until 1871 was an organization of artists, for the promotion of the fine arts, by united effort, effected. Each had pursued his chosen path, independent, and often oblivious, of the channel others followed. In that year, the San Francisco Art Association was founded. The organization has met with generous support and public encouragement. At the receptions and public exhibitions, many fine paintings, by local and foreign artists, are shown. These exhibitions are very much enjoyed by the public, inasmuch as the opportunity is had, of seeing the greater number of the finer works of art in the city. Besides this, the association is greatly benefited by coming into such pleasant relationship with the public. The interests of both thus become, to a degree, identical, and the association receives encouragement and support, while the public is educated and influenced to appreciate the value of such institutions.

The refining influence the Art Association exerts on the community is not lost. The first year of its existence gave no visible signs of its cultivating power; the second, there were no material results; and perhaps at the close of the third, it would have been difficult to point out any particular fruit it had borne; but the germs had sprouted, and even at this early period of its history, the buds and opening blossoms are abundant. In this time, the School of Design has been established, and is now in such a flourishing condition as to encourage the hope that San Francisco will, in a very few years, have the leading Art School of the United States. Everything is favorable to this—the equable climate, the scenery of the country, and the vigorous and healthful intellects of the youthful San Franciscans.

The founding of the School of Design was the chief object of the organization, and to its permanent establishment and advancement, the efforts of the officers and members of the association are directed. The tuition fee for instruction in this school is $32.00 per session, of four months, for all classes, except in oil painting, which is $40.00 per term. The average attendance of pupils, since the opening, has been sixty.

Through the influence of Mons. Breuil, French consul at this port, and who has proven himself a sincere friend of the organization, the association was supplied with a valuable collection of antique casts, a donation from the French Government. This collection embraces eight life-size statues, twenty basso relievos from the frieze of the Parthenon at Athens, twenty-six busts, and one statuette. The association has purchased others of equal value to the art student, so that now, in this department, everything is very complete.

The society is supported wholly by voluntary contributions from the public. Its management has been in the hands of able persons, who have conducted it most economically. It is not likely that so generous a population as the people of San Francisco are reputed to be, will neglect to properly support and forward the interests of so worthy an institution as the San Francisco Art Association. By upholding and encouraging it, they are weaving laurels for their own brows.

The members of the Association number six hundred and sixty. Of these, there are seven honorary, and one hundred and twenty life members. A life membership, with full privileges of the rooms and exhibitions of the Society, is obtained by the payment of one hundred dollars. The ordinary membership fee is two dollars, with a current expense of one dollar monthly. The Society possesses a library of about three hundred volumes, comprising many of the standard works on Art. Although small, it is of considerable value, and forms a good nucleus about which to build.

SAN FRANCISCO ARTISTS.

It is not an idle boast to assert that San Francisco has some excellent artists. Some of their productions are of such merit as to meet with favorable criticism in the most refined communities in the world. Their paintings are sought by the most cultivated persons, for the merit they possess in artistic execution, as well as for the subjects represented.

For a long time, however, they struggled in obscurity—the inhabitants of their own city patronizing the eastern and foreign professionals in preference to them. But thus it has ever been. Even in the remote past ages, a prophet was without honor in his own country. When we are in familiar intercourse with a person, we are quick to recognize his faults and imperfections; but slow to see his merit. So it was, until the local artists of San Francisco had received favorable notice from distant cities, they were unappreciated at home. "Distance always lends enchantment."

Of the landscape painters in San Francisco, who have developed real artistic talent, there are Thomas Hill, William Keith, Virgil Williams, Norton Bush, Wm. Hahn, and W. L. Marple.

Mr. Hill stands foremost. His paintings are noted for their richness and brilliancy of color, and their bold and broad style of execution—having the reality and solidity of nature, that is so difficult to express on simply a flat piece of canvas. He chooses for his studies the grand and magnificent aspects of nature. The Yosemite Valley is his favorite haunt—his largest and finest pictures being views in that locality. Chromos have been executed after several of his works. His pictures are always marketable, and command a good price. He is one of the oldest established artists in the city.

William Keith ranks next to Mr. Hill in popularity. In truth, it would require a real artist to distinguish any difference in their work as to superiority. Mr. Keith, however, studies the mellower side of nature for his subjects—turning aside from the craggy peak, impending height, and rushing torrent, to the quiet nooks and charming retreats in the more modest landscape. His coloring is rich, though delicate; cool and gray, yet in a luxuriant atmosphere. He confines his painting to California scenery.

Mr. Virgil Williams, at present Director of the San Francisco Art Association, has distinguished himself as a landscape painter. He is equally successful in figure painting also—his more recent studies having been in the latter class of work. Mr. Williams is a very earnest laborer for the promotion of Art. The progress that has attended the School of Design is directly due to the interest he has taken in its success.

Norton Bush is a landscape painter of great promise. He first won public attention by the success he made in painting Mount Diablo, which was exhibited at the first exhibition held under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute, in 1858. His delineations of tropical scenery are much admired.

William Hahn is another successful artist, both in landscape and figure painting. His work is very thorough—much attention being given to detail. His paintings lack that boldness that characterizes the studies of Hill and Keith, but they are fine in finish, and executed with great freedom and brilliancy.

W. L. Marple is a very prolific landscape painter, though he has not yet attained to a high degree of excellence. He, however, enjoys considerable popularity, and deserves much credit for his studious efforts.

Although the landscape has greater attractions for artists, there are several skillful portrait and figure painters in San Francisco, whose names are familiarly known in art circles.

For diversity of talent and excellence, Charles Nahl is preëminent. He is happily successful in a variety of styles. There is a boldness in his work—a sort of Doré force—that is a near approach to audacity. Yet, above all this, there is a sublimity that does not fail to charm. He devotes himself principally to portrait painting.

Toby Rosenthal—possibly not a whit superior to Mr. Nahl—is more popular as a portrait and figure painter. His "Elaine" is, no doubt, a meritorious work of art, and its conception and execution would have elevated him to the rank of superior painters; but the circumstances attending its exhibition in San Francisco brought him so prominently into public notice, that his fame is perhaps in advance of his merit, when compared with other distinguished artists.

This painting was suggested by some lines in Tennyson's poem, entitled Elaine. The text of the artist was:

> "Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead
> Steer'd by the dumb, went upward with the flood—
> In her right hand the lily, in her left,
> The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
> And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
> Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white,
> All but her face, and that clear-featured face
> Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
> But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled."

The picture was purchased in Munich by Mrs. Robert C. Johnson, of this city. Before it was brought to San Francisco, it was on exhibition in Boston, where it attracted throngs of people, and was much admired by Boston critics. It had been on exhibition in San Francisco but a few days, when, during the night, a sacrilegious villain entered the gallery, cut the canvas from its mountings, and carried it off. When the theft was discovered, next morning, it created much excitement, especially among the lovers of art. Everyone was at a loss to understand what object a thief would have in stealing a picture. Such things are of rare occurrence, and hence more comment was provoked than had a bank robbery been committed.

The detectives immediately went to work to ferret out the criminal, and, if possible, recover the "stolen beauty;" but he had left such dim tracks behind him, that they had not much hope of success. They were exceedingly fortunate, however, for within forty-eight hours from the time the picture was removed, it had been restored to its frame, and the robbers safely lodged in the city prison. They had stolen it with the hope that a large reward would be offered for its return.

After this, it was but natural for a curious people to flock to see the painting. The newspapers were filled with comments on the circumstance, and (strange to say) as soon as they learned it was stolen, they were impressed with its value and excellence, and forthwith manifested their appreciation of the artist's work, and the artist himself, by lengthy discourses upon its many beauties and his wonderful talents. Thus did evil bring forth good for Toby Rosenthal.

Toby has been studying at Munich, since 1866. He is but twenty-eight years old, and if his future progress is as rapid as has been his past, he will in a few years rival in excellence the great masters. He is giving much attention to historical reading, with a view of choosing for his paintings historical subjects. His latest efforts have been in that direction.

Tojetti, an Italian artist of San Francisco, is an excellent portrait and figure painter. He has undertaken some very difficult studies, and handles them masterly. He evidently will excel in allegorical painting.

Since Toby Rosenthal's "Elaine" was received with so much praise, Signor Tojetti has produced a painting of the same title, and from the same text, though differing very much in conception. It is well executed, and, in the opinion of some critics, is superior to Toby's famous study.

Mr. Benoni Irwin has shown considerable originality as an artist. His work is mostly portrait painting.

Our marine painters are limited to two. J. G. Denny is very successful in this branch of art. His artistic talent is manifest in the choosing as well as the execution of his studies. His marine pictures are picturesque and pleasing.

In the same line is Wm. Coulter, yet a young man, but rapidly developing into a first-class marine painter.

S. M. Brooks, stands alone as a painter of still life. He is a thorough artist. His paintings of fish have given him an enviable reputation, and in this peculiar line he has no superior in the United States. His paintings of mineral specimens, quartz, and ore of different kinds, are so true to the natural formation, that a mining expert would mistake them for real "samples," and would very likely not discover the deception until he had attempted to pick them up for the purpose of "squinting" at them through his pocket "telescope."

There are numerous young artists who have received their meed of praise from the critics and the public. Some of these perhaps, should be mentioned in this chapter, but their merit is so uniform—descending in such easy gradation to the unprofessional amateur—that were we to mention one, we would feel in duty bound to name the whole list. Then let it suffice to offer to them, collectively, this tribute of praise—that they are plodding along faithfully, as becometh those who aspire to excellence and honorable recognition. A few have been sent to the art schools of Europe, to complete their education—their patrons being among the wealthy citizens of San Francisco. Others, prompted by a firm ambition, have gone thither depending entirely upon their personal resources.

LXII.

THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

SAN FRANCISCO'S PHOTOGRAPHERS.

SAN FRANCISCO has led in the art of photography. Her photographic artists have not only been progressive as to excellence of workmanship, but also inventive. Many improvements for the perfect utilization of this valuable science, have originated with them, and nowhere has greater excellence been reached in photography, than in San Francisco. Everything has been favorable to the advancement of this art. The thrift of the population, and in early times before railroad communication was had with the Eastern States, the isolation from former homes and friends was so complete, that the desire was universal among the inhabitants to have pictures taken of themselves and the most notable places and scenes in the country, to send to distant friends; and therefore photographic artists received much encouragement and profitable patronage.

The old-established firm of Bradley & Rulofson has won wide renown by the superiority of its portrait photographs. Indeed, there is no photographic gallery in the United States that enjoys so favorable a popularity as that under the direct supervision of Mr. Rulofson, and the famous art halls in the old world find in it a successful rival. This firm was established in 1849, and its growth in popularity has been parallel with the growth of the city. Mr. Bradley, the senior member, has an extensive acquaintance in commercial circles, both in America and Europe, being the largest importer of photographic material in the city, thereby securing to the business of the gallery the very best of everything that is required in the practice of the photographic art, as well as increasing its popularity. But the prestige this house has gained, is more particularly due to the earnest enterprise of Mr. Rulofson. By his business ability as well as by his superior artistic talent, he has builded a "palace of art," that has placed him at the head of his profession. As an appreciation of his earnest labor and acquirements, he was elected to the presidency of the National Photographic Association, some two years ago and still continues in that capacity. He is eminently fitted for the position, as his experience in the profession has been large, and what is more important, his soul is in his chosen work.

As evidence that the excellence this firm professes to have attained is real, it may be mentioned that the Philadelphia gold medal was awarded to it, for the best photographs in the United States; the gold medal from the Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, at their exhibition held in 1875, for the best photographs in San Francisco; the Chilian medal, at the grand exhibition, in Santiago, 1875; and the Vienna bronze medal, from the World's Exposition, at Vienna, for the best photographs in the world.

In this gallery may be seen portraits of the most notable persons who have visited San Francisco, and honored them with a "sitting," among whom are, Sir Henry Parks, Duke of Genoa, Duke de Penthieve, Sir George Ferguson Bowen, Duke of Manchester, Sir Redmond Barry, King Kalakaua, and H. M. Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil.

In landscape photography, Mr. C. E. Watkins is unexcelled. Perhaps the grandeur and beauty of his subjects may have had something to do with winning his popularity, but whatever may be the secret of his success does not render that success the less. His Yosemite views have made his name familiar throughout the civilized world, and have likewise given California a wide reputation as a country possessing grand and varied natural scenery. The splendid scenes through which the transcontinental railroad passes; the beautiful sylvan scenes that abound along Columbia river, Oregon, characterized for their subdued grandeur; and the famous "big trees" of Mariposa and Calaveras, all have been faithfully reproduced by Mr. Watkins, and are among the attractive representations that adorn the walls of the "Yosemite" Gallery. In this specialty Mr. Watkins has astonished the world, and as a recognition of his excellent work, he has been awarded numerous premiums and medals from exhibitions and fairs of different cities, states, and nations. Mr. Watkins is the pioneer photographer of San Francisco, and like many of those early "comers," has won for himself an enviable name.

Connected with the Yosemite Gallery, in the portrait department, are Messrs. I. W. Taber and Thomas H. Boyd, both of whom have long enjoyed an honorable distinction as skilled photographers. Mr. Taber has introduced many improvements in the art, among which are the "pictorial" photographs, very pleasing and picturesque in style; the "promenade" and the "statuesque," all of which are his original designs.

Mr. G. D. Morse, of the Morse Gallery, has likewise added to the list of improvements in portraits. His "boudoir" pictures have become exceedingly popular among the San Francisco ladies.

Houseworth is another superior San Francisco photographer, having gained an enviable reputation for his skill in every branch of the art. There are few visitors to the Pacific Coast but become familiar with the name, by seeing it in connection with a portrait of a friend or some notable person or scene.

There are many other artists of merit in the city, some of whom are no doubt equally proficient in photography, to those we have named. The popularity of these mentioned is sufficient to show that San Francisco, although very remote from the great centers of civilization, has rapidly advanced in those things that appeal to refined and æsthetic tastes for appreciation.

THE "COLIMA" OF THE P. M. S. S. CO.'S FLEET.

LXIII.

THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

ORIGIN — THE FLEET — OCEAN TRAVEL AND TRAFFIC — A FLOATING PALACE — SAN FRANCISCO WHARVES AND OFFICE.

ORIGIN.

A STROLL along the wharves that semi-girt the city, perhaps impresses one more with the commercial importance of the port of San Francisco, than anything that might be said or written. There the eyes take in the real and visible evidences of this greatness. Miles upon miles of wharves, burdened with miscellaneous merchandise; a cargo of tea, just arrived from the orient, in this; in that immense pile of bags, a cargo of wheat, awaiting shipment to a foreign port; boxes, casks, bundles, bales, bags, and hogsheads, obstruct the way at every side. Donkey engines puff and snort, as they laboriously turn the reels that elevate great buckets of coal from the holds of merchant clippers. Cartmen, grim with dust and smoke, rant at their painstaking "plugs," lest some rival dray may carry off their load of stuff. Captains of ships give their orders to red-faced mates, who give them echo in stentorian tones, and from away up in the ship's rigging is heard the quick response, "Aye, aye, sir!"

Following the line of the wharves with the eye, a forest of masts and smoke-stacks is seen—in the foreground, massive and sky-reaching, but in the hazy distance, transformed into pipe-stems, planted in cork floats, with a network of cobwebs about their needle-tops.

Away around toward the southern terminus of the city's water-front, a low but massive structure, that seems to sit upon the water, obstructs the view. Upon its broad side is visible, through the smoky atmosphere, traced in large white lines, "P. M. S. S. Co." This is the warehouse and office of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and those floating monsters alongside, are steamers engaged in the oriental traffic.

This company was organized in New York City in 1848, and is the oldest steamship company, with the exception of the Cunard, in existence. The projectors of this important enterprise were Messrs. Howland and Aspinwall. These gentlemen, so well known to the commercial world, were the first to appreciate the advantages and importance of the gold discoveries in California, and with remarkable foresight, at once prepared to establish a line of ocean carriers that would afford the thousands of adventurers, whose faces were turned anxiously westward, a quick and comfortable transit to the new El Dorado.

From the time the first little steamer rounded Cape Horn, to the present day, the business of the company has constantly and rapidly increased, until now it operates a commercial fleet whose capacity, speed, and beauty, commands the admiration of the world.

THE FLEET.

The fleet of the company consists of sixteen iron screw-propeller ships, and nine wooden side-wheel vessels, the greater number of which are of recent construction, and are first-class in every respect. The names of the vessels, their tonnage, capacity, and the trade they are respectively engaged in, are given in the following tabular statement:

Name of Vessel.	Build and Propeller.	Tons burden.	Trade engaged in.
City of Peking	Iron screw	5080	China
City of Tokio	Iron screw	5080	China
China	Wood, side-wheel	3836	China
Alaska	Wood, side-wheel	4012	China
Great Republic	Wood, side-wheel	3882	China
Colorado	Wood, side-wheel	4000	China
City of San Francisco	Iron screw	1490	Australia
City of Sydney	Iron screw	3000	Australia
City of New York	Iron screw	3500	Australia
Australia	Iron screw	3000	Australia
Zelandian	Iron screw	3000	Australia
City of Panama	Iron screw	1490	Panama
Colima	Iron screw	2906	Panama
Granada	Iron screw	2572	Panama
Arizona	Wood, side-wheel	2793	Panama
Montana	Wood, side-wheel	2677	Panama
Constitution	Wood, side-wheel	3575	Panama
Acapulco	Iron screw	2900	N. Y. and Panama
Colon	Iron screw	3000	N. Y. and Panama
Henry Chauncey	Wood, side-wheel	2600	N. Y. and Aspinwall
Dacota	Wood, side-wheel	2135	Vancouver Island
Salvador	Iron screw	1066	Central America
Costa Rica	Iron screw	2000	Central America
Winchester	Iron screw	700	Central America
Honduras	Iron screw	1400	Central America

OCEAN TRAVEL AND TRAFFIC.

Taking San Francisco as the commercial center, the active lines of ocean transportation diverge in every direction where there is water to float a craft. Although there are numerous navigation companies, whose vessels are daily passing in and out through the Golden Gate, and among which there is none other more distinctively Californian than that operated by Messrs. Goodall, Nelson & Perkins, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has extended its lines, and formed connections with other companies, until all the islands of the Pacific, China, Japan, the principal ports of America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and the more important islands in all oceans, are of easy access to travel and traffic. Comfort and safety are insured; hence, countries that a few years ago were so remote as to cause one to doubt whether they existed at all, are now visited and adopted as homes by many of the inhabitants of all civilized nations; their resources are developed, and traffic increased, until the harvest that commerce reaps is enriching thousands of individuals and filling the coffers of nations. Speed, comfort, safety. These three words as applied to ocean transportation, have built up the commerce of the world.

The business of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company requires not less than thirty-five agencies, located at the more important points on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts of the United States, Mexico, Central and South America, and Canada, England, Japan, China, and the West Indies. The aggregate tonnage capacity of its fleet is more than 70,000 tons, and the distance between direct and way ports that the steamers traverse in regular trips, exceeds 25,000 miles.

A FLOATING PALACE.

America is celebrated for the completeness of her hotels, and San Francisco, in particular, has reason to be somewhat vain, and perhaps boastful, as to the perfection she has attained in providing for the entertainment of her guests. Yet so advanced have the proprietors of both land and water lines of travel become in their notions of convenience and comfort, that the traveler of to-day may enjoy all the luxuries that a residence at a first-class hotel affords, and still be traversing distance at the rate of from ten to forty miles an hour.

The magnificent steamer, "City of Peking," is perhaps the nearest approach to a real floating palace that has been made in ship-building. Every provision for the comfort and pleasure of the passengers seems to have been made. The *salons* are as spacious and elegant as the drawing-rooms of the modern millionaire. Mirrors, choice paintings, and every variety of adornment that is pleasing to the æsthetic taste, are artistically arranged about the room.

The *cuisine*, also, is unsurpassed by the most accomplished hotel caterer. The chambers, or state-rooms, are perfect in their appointments; for convenience, they are certainly lacking in nothing. With perfect ventilation, and a luxurious couch, what could be more invigorating than the sweet refreshing sleep that those enjoy who are "rocked in the cradle of the deep," and fanned by the life-giving breeze that forever blows pure from off the water; bringing upon its invisible wings no poisonous vapor, but tinging the cheeks with the ruddy glow of health, reviving the spirits as well as renewing the body? What more pleasant than a voyage where all the surroundings are suggestive of comfort and of ease—unless, perchance, there is sea-sickness aboard—where every want is anticipated and supplied?

Such is the attainment of modern ocean transportation. A first cabin passage on the "City of Peking," places at his command anything that the most fastidious "traveled" person may desire.

This vessel is remarkable for size as well as complete equipment—the famous "Great Eastern" being the only larger steamer ever launched.

SAN FRANCISCO WHARVES AND OFFICE.

Access to the records of the business done by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, reveals astonishing results. The San Francisco office being the most important on the Pacific coast, is a scene of business activity that tells itself somewhat of the vastness of this great enterprise.

As the starting point for the Orient, Australia, and the Southern Seas, as well as many domestic ports, there is an air of business, of bustle, of systematic work, and of confusion, that is chaotic to the mind at first, but after awhile resolves itself into order—not to say monotony.

There may be seen a steerage load of Celestials pouring out from the hold of a vessel, steaming and panting as they labor up the gang-plank under their queer-looking packets of luggage. They look about them in perfect wonderment at the new scenes they have come upon,. and their surprise is manifested by the incessant guttural jargon that strikes the ear in harsh discord.

There, too, is the person who is always in a hurry, but is never "on time." He rushes into the office, panting and sweating, and, in answer to his query, is told for the tenth time, that the steamer leaves at precisely 12 o'clock M. He looks at the clock, and discovers that only one minute remains, and off he goes at a break-neck pace, and is only prevented from leaping headlong after the boat—which is just moving away—by sheer force. He is still in a hurry, however, lest he should miss the next boat, which sails a day, or perhaps a week, hence.

In the centre of that group is some person of local celebrity, who is "off for a health voyage." How he inwardly gloats on his importance, as his friends crowd around to do him homage; and how courteous are they! When he is out of office, or loses his coin, will his bosom heave with that manly pride, and will those "friends" who grasp his hand so fervently, and nod and say "yes" to every word he utters, know him then? Ah, well, they may! why not?

In another group is a person who is taking leave of his friends, bound for a foreign land, whence he may not return again. There are sorrowful faces about him, and real tears of anguish are seen to start from eyes already swollen with weeping.

Age, decrepid and forlorn; youth, buoyant and hopeful; the habiliments that betoken wealth; the brand of poverty, the glow of health, the ghastliness of disease and death itself—every type and condition of humanity mingles in the hubbub of arriving and departing steamers. What a character study is the moving panorama of life, constantly in action about the docks and offices of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company!

LXIV.

CHARITIES.

BENEVOLENCE—BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES—HOSPITALS—ASYLUMS.

BENEVOLENCE.

SAN FRANCISCANS have become notorious for their prodigality. The news has gone abroad that, as a people, they lead fast lives, and are given to luxuriousness and extravagance; that they make money more rapidly and part with it more freely than the people of any other city in the world. But it does not occur, in these wide-spread reports, that this apparently spendthrift habit is prompted by any other than a selfish motive to gratify morbid desires—to purchase personal pleasure and enjoyment. There is, no doubt, much truth in such statements, yet subject to very exceptional modifications.

Selfishness is the controlling principle—or rather the uncontrolled—of humanity, and there is no apparent reason why San Franciscans should be less human in this respect than the inhabitants of other cities. But they are a liberal community, benevolent and humane. They are not hardened beyond the reach of sympathy, but are touched at the sight of misery and suffering of any kind. They possess those finer sensibilities that are awakened by a pathetic appeal, and do not offer words of condolence only, but extend material aid to the needy. There are very few of them—including even those who possess the greatest wealth—but have passed through the various stages of want and poverty, and they are therefore better prepared to appreciate any condition of their fellows, than had they never known like circumstances. There are few among them of that class, who, having suddenly stepped from the low levels of poverty into affluence, as suddenly forget their former associates, and fail to recognize them when they meet. They may put on their shoddy air, and affect great importance; but the constant assumption of such a guise is too taxing to patience, and too much restricts that personal ease and freedom that Californians so much cherish.

There are more than one hundred benevolent organizations and societies in San Francisco, of an exclusive social and charitable character. These are of every class of reputable order, and most of them are well supported, and have large memberships. Their wealth is manifested by the numerous asylums, hospitals, homes, and schools that they have established and liberally support, and the benefits they bestow are proved by the marked absence of cases of extreme poverty and suffering, from the community.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

Besides the Masonic and Odd Fellows Orders, there are numerous secret societies in the city, some of which are very wealthy, and have many members.

The Knights of Pythias is a strong organization, there being twelve subordinate lodges, besides the Grand Lodge of the State, that meet in San Francisco. The first lodge of this order, in California, was organized March 25, 1869.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, first organized in the city, March 29, 1869, has nine distinct divisions, with an aggregate membership of nearly twenty five hundred.

The wigwam of the "Big Chief" of the Improved Order of Red Men, is in the city, with eighteen families of the tribe. Also, the Independent Order of Red Men, a similar organization, exclusively German, with nine stamms or encampments. This latter order has a Hall Association (incorporated), with a capital of thirty thousand dollars; also an Independent Mutual Aid Association. (It might be remarked as a very unfortunate circumstance for California politicians, that there are no fat governmental agencies connected with either of these tribes of Red Men.)

The Grand Army of the Republic, organized in January, 1867, has one established post in the city. This organization is composed of honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, and marines of the United States Army and Navy, who served in the Union service to suppress the late rebellion. The objects are to cultivate a fraternal feeling among its members, aid the distressed, and provide for the widows and orphans of deceased comrades.

The United Ancient Order of Druids, an organization with quite an extensive membership, has seventeen groves. This fraternity has a creditable library for the benefit of its members, and is apparently a popular organization, especially with foreigners. There are a great variety of other societies, similar in character to these, that are yet in their infancy, or are confined to persons of a particular nationality, rendering them of minor public importance.

All these orders are of that class of societies termed "secret," and have the same general aim in view, though choosing different methods in formality and ceremony, to accomplish it. Their benevolence, as societies, is confined to their own members.

The congregations of almost every church have societies whose objects are beneficent—generally devoted to some special interest. The Episcopal Church takes the lead in supporting charities—St. Luke's Hospital, the Church Union, and the Church Home, all being maintained, principally by members of this religious denomination.

The Young Men's Christian Association occupies a good position to aid in the work of humanity, although it does not meet with the general encouragement that it should. It possesses a hall, with a library, reading-room and gymnasium, and ought to be largely patronized for the conveniences it offers for pleasant recreation, if not out of respect for its more laudable objects. Noon prayer-meetings are daily held in the rooms of the association, but sparsely attended. The association was formed in September, 1853.

The Boys' and Girls' Aid Society is a very praiseworthy organization, and though yet hardly established, is doing a good work in reclaiming from the streets unprotected children. In the building occupied by this society, lodging-rooms are provided for homeless little ones, and the object is to do everything possible for their welfare. First of all should friendless little children be provided for, as they are helpless, and are in nowise accountable for their condition.

The Little Sisters' Society is also a very worthy organization, having for its object the care of the little children of working women, to enable the mother to do a day's work. It had a peculiar, and we might say accidental, origin. A few children united in holding a fair, to obtain relief for a single needy family, and so successful was their first endeavor, that they decided to continue the effort, and have now a comfortable nursery for infants.

The British Benevolent Society of California has been very successful in the promotion of its object. "It was organized in 1865, for the purpose of affording relief to sick and destitute members and persons who were subjects of Great Britain at the time of their birth, and of promoting the social and intellectual improvement of its members." It has a membership of thirteen hundred. The number of applicants for relief averages about one hundred and twenty-five per month, and there is disbursed nearly five thousand dollars a year, or an average of a little less than five dollars to each applicant. Through the agency of the society, employment is furnished to many needy persons, and a variety of advantages afforded them by which they may help themselves.

The German population support the largest and most efficient benevolent society in the State. The German General Benevolent Society of San Francisco was organized in 1854, with one hundred and five members. Its objects are to aid unfortunate Germans in every way possible, but more particularly to attend to the sick. The revenue of the society —which consists in assessments levied on the members—is between thirty-five and forty thousand dollars a year, all of which is judiciously disbursed in the interest of charity. The city membership numbers two thousand eight hundred and fifty, while in the country there are two hundred and twenty-five members. The property of the society is valued at seventy-five thousand dollars.

The Scotch citizens have a benevolent organization—the St. Andrew's Society—with a membership roll of over eight hundred, with kindred objects to the British and German.

The Italian Benevolent Society is also organized for dispensing charity to the needy, and affording relief to the sick.

Throughout the city, many noble charities are quietly performed, so that to-day there should not be a single worthy person suffering from lack of attention, or the necessaries of life.

HOSPITALS, ASYLUMS.

The oldest hospital building in the city, of any particular importance, was erected at Rincon Point by the government, in 1853, for sailors of the merchant and national marine. It now stands in a dilapidated condition, a commemorating monument of the earthquake of 1868. It is a large four-story brick building, designed to accommodate eight hundred patients. For a number of years after its completion, it was one of the finest structures in the city. It was abandoned after the earthquake, and now serves only as a prominent landmark. It will be a fortunate escape if it does not, ere its walls have crumbled away, serve in the two-fold capacity of hospital and tomb. The one mission it has fulfilled, and there is only wanting for a consummation of the other, a constant passing of people to and fro, beside its tottering walls—for, sooner or later, they will fall—a mass of ruins.

After this building was deserted, the government hospital patients underwent numerous removals, but were finally settled in the building formerly used as an asylum for the deaf, dumb, and blind, at the corner of Mission and Fifteenth Streets. There they remained until 1875, when the new Marine Hospital building on the Presidio Reservation was completed. These buildings are constructed entirely of wood, at a cost of sixty thousand dollars, and are well arranged for the comfort and improvement of patients.

The City and County Hospital is located in the southern suburbs of the city. It has a capacity to accommodate three hundred and seventy-five patients, which, thus far, has been sufficient; the number of inmates ranging from three hundred to three hundred and sixty. The hospital grounds embrace an area of ten acres—giving ample room for enlargement in future, besides affording pleasant, light employment in its cultivation, for those patients whose affliction is not so severe as to confine them constantly in doors. In addition to the inmates at the hospital, the attending physicians prescribe for nearly ten thousand out-patients annually.

It is a disgraceful fact that almost every institution committed to the charge of public officials, is subjected to gross mismanagement, and the City and County Hospital of San Francisco is unfortunately not an exception to the rule.

The Almshouse also occupies a suburban position—near Lake Honda. It is maintained at an expense of about one hundred thousand dollars per year, and supports an average of four hundred inmates. In the same locality, is a hospital building for the Chinese, and another for small-pox patients, erected during the small-pox epidemic in 1868-9. The Chinese patients number from forty to sixty, and are generally afflicted with chronic diseases.

Prior to 1865, San Francisco had no health officer, and no mortuary records had been preserved in the city. In that year, the San Francisco Health Office was established, and in 1870 the State Legislature created a City Board of Health, to be composed of the Mayor and four physicians. This board has control of all the public charitable institutions of the city and county, and exercises a general supervision over all sanitary affairs.

There is a German Hospital, established in 1853, and very much improved and enlarged since, furnishing accommodation to one hundred and thirty patients. It is under the control of the German Benevolent Society, and is very complete in comfortable arrangement.

The *Maison de Santé*, or French Hospital, supported by the *Société Francaise de Bienfaisance Mutuelle*, has a capacity for one hundred and seventy patients, and is also well appointed and admirably conducted.

In 1868, the Italian Benevolent Society erected a hospital, with rooms to accommodate forty patients, and maintained it until 1873, when, finding it impossible to satisfy a mortgage on the property, the inmates were removed to the French and St. Mary's Hospitals, and the building was transferred to the creditors. The Italian patients are now mostly disposed in the French Hospital.

Perhaps the best conducted and most appropriately arranged private hospital in the city is the St. Mary's, at the corner of Bryant and First Streets. It was built in 1861, and is under the care of the Sisters of Mercy. It is very commodious, and every internal arrangement is conducive to comfort. It provides accommodation for one hundred and eight patients, and is generally full.

St. Luke's Hospital, though having been established but a few years, and supported entirely by private contributions, is a model establishment, and will, no doubt, grow to be one of the noblest institutions of its kind in the city. It is the result of a united effort of the different Episcopal churches of San Francisco, yet its charity is not restricted to persons of any particular religious opinion, nationality, or creed.

One of the most important charitable provisions is the San Francisco Lying-in Hospital and Foundling Asylum. It is intended for the retirement of respectable married women and unprotected single women, who have previously borne a good moral character, and for the care and protection of all children born in the hospital, and foundlings, without distinction of color. It differs from other charitable institutions, inasmuch as no cases of disease whatever are admitted. It is a fact, worthy of note, that this hospital is generally full. An average of a hundred children are born in this institution, or left at the door to be cared for, every year. All applicants, if able, must pay for their accommodation; but if poor, they are received and given the same treatment as those who pay the full demands for the services rendered. Great care is observed to prevent any disreputable persons from availing themselves of the benefits. The little foundlings, no doubt, receive tender care, but with all the kindly ministrations bestowed upon them, many soon die. Some of them are adopted into respectable families, and some are removed by their mothers, while the remainder are kept in the asylum. The institution is free to all women in the State, and receives much of its support from contributions outside of the city.

The San Francisco Female Hospital, established in 1868, was sustained by private donations and contributions until 1870, when the State appropriated five thousand dollars a year for its support. It is designed for the care of poor, sick women, and its benefits are extended to persons of any nativity, religion, or social condition.

The number of children born in this institution per year exceeds seventy-five, more than half of which are of illegitimate parentage. The value of this hospital is apparent, as in many instances the mother would add to her first sin the greater crime of child-murder, to be rid of the innocent witness of her guilt.

The Protestant Orphan Asylum is a magnificent building, erected at a cost of sixty thousand dollars. It has good accommodations for two hundred and fifty children. The inmates number about one hundred and seventy-five, and are under the protection of sympathetic ladies.

The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum is a handsome edifice, more capacious and superior in many respects to the Protestant. In connection with the Asylum is a farm of over fifty acres, where a school has been established and a branch institution for very young children, called St. Joseph's Infant Asylum. These Asylums are in charge of the Sisters of Charity, who are performing a noble service in the life-work they have chosen.

Besides these already mentioned, there are other institutions for the relief of the afflicted and distressed, that although less pretentious, are doing their work wisely and well. The city, by its public and private charity, extends good accommodations to about fifteen hundred patients, and the number of persons who accept of these benefits yearly, is but a little less than one thousand. The principle adopted by the charitable citizens and organizations is intended to be so broad and liberal that no one, whoever, may not, when in need seek the benefits —and seeking, find. Thus is humanity truly humane.

LXV.

SAN FRANCISCO'S FORTIFICATIONS.

THE WATCH-DOG AT THE GATE—ALCATRAZ—OTHER POINTS OF DEFENSE.

THE WATCH-DOG AT THE GATE.

TO view the beauties of San Francisco and its surroundings, the stranger must approach from the sea, and as he passes through the portal of the Golden Gate he will be able to obtain a comprehensive idea of the city, and that magnificent harbor which affords shelter for the commerce of the world. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the bay, is the fortifications which encompass and make it nearly impregnable.

After passing Seal Rock, the eye rests upon the guns of the Fort Point line of works, which frown down from the heights above—extending from a short distance eastward of Point Lobos, on the right hand, past Fort Point, following the inequalities of the ground. This line of works, nearly three-quarters of a mile in length, is considered one of the most formidable on the continent. It is a continuous line, with centre salient. There are twenty-five batteries each containing two guns, with traverse and magazine in each battery. The guns are all of the Rodman pattern, and 15-inch bore. At the centre salient is a 20-inch gun. The traverse to each battery is so arranged and extended over the glacis of the parapet, as to form a bonnet and serve as a shelter to the defenders. The parapets are at least thirty-six feet in thickness, some of them more. In each traverse is a magazine constructed of English cement, the walls of which are five feet in thickness. The cement is in turn covered with the earth which forms the traverse and the end of that portion used for storing ammunition abuts into the parapet itself, giving it additional security from the shot of the enemy. The first compartment of these magazines is a hall-way, which can be used as a shelter by the besieged—heavy doors dividing it from the magazine proper.

The doorways are constructed of pressed brick, to which the cement work is joined. The cement of which these walls are constructed is entirely waterproof, and although soft when applied rapidly hardens and soon becomes of the solidity of granite. In the center of the line, provision is made for a mortar battery, mounting twelve heavy mortars. It is well understood that sea sand and earth, properly combined, make the only parapet which will successfully resist the fire of modern artillery. The sand hills contiguous to the work form the material desired. At Fort Point the sand which is so useful in the construction of batteries caused at one time great inconvenience by drifting, and in the course of a few hours covering up the work of days. To prevent this, various plans were resorted to, without producing the result desired. Finally, a quantity of rich earth from the neighboring low land was applied as a top dressing, two or three inches in depth, upon the sand. Upon this, clover and other small grasses grow luxuriantly and form a firm, clean sod.

Directly below this line of works, and occupying the point of land which is the southern portal of the Golden Gate, is the "Old Fort," as it is called. Upon this site, or rather on a plateau one hundred feet above, and in the rear of it, formerly stood a Spanish fortification, known as Fort Blanco. At the time this was first occupied by the American troops, under Major Hardy, of Stevenson's regiment, in March, 1847, it was a corridor fort, mounting ten iron guns—sixteen pounders. In 1854, the erection of the present fort was commenced. It is built on the edge of the point bearing its name, three sides of the structure being in the water. The waves of the Pacific, as they roll through the Golden Gate, dash against the solid masonry of its foundation walls, and the white spray is tossed into the crevices of the iron blinds which protect the casemates. The entrance gate, which is of iron, is flanked by two old Spanish guns, unmounted, bearing the arms of Charles III, and an inscription showing them to have been cast in Spain, in 1760. They were undoubtedly part of the armament of a Spanish frigate, and left here at the request of the Jesuits, to whom the territory was granted by Charles II, and who made their first settlement on the coast in 1769. The fort is of brick, modelled after Fort Sumter, and only differs from that historic fortress in having three tiers of guns in casemate and one in barbette, while Sumter had but two tiers in casemate. The ground floor, on the land side, is used for storing supplies and ammunition. Above this are the officers' quarters, and the third tier on the same side is devoted to barracks for the troops. The guns on the lower tier are ten-inch columbiads; those on the second and third tiers are eight and ten-inch columbiads; while those in barbette, or on the roof, are twenty-four and forty-two pounders, old style. There are about one hundred guns in position, all told. The government maintains a light-house, built upon the roof. In the court below are furnaces for the purpose of heating shot. Everything connected with the fort is of the very best material, and admirably constructed. At the time it was built—it was finished in 1860—it was considered a very strong fortress, but the advent of ironclads and heavy ordnance has made it comparatively useless. In case of invasion, it might be deemed advisable to train the guns from the Lime Point batteries upon it, knock off the two upper tiers, and from the debris a very formidable position might be formed, which would prove as invulnerable as did Fort Sumter under similar treatment.

The Golden Gate is one mile and seventeen yards wide; and directly opposite Fort Point, forming the northern portal of the Gate, is Lime Point. Upon this shore, within a limit of about three miles, are batteries, at three different points, all known under the grand name of the Lime Point batteries.

From the deck of the incoming steamer, after viewing the formidable parapets of the Fort Point works, the stranger, if he will turn his eyes to the left, and keep a sharp lookout, will see, sheltered between the mountain points, which thrust themselves boldly into the bay, a little wedge-shaped valley; and following it down to the shore, the black muzzles of a group of Rodman guns are disclosed. This is known as the Gravelly Cove battery, and contains twelve 15-inch guns. It might be denominated by old soldiers as a "masked battery," for so near to the water is it, that it cannot be seen until fully abreast of it. The guns command the approach by sea through the Golden Gate, and sweep the opposite shore in their range, all the way from Black Point to Point Lobos.

Two miles further, upon the heights of Lime Point, are what are known as the bluff batteries. Here is a line extending along the crest of the heights, arranged for the mounting of twenty-one 15-inch guns, and twelve mortars of the largest size. The platforms of the gun-carriages in these batteries are of granite, from the Penrhyn quarries, the pintals of some of them weighing ten tons each. The magazines, which are built of cement, are capable of storing large quantities of ammunition. The guns from these batteries have a very extended range, commanding the entrance from the Golden Gate, and sweeping from Point Bonita, on the extreme right, to Point Lobos, and along the opposite shore to the city front, and the channel between Alcatraz and the city. Below these batteries, on the shore, is the wharf, at which the material and supplies are landed. Directly back of it, on the sloping hillside, are the quarters of the laborers employed upon the works.

Half a mile beyond the dock, is Point Cavallo, where there is a battery of six 15-inch guns. One hundred yards further on, upon the high ground, is Cavallo battery. This is the most elaborate of all the earthworks in the scheme of San Francisco's harbor defense. The battery is after the general style of those at Fort Point, with the addition of a number of covered ways and a small redoubt, which could be used to resist an infantry attack from the land side. The center salient, protected by bonnets, contains a 20-inch gun. The battery contains besides, fifteen 15-inch guns, and a number of mortars.

ALCATRAZ.

Decidedly the most formidable and imposing position, when viewed from the water, is Alcatraz. Situated upon an island of the same name, in mid channel, it is at once the right eye and the right arm of the San Francisco fortifications. The government early saw the importance of the position, and began to fortify it soon after gaining possession of the territory, in 1846. Since then vast sums have been expended in rendering it as nearly impregnable as possible. A substantial dock was built upon the northerly side, and a covered way to the citadel, which was erected upon the summit of the island. The banks were terraced and trestled with the heaviest ordnance of the day.

About eight years since, the revolution in artillery and projectiles made it necessary to change the system of fortification. The engineer accordingly went to work to undo what had been done before. Frowning parapets were overthrown, pretentious bastions were demolished, and casemated caponieres were converted into powder magazines.

Under the present system, batteries on the western side of the island have been arranged in three tiers or benches of different elevations, mounting 15-inch guns. On the south side, and extending around to the east, are earth-work batteries, with transoms and magazine, similar to those at Lime Point. At the present time, workmen are engaged in cutting down the hill upon which the citadel stands. The removed earth is used to enlarge the superficial area. When the east wall of the citadel is reached, that stronghold will be demolished, and the level upon which it stands will be reduced from 136 feet above the water to 119 feet. On this plane will be placed a number of mortars of the largest class. East of and under the protection of this height, the space will be used for officers' quarters and parade purposes. When the plan, now in progress, is completed, the island will contain thirteen batteries, mounting thirty-six 15-inch guns.

Alcatraz is used as a military prison by the War Department, and here are sent all soldiers convicted on the Pacific Coast for infraction of military law. Their labor is utilized on the fortifications, and they are allowed ten cents per day therefor. There are generally more than one hundred of these prisoners upon the island. Among the number are the Modoc Indians convicted of participation in the Canby massacre, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. These ex-braves appear to be very well contented, and to rather enjoy being fed and clothed, with a roof placed over their heads without thought on their part for blankets or "chemuck."

The prison is admirably conducted. At the close of the day's labor, the prisoners are conducted to their quarters, thence to the mess-room, and at tattoo are locked up separately for the night. The commandant has provided for their use a library and reading-room, to which they have access during good behavior.

The troops stationed upon the island have fitted up a very neat little theatre, where the drama is faithfully presented at regular intervals. On Sunday, the same room is used as a chapel, a reading-desk being placed at one side of the stage.

This post is an extremely isolated one, and were it not for the trips, twice each day, of the Quartermaster's steamer, *McPherson*, to and from the city, and a good supply of reading matter and plans of amusement, the situation would be unbearable. As it is, it is an open question whether there is much choice between the condition of the prisoners and the troops stationed upon the island.

For a long time, a system of rewards has been carried on, by which the most obedient soldier, and who is also most proficient in drill, is allowed so much extra time when "liberty day" comes around; the second and third best on the list receiving an approximate amount. It may be imagined that such rewards are worth striving for, and as a result excellent discipline is insured. The light-house, which crowns the roof of the citadel, will remain upon the hill when that building is removed. There is usually a battalion of artillery stationed at Alcatraz.

OTHER POINTS OF DEFENSE.

Just beyond Meiggs's wharf, on North Beach, is Point San José, or Black Point, as it is familiarly called by the citizens. Here is an earthwork mounting six 10-inch columbiads, six old 42-pounders, rifled, and three 15-inch guns. The channel between this point and Alcatraz, is quite narrow, and taken in conjunction with that post, it is a place of importance. One company of artillery is stationed at Point San José.

Angel Island, situated northwest from Alcatraz, is not fortified to any considerable extent, but is used as a military dépôt. There is generally a regiment of infantry stationed there.

The Presidio, which was the seat of civil and military government, in the days of Spanish rule, is situated between Point San José and Fort Point. The General of the Army commanding the Department usually makes his headquarters at the Presidio. Spacious barracks and comfortable quarters for the officers are arranged here. It is a point worth visiting, as there are usually several regiments stationed here, and a fine parade ground affords an opportunity of witnessing military evolutions on quite an extended scale. The Presidio is always used by the militia for their review and sham fights upon gala days. It was here that the great sham fight occurred on the 3d of July, 1876, in conjunction with the naval display, when a bombardment between the different batteries and men-of-war made one of the grandest spectacles ever witnessed in San Francisco, but which was nevertheless a veritable *sham*.

Although the natural advantages for a means of defense are superior, this naval engagement proved beyond doubt that San Francisco's defensive ability, so far as relates to the engines of war and their manipulators, is not great. A single one of the more recently-constructed iron-clad war vessels, could steam up the channel of the harbor, and open a broadside fire into the heart of the city, without fear of being disabled by the shot from our most formidable batteries. Big guns, and well-drilled gunners, are wanting.

Yerba Buena, or Goat Island, to obtain possession of which the Central Pacific Railroad made such desperate efforts some years since, is situated between the city of San Francisco and Oakland. It is used as a dépôt for quartermaster's stores. A lighthouse and steam whistle are located upon it.

LXVI.

QUACKS.

QUACKERY—SPECIALISTS—QUACK LITERATURE—EXAMPLES OF SUCCESS.

QUACKERY.

THERE is perhaps no city under the sun that bears so great a burden of charlatanry in medicine, in proportion to the population, as San Francisco. It is strange, too, when consideration is given to the fact that the most dreaded diseases are not so prevalent among the people as in many other localities. Yet "doctors" are so numerous as to lead a stranger to believe that disease is here enthroned, and ruling with despotic hand.

It would be hard to enumerate the vile preparations and filthy nostrums that have been pressed upon the public throughout the United States as "wonderful Californian discoveries." The attractiveness of the word CALIFORNIA to the ordinary Eastern person, has been remunerative capital to quacks who were shrewd enough in business to embody it in the name of their "medicinal" preparations. There is seldom found an instance of more rapidly attained popularity than is furnished in "Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters"—a compound of the most nauseating and disgusting ingredients, yet a "CALIFORNIAN vegetable preparation, possessing remarkably curative properties."

There is no subject that people are more credulous concerning than disease. It seems to be the one weakness of intelligent beings. Instinct has fixed laws, but reason admits of much warping. The study of man's physical nature reveals many apparent weaknesses, and all that is necessary to develop the slightest imperfection into a monstrous deformity, is to go before him with a show of medical knowledge, and attack this tender part. And this is the stronghold of quackery in medicine.

It is not the ignorant alone that give credence to the quack's warnings, but the most intelligent, refined, and wealthy, are alike deluded by his suggestive utterances. Yet it must be chargeable to ignorance, after all, for even among the better educated persons, few are found that have any great practical knowledge of the laws of health. Our common public schools are defective in this regard. Anatomy and hygiene may constitute a part of the regular course, after many other studies of less importance have been mastered, but even then the knowledge gained from the accepted style of teaching these branches, is only a smattering, and of little practical value. It is left entirely to the student who desires to become a practising physician, and in no wise concerns those who will doubtless be his patients. If sufficient attention were given to this part of education, quackery would soon disappear, and the physician would be greatly superior to what he is to-day—otherwise his profession would not yield him support.

SPECIALISTS.

Quacks, as a rule, do not engage in the general practise of medicine. They choose some particular disease (of a prevalent character generally) to which they devote "*especial*" attention. The eye, ear, throat, lungs, kidneys, and nasal organs, are favorite studies for the charlatan. There are more "infallible" remedies for rheumatism and catarrh, prescribed by quacks, or sold on the streets in San Francisco, than would be necessary to entirely root out the germs of these troublesome ailments, and forever bar their propagation; yet there is still heard much disagreeable "hawking," and lame backs and sore joints are not unheard-of complaints.

These two diseases are the capital of members of the quack fraternity in San Francisco. The damp chill air that prevails a great part of the time, tends to superinduce them. There are no common diseases more annoying than these, and none perhaps requiring more patient and regular treatment to eradicate them from the system. Hence, those who are thus afflicted, are all the time on the lookout, as it were, to discover some efficient and simple remedy. No matter how absurd the mode of treatment may be, they will at least "give it a trial," if great results are claimed to follow.

The quacks, therefore, play their cards well, when they work on the credulity of this class of sufferers. It is with a show of sound logic that they assume to devote their attention to some special disease. For in the practise of medicine, it is reasonable that he who concentrates his powers on a single disease, can more fully comprehend it, than he whose researches extend over the whole catalogue of maladies and their remedies. This forms the basis of their reasonings, and is wonderfully effective in winning remunerative patronage.

If this principle of concentration were adopted by the conscicencious medical student, it would be very well. Yet he who would cure our ills, must first be able to name them; and to attain this knowledge, he must have a thorough understanding of man's physical nature. But in acquiring this, he has likewise fitted himself for a wider practise than that adopted by the "specialist."

The richest harvest, however, for the quack, is found in the special treatment of disreputable diseases. In this line of practise there is perfect security from exposure, no matter how unsuccessful he may be; for the victim of vicious dissipation will not compromise his own reputation by exposing any malpractice of his "physician." Thus the most unprincipled and ignorant person may remain in the community, bearing the title and reputation of a successful and honorable physician, with no fear of being openly denounced for his villainy.

QUACK LITERATURE.

To be a successful quack, it is necessary to pay for a free use of printer's type and ink, in circulars, pamphlets, and posters, as well as in the columns of the newspapers. But, as a rule, the medical impostor is too ignorant to prepare the matter for his advertisements, and therefore must employ some one to conduct this department for him. There are any number of broken-down "literary men," whose style of composition and thought is apparently just the proper thing for the quack advertisements, and who will sell their talent for a glass of grog. Educated, though unsuccessful doctors, often prostitute their abilities by performing this service. These latter are preferred in this department, as their professional knowledge is sure to crop out in the matter they prepare, and give to the advertisement the desired technical caste.

There is nothing more demoralizing to the youth than the quack literature that is strewn broadcast over the land. On the street corner there is posted a boy, dealing out these vice-breeding circulars to every passer-by. They flutter from lamp posts in the more frequented parts of the city. They are quietly dropped into private carriages, and slyly slipped under the front door of residences. Newspapers of every character contain column after column of testimonials—some, no doubt, valid, having been given in good faith by weak-minded hospital patients, but the greater number proceeding from the brain of adroit liars.

"Lectures to the Unfortunate," "A Sufferer's Experience," "Cure for Youthful Indiscretions," "Young Men, Take Warning," "Let the Afflicted Read," and all such suggestive titles, are displayed in flaming headlines in newspapers that profess to be the chief educators of the people. Then follows perhaps a column of reading matter, couched in such language as to not be too shocking to decency, yet by inference suggesting the vilest obscenity. Even religious and literary journals many times lend encouragement to this evil by allowing such advertisements space on their pages.

The San Francisco *News Letter*, a weekly paper, devoted principally to advertising, though a very newsy sheet, sometime since instituted a raid on the quacks of the city, that created considerable consternation in the fraternity. It keeps a standing list of from two hundred to four hundred names of men and women who profess to be physicians, but who either have not diplomas or refuse to show them. The list is headed with a black print of a skull and bones, under which the very pertinent query stands boldly out: "Gentlemen, you call yourselves doctors. Have you a diploma?" Whatever may be the motive of this paper, it is very evident that some good has resulted from this action, in calling public attention to the existence of so many impostors, if in nothing else.

EXAMPLES OF SUCCESS.

From a paper read by Dr. Henry Gibbons, before the California State Medical Society, the following extracts are taken. They show that financial success has attended some of the most illiterate persons who have resorted to the practise of quackery for a livelihood:

"Old Californians will remember 'Doctor Young,' the pioneer quack of the Pacific Coast. He was an upholsterer, and nothing more, until his sudden transformation into a doctor, which required but a single night. He flashed into fame and into business through the institution which graduates nearly all the quacks in the world—the newspaper press.

"There was a vein of honesty in Young's character. Realizing his own inability to treat disease, he prescribed by proxy. Of this I was first apprised by the following incident. Being called in consultation, in the case of a sick child, late in the evening, it became necessary to appoint an hour for another meeting with the attending physician, on the day following. That gentleman was a well-educated medical man, but unfortunately he had been ensnared and shorn of his locks by the Circé of our profession. He could meet me only before eight in the morning, and after six in the evening. I was much surprised by this announcement, until he explained the reason. 'I am ashamed to own it,' said he, 'but I am in the service of Dr. Young. I have a family, and I could not see them starve. My professional pride is humbled by the position, but the case is one of necessity. Young never prescribes for his patients. He sits at the desk in the reception room, and arranges and receives the fees, and then refers them to me, in the private office. I pass for the doctor, and Young for my clerk. He pays me $250 a month, and my time is his exclusively from 8 A. M. till 6 P. M.'

"Both these individuals have long since gone to their graves. But 'Doctor Young's Institute' still lives, and his name is still employed to attract persons who are fond of certain flavors.

"Our people have not forgotten the 'King of Pain,' who dashed through the State in a splendid vehicle, with six white horses, scattering like autumn leaves his advertisements of aconite liniment, the virtue of which he had grown acquainted with by some accident. His knowledge of the materia medica was bounded by this one article; but he was an expert card-player, and invested in gambling the proceeds of his speculation in human credulity. He traveled very fast, and came to a miserable end, through a greater 'pain killer' than aconite.

"In California, as in all other parts of the world, there are 'Worm Doctors.' Some man of stomach becomes a victim of parasites, and is made acquainted through a medical prescription with the virtues of Male Fern—the insecticide mostly employed by these worm-killers. Forthwith he gathers up all the tapeworms and other entozoic prodigies he can find, displays them in his window, and talks and writes tapeworm, knowing that a large percentage of men and women, who see and read, will be converted, and will come for his medicines. On this hobby has many a perfect ignoramus crawled into celebrity and affluence.

"There is an old story of two fellows who embarked in a speculation in itch-ointment. One of them had the disease, and traveled through the country shaking hands most affectionately with everybody. The other, who had the ointment, followed in a week or two selling the cure."

Li Po Tai, "the herculean Chinese doctor, is the prince of quacks and high priest of charlatans." He has amassed a fortune, and with due respect to his heathen religion, has built a Joss house, wherein he may join with his celestial brethren in worshiping his favorite deity. Among his patrons are persons of every nationality, who go to consult him as to the nature of their affliction. According to his diagnosis, the liver is responsible for every ailment. "His medicines are so vile; so abhorrent to taste and smell, as to make one pause to consider which of the two evils is the greater, death or Dr. Li Po Tai."

LXVII.

HOTELS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

HOTEL LIFE—FIRST CLASS HOTELS—HOTELS OF THE SECOND RANK—OTHER HOTELS.

HOTEL LIFE.

THE hotel is the San Franciscan's home. A man of domestic habits is a rarity; and women have come to regard family cares and duties as a sort of drudgery without their province. It is the fashion; and Fashion's laws are absolute.

To occupy "elegant apartments" at any of the aristocratic hotels in San Francisco, is to command a position from which you can overlook the whole line of fortifications that the *elite* have thrown up about them. You have attacked the weakest point, a detour in a "coach-and-four"—a glitter of gold and a flash of jewels, as a sort of skirmish movement, will speedily bring truce.

Gotham set the example in this hotel living. Chicago and St. Louis quickly followed; but San Francisco, not content to follow in the rear, withdrew apace, and at a single step outstripped them all. The earth may indulge in threatening shakes, and fires lick up adjacent blocks; but so attached are San Franciscans to hotel life, that "let come what may come," they will not forego its attractions.

There are more than a hundred hotels in San Francisco, all told, and to include boarding-houses—many of which are large and commodious, and some extremely "high-toned"—lodging-houses and restaurants, the number is swelled to over a thousand. Besides these, there are innumerable "rooms to let," by private families, who, for company, or to reduce rent bills, take a few lodgers, and in some instances, boarders also. The hotel and boarding-house capacity would be almost sufficient, in case of emergency, to accommodate the entire population.

FIRST-CLASS HOTELS.

Those hotels that are "strictly first-class," as the traveling public understands the term, are limited to a small number:

but as to elegant and comfortable accommodations, they stand pre-eminent.

The Palace and the Baldwin (to each of which a separate chapter is devoted in this volume), the Grand, Lick, Occidental, and Cosmopolitan, are the delight of the tourist; for certainly he can nowhere be better "housed" than in one of these. These are all centrally located, and from their nearness to each other lead one to suppose that there is somewhere close by a particular, coveted spot, that each had tried to occupy.

The Grand Hotel was, until the shadow of the Palace fell upon it, the largest and best arranged in the city. It is three stories high, with a mansard roof, and contains four hundred rooms. It has all the modern conveniences, and is elegantly furnished throughout. The bar-room is said to be the finest on the coast. The Grand, however, is not as popular as some of the longer established hotels.

The Lick House has enjoyed a wide popularity—perhaps more on account of its splendid dining hall than for any other superiority. The artistic design and exquisite finish of this room is not surpassed in the United States, and it no doubt rivals in real substantial elegance anything of its character in the world.

The Lick House was built by James Lick, California's great philanthropist, and received its name in his honor.

The bar-room of the Lick House is the grand rallying place of the turf sports of the city and coast. For a few days previous to a great race, one can hear more "horse talk" in the barroom, office and parlors of this hotel than the uninitiated citizen can digest during the whole sporting season. Pool-selling is also conducted here, which upon the evening previous to a race, furnishes a most exciting exhibition of "legitimate" gambling. It affords a fine opportunity for the moralist to study character for future illustrations.

The Occidental is really the popular first-class hotel. Many of the California Street speculators luxuriate there; capitalists, lawyers "up in the profession," with large incomes; wealthy, retired merchants, favorite employees with large salaries, rich widows, and "ladies" and "gentlemen," are among the resident guests. The hotel is large and conveniently arranged, and is furnished in great elegance.

The Cosmopolitan is more modest-appearing, and has not so much of the society *ton* as the Occidental, yet it reposes on an elegant dignity, very much in accord with the tastes of gentlemen inclined to the old school style. It would perhaps take higher society rank in St. Louis or Baltimore, than it occupies in San Francisco. A residence at the Cosmopolitan, however, does not detract from one's reputation, but rather indicates a retiring disposition.

HOTELS OF SECOND RANK.

"Second class" hotels are more universally popular than their superior kinsmen, inasmuch as the mediocre in society, as in wealth or possessions, are the more numerous.

Of these, the Brooklyn, Russ, American Exchange, and Morton, are most widely known. The Brooklyn and Russ are perhaps the choice, yet, as for accommodations, a blind man would doubtless fail to detect a difference. The majority of the traveling public stop at these hotels, and although they rank as second best in San Francisco, they are superior in many respects to some of the "first class" houses in Eastern cities. They have all the conveniences of suites, baths, reading-rooms, hotel coaches, etc., that the better houses maintain, only lacking in much that applies to the æsthetic tastes—elegant mirrors, rich furniture, and various ornamentation that is for "effect" more than for use.

The new Commercial Hotel, recently opened, will no doubt soon become a popular resort, as it offers good accommodations at very moderate prices.

All these hotels are "down town;" that is, in the business part of the city, convenient to all the lines of travel.

OTHER HOTELS.

There are hotels both good and bad, kept by foreigners of all nationalities. Even the "Heathen Chinee," when he first tries his cork-soled shoe on "Melican soilee," may be conducted to the topmost berth in a fifth-story, where he will be served with "birds-nest soup" and "fricaseed puppies," so delicious to his heathen palate, or he may retire to the dusky habitation of his poorer brother, in the gloom of a filthy basement, and feast on his insipid "licee."

The Germans, French, Italians, Spanish, all have their favorite hotels, none of which, however, compete in excellence with the American houses.

The What Cheer House is a sort of hotel specialty, being for males only. It might be called the poor man's hotel, as the arrangement and surroundings betoken poverty. It, however, is comfortable and neat, being superior to what might be expected, considering the low charges that obtain. It is perhaps better patronized than any hotel in the city, being constantly thronged with unfortunate laborers, and all classes of impecunious persons. There are necessarily many rough and vicious fellows among its patrons, but the discipline is strict, and seldom any disturbance results from their presence.

Some of the up-town boarding-houses rival in elegance the best hotels, though, as a rule, to live at a boarding-house is to be on the social decline, requiring only a little push to send you down the grade.

The Baldwin Hotel has taken the lead in getting away from the business center, and if it proves a success (of which there is no doubt, if it continues under the management of its proprietor), others will follow; and the emulation resulting will tend to lead other improvements in the same direction, and Kearny and Montgomery streets, will be only a pair in the dozens of fashionable thoroughfares.

LXVIII.

THE DE YOUNG BROTHERS AND THE "MORNING CHRONICLE."

AN EXAMPLE OF ENTERPRISE — THE "DRAMATIC CHRONICLE" — THE "SAN FRANCISCO DAILY MORNING CHRONICLE" — LIBEL SUITS — CIRCULATION AND MANAGEMENT — CHARLES AND M. H. DE YOUNG.

AN EXAMPLE OF ENTERPRISE.

THE history of a great newspaper is always of interest. Not only because it is a reliable record of the public pulse, and a reflection of the past, but because it lies so close to the popular heart, and is so thoroughly identified with the rise and progress of a community in which the newspaper is published.

The history of the *San Francisco Chronicle* shows that its growth has been parallel to the advancement of the city and State that have principally sustained it. Sometimes it has even outstripped the nimble foot of progress, and proved itself the *avant courier* of blessings yet to come.

THE DRAMATIC CHRONICLE.

It was on the morning of the 16th of January, 1865, that the precocious journalistic infant, known as the *Daily Dramatic Chronicle*, made its first appearance, and was tossed into the doors of the principal stores, hotels, and places of amusement, in the shape of a neat little folio sheet, 14×20 inches, containing 16 columns, and claiming to be, as its title modestly asserted, "the abstract and brief chronicle of the times—local, critical, musical, and theatrical." It was very modestly started, and Mr. Charles De Young, its founder, thus tells the story:

"I was but a boy in years when I returned to San Francisco, in 1864, disgusted with my adventures in the mountains. But I had 'roughed it' enough to gain some experience. I determined to start here a gratuitous theatrical paper, like one I had published in Sacramento, and call it the *Dramatic Chronicle;* but I hadn't a dollar in the world. I got credit at a job office for the use of room, type, press, and for paper, by promising to pay at the end of a week. Then came the struggle. In the day time, I solicited advertisements, and at night, with the help of a young fellow, I set up the type. In this way, I worked five days to get the first edition ready for the press, and in the whole time slept not more than thirteen hours, and that on the floor of the office, on papers. Well, I was exhausted by the strain. I would often go to sleep at the case with the composing stick in my hand, and be awakened by the rattle of the 'pied' type on the floor. I had borrowed five dollars to live on during the first week, and with a portion of it purchased a quantity of strong black coffee, and kept awake by drinking it. The exhaustion nearly caused what would have been to me then a great disaster. The form was ready for printing, and I was holding it up, while my only assistant was underlaying lines of display type. I grew so faint that I staggered, and the form was saved from falling into 'pi' by the boy. When the forms were ready for the press, I was hardly able to feed the sheets to the machine. But at the end of a week, I began to feel encouraged. The payments of bills by advertisers enabled me to pay the expenses, and I breathed a little freer."

From this embryo has sprung the *San Francisco Chronicle* of to-day. There was nothing at the outset to proclaim the infant of more than ordinary promise. On the contrary, its birth was an obscure and labored one. It was the offspring of hard mental and manual toil—the literal "sweat of the brow" of its one proprietor, publisher, and editor, who for many days had denied himself necessary food, and even the refreshment of sufficient sleep, in order that the infant might make a creditable appearance. The little paper was attractive. Its news was fresh, its editorial paragraphs crisp, and even its advertisements were readable. The public asked and cared for nothing more. It was generally known that there was no capital behind it; no revenue beyond the advertising bills collected at the end of the week, and the courage of its proprietor; for the little stranger was distributed gratuitously. When it was but twenty-five days old, it apparently disposed of the question of life or death, by appearing in an enlarged form, an extra column to each page, and a more attractive and business-like make-up.

So the enterprise prospered till the close of the first six months, when, in an editorial entitled "our second volume," the proprietor remarked: "Though not dissatisfied with what we have already achieved, we have by no means attained to the height of our aspirations. Indeed, should we frankly declare in their full scope, the objects at which we aim, and clearly indicate the goal of our ambition, the statement might sound like a childish boast, and provoke the laughter of those who would look upon it as an overweening, instead of a just, reasonable, and honest ambition."

Again, on the 1st of December, 1865, near the close of the first year, the more pretentious journals of the city, nettled evidently by the superior spirit of the little stranger, and the fact that it was bound to live, began to tauntingly refer to it as "a gratuitous little advertising sheet." In a crisp editorial, the *Chronicle* replied: "The epithet is just. The *Chronicle* is gratuitous; it is little, and it is an advertising sheet; but it is a success. Unlike some of our contemporaries, it was started without subsidies, or extraneous aid of any kind, and it has paid from the start. We are of opinion, that all journalistic enterprises that ever come to anything, commence humbly, and grow with a natural and healthy growth. In this way have all journalistic successes been achieved, and in this way does the *Chronicle* aim at influence and prosperity. We expect to labor and to wait; but we expect also to reap an ample reward for our labor, and we flatter ourselves that we are not destined to wait in vain. Meantime, if any skeptical-minded individual has no faith in our attaining to the lofty goal of our ambition, we just ask said individual to wait awhile and take a note of our progress. We are as big and as dignified as our neighbors were some ten years ago. We do not expect to stand still for the next ten years. In short, we appeal to the year 1877." Those words were strangely prophetic. Their fulfillment is realized already in the *Chronicle* of to-day—a journal almost world-wide in its circulation, and powerful in its influence.

During the first year of the publication of the *Dramatic Chronicle*, it began to show that spirit of freedom and independence which has always characterized its policy, and which at the time, brought trouble to its doors. The *Dramatic Chronicle* was what its name indicated, the "house bill" and advertising sheet of the different theatres, and daily published the evening programmes. Notwithstanding this was the mainstay of its advertising patronage, the *Chronicle* criticized the theaters, managers, actors, and actresses, as honestly and as fearlessly as though it was not dependent upon them for a dollar of revenue. So fair, impartial, and just were these criticisms, and so obviously written in the interest of the public, instead of the theatrical managers, that the theater-goers accepted the *Chronicle* as a prompter, to praise or censure the actors and actresses who appeared on the San Francisco stage. This bold course, however, often proved objectionable to the managers of the different theaters, and, as a consequence, the little journal often found itself without the theatrical advertisements. Still, it lived and thrived without ever making any compromise of its principles, or bartering away its opinions. The public became its supporters. People were always glad to read its racy paragraphs and curt criticisms. Merchants gave it their advertising patronage, for great care had been taken to give the paper a *bona fide* and lasting circulation. Every evening, after the audience had left the different places of amusement, the janitors of the buildings gathered together the papers left in the seats, and sent them to the publication office of the *Chronicle*, from whence they were forwarded by mail to the principal hotels and business places on the Pacific Coast. This gave the paper a double circulation, without much extra expense to the publishers, and yet was of great value to advertisers. The persistency in keeping it before the eyes of the public, together with its general attractiveness, soon brought the *Dramatic Chronicle* an enviable reputation. Its receipts from advertising patronage during the first year, was something over $2,000 per month, and as fast as the money was made it was applied to the improvement of the paper. Progression was the daily inspiration.

Instead of discussing matters theatrical exclusively, the *Chronicle* began to deal with all matters of public concern, in so candid and independent a manner, that it attracted much attention, and won for itself many friends.

In March, 1867, the increase of business compelled an enlargement, so as to gain three additional columns. The first issue of the enlarged sheet contained an editorial declaring the intention of the proprietors "to make the *Chronicle* as big as the *Alta*, if the public good demanded it."

Thus, month by month, the journal grew in usefulness, dignity and prosperity. The range of its criticisms gradually extended to all political, moral and social questions, and its editorials were just as good, and just as effective, as though the paper had not been given away. Moreover, it began to compete with the old established papers for the freshest and most reliable news. Notably was this the case in the Chandler-Harris prize fight. At that time many of the citizens were directly or indirectly interested in the meeting of these pugilists. The reporters of the different evening papers had laid the most complete plans to get the first report of the fight. The *Dramatic Chronicle*, notwithstanding its circulation was gratuitous, determined to beat them all. It was announced that the fight would take place in San Mateo County, but when the designated place was reached, the sheriff of the county forbade the fight, and the "professors of the manly art," their backers, friends, and the indiscriminate crowd, all came back to the city. A secret consultation was held, and a decision arrived at, that the ring should be pitched somewhare on the Contra Costa side of the Bay, and that the time and place of leaving the city should be kept secret. As soon as the *Chronicle* learned this, the fastest yacht on the Bay was chartered to go to the scene of the fight, and return with the first installment of the news. A telegraph constructor and an operator were also taken along, with permission from the telegraph company to tap the wires, should the fight take place near the line. But all these preparations, curiously enough, proved useless. The day was perfectly calm, and the "fast yacht" did not reach the scene of the fight until long after it was over. But other agencies for securing the news were more successful. The ring was formed eight miles above Oakland, where there was no telegraph line to tap, and the men brought along for that purpose were seemingly useless. As soon as the situation was taken in, the reporters began to hire all the farmers' horses in the neighborhood, to bear the couriers to the telegraph station at Oakland. The *Chronicle* was the first to secure a horse, and instead of waiting till the fight had begun, the telegraph operator mounted the steed secured, a report of the preliminary proceedings of the fight and a copy of *Youatt on the Horse* was given him, and he was instructed to reach, and take possession of, the Oakland telegraph station and hold the wires, if it cost the life of the horse. This first courier succeeded in getting away without being noticed. Meantime, the ring had been pitched, and the fight began. After the third round, the *Chronicle* reporter near the ropes passed his notes over the heads of the crowd to the second courier, who was off in a twinkling. This movement was not noticed by the reporters for the other papers, who likewise had couriers mounted, ready to start as soon as they could get the notes through the dense crowd. At the end of the seventh round, the whole troop were off for Oakland with dispatches, but imagine their consternation when they found the operator telegraphing whole pages of *Youatt on the Horse* with dispatches of the prize-fight interpolated, as fast as they arrived. The little dramatic "free sheet" had control of the wires in Oakland; and across the bay in San Francisco, in front of the *Chronicle* office, was gathered a restless crowd, eager to learn the tidings. No other paper, thus far, had a line. In addition to the news on the bulletin board, an extra edition of the paper was issued, containing a full account of the fight, six thousand copies of which were sold within two hours. This was the *Chronicle's* first great achievement in gathering news, and it showed such enterprise that it was observed by all.

Again, the *Dramatic Chronicle* was the first paper to publish full accounts of the assassination of President Lincoln, and give the details of the exciting events that followed. The press was kept running all day, and the papers given away as fast as the ribbons could bring them from the groaning machine.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MORNING CHRONICLE.

These strokes of enterprise, and the manner in which they were received by the public, determined the managers of the *Chronicle* to turn their little journal into a regular accredited newspaper, to be sold, like its rivals, by subscription. They saw that there was a field for it. They announced that it was their intention to publish what would prove a novelty in San Francisco journalism—a bold, spicy, bright, fearless, and *truly independent* newspaper.

Accordingly, on the 1st day of September, 1868, the *Dramatic Chronicle* was supplanted by a fine-looking daily paper, of seven columns, filled with an abundance of fresh news. Instead of the *Dramatic Chronicle*, the infant "of a larger growth" was now the *Daily Morning Chronicle*. In the leading editorial of this first issue, appeared the following, as indicative of the policy which the new journal would pursue:

"We shall support no party, no clique, no faction. Whatever interest we may take in elections or candidates, whether for the Presidency, or the Board of Supervisors, will not be a political interest. No bank, nor railroad, nor ring, nor moneyed interest, will have the power either to inspire or to restrain our utterances. We consider ourselves retained in the cause of the great general public, and shall have no private clients nor friends to serve. Neither the Republican party, nor the Democratic party, nor the Pacific Railroad, nor the Bank of California, are great enough to frighten us, or rich enough to buy us. 'We shall be independent in all things—neutral in nothing.' We shall assail with all our power, and with every legitimate weapon, all principles, measures, doctrines, parties, and cliques, that we regard as exercising an influence hostile to the best interests of society."

With this frank exposition of the sentiments and the policy which had sustained it in the past, and by which it was to be guided in the future, the *Chronicle* entered upon a new era of existence. From this point, its onward march was even more rapid and noticeable than before. The little "seven-by-nine sheet," written and set up by the work of one hand, and run off on a hired press, was now a power in the land, with an establishment, a character, and a standing of its own.

On Tuesday, April 19, 1870, the *Chronicle* was enlarged one column on each page, and the announcement made by the proprietors "that they were determined to spare no expense nor pains to keep it foremost in the ranks of live newspapers in the United States; with the Pacific Coast as a specialty."

About this time, the press facilities of the establishment were found inadequate to supply the increasing circulation, and arrangements were at once made with Robert Hoe & Co., of New York, to build a four-cylinder press, capable of throwing off an edition of 12,000 copies per hour. On the 16th of December, 1872, this complicated piece of mechanism, with the attendant folding-machines, was first put in motion, and the lightning rapidity with which it did its work apparently solved the question of mere printing facilities.

But with these increased facilities, and the lengthening out of the columns of the paper, came a tidal wave of prosperity, which taxed the capacity of every department to the utmost. Subscriptions came pouring in from far and wide. The paper was put in a new dress; new business departments were organized; the editorial and reportorial departments strengthened and improved; and no effort was spared to make the paper more attractive than ever. The result of this course soon became apparent. In less than six months the business again began to encroach upon the resources of the establishment. The new press, although driven to its full speed, was unable to meet the tax on its energies. It could not print the edition within the time limited. The edition grew so rapidly that each succeeding morning the great machine finished its task later and later. The proprietors, after some reflection, resolved to incur still greater expense, and increase the facilities of the establishment twofold.

On the 15th of June, 1873, the business of the paper compelled an enlargement, by again lengthening the columns. In October, of the same year, machinery and material were purchased, a corps of artisans brought out from New York, and in six weeks from the time the announcement was first made, a stereotype foundry was in full blast in the rear of the *Chronicle* press-rooms. By this process the capacity of the press was doubled, enabling the printing of two copies of the paper at once—and again the press was ahead. But not long.

The increased facilities, spurred on the proprietors to correspondingly increase the circulation; and they went about it in such a way that their designs were fully carried out. The plan—that of furnishing maps of the United States and Pacific Coast to each subscriber—proved such a perfect success, that when a controversy arose over the awarding of the contract for the city printing, and a committee of citizens were appointed to investigate and report as to which paper had the largest circulation, the *Chronicle* was awarded the contract, in obedience to the verdict of the committee—"that it had the largest circulation of any paper on the coast."

On the 1st of June, 1874, the first number of the *Weekly*

Chronicle was issued. It was a quarto sheet of 64 columns, well edited, and gave a complete record of the news of the week, with instructive editorials. Its success was immediate.

November 23, 1874, the daily was enlarged from eight to nine columns to the page; and August 23, 1875, the paper was enlarged so as to give three additional columns, besides appearing in an entirely new dress, made expressly for it.

The *Chronicle's* persistent enterprise was recently exemplified by the successful fight it made against the news monopoly known as the California Press Association. The journals composing this association were, the *Bulletin* and *Call*, San Francisco; and the *Record*, Sacramento. These newspapers, by reason of the character of the organization, had special privileges granted them in the matter of telegraphic news, by the parent news association in New York. Every other journal on the Pacific Coast had either to copy the telegraphic news from the journals comprising the California Press Association, or secure it from the telegraph companies at exorbitant prices. This, therefore, gave the members of the Association a prestige that has proved disastrous to more than one San Francisco journal.

A number of years ago the *Times* of San Francisco undertook to break the monopoly, but soon failed in the effort, and finally ceased to exist. The *Herald* followed in the attempt, and met with a similar fate. The *Chronicle* next took up the war club, with no more hope of success, apparently, than its predecessors had. It fought quietly for a long time, though with persistent earnestness, and finally, on the 27th of June, 1876, almost startled its readers and contemporaries by announcing in an editorial that it had been victorious; giving as a proof of its assertion several columns of fresh telegraphic news from all parts of the world.

This contest for a share in the benefits of the great news-gathering association in New York, no doubt requiring a large expenditure of capital to prosecute it successfully, justly entitles the *Chronicle* to the name it has sometimes applied to itself—the "*Herald* of the Pacific Coast."

The *Chronicle* is now in its twelfth year from the start, and its eighth, as a daily morning paper. The secret of its extraordinary success is easily explained. It has given its whole time and attention to being a newspaper in the full sense of the word. Step by step it has fought its older and more powerful rivals with this one effective weapon.

Its correspondents and reporters have seemingly been omnipresent and irrepressible. Nothing could escape them. When the Modoc war broke out among the lava beds, the representative of the San Francisco *Chronicle* was the first on the ground, and it was not till its dispatches began to attract attention, that the Associated Press started off correspondents to the scene of action.

LIBEL SUITS.

Interwoven with all this enterprise and success, the *Chronicle* has had its troubles and vexations. Its course has always been aggressive, and as a natural consequence it often stirred hidden fires. Its fearless utterances were sometimes challenged. Besides giving the news, it exercised the prerogative of criticizing, reproving, and warning. It gave praise or censure unsparingly. When on the track of the villain or hypocrite, it was bitter, relentless, and almost cruel. To avoid one extreme, however, it never went to the other; and when it said a thing, it was so sure of it that it stood by its utterances. This independent course, very naturally, made the paper many enemies.

Libel suits, to the number of twenty-four, have thus far confronted its progress. Its answers to the complaints have been, "that the alleged libel was the truth, published with good motives, and for justifiable ends."

In one instance, the *Chronicle* called a man a "sneak and a liar," and before his own jury proved the statement a mildly expressed fact. It denounced another as a man of bad character, and, when he sued for damages, proved him to be a highway robber. Another it classed as a "fraud," and on trial proved him to be a swindler and blackmailer. Another it called a "bully and a blackguard," and proved the assertion in the court room, to the entire satisfaction of the libeled person himself.

At a recent election, a candidate for a high official position was charged by the *Chronicle* with the guilt of bribery and corrupt practices, and was held up before the public as an unfit person to fill the place he sought. The day of election was near, and the candidate, who was out in the interior of the State, electioneering, immediately telegraphed to San

Francisco that the charges were untrue, and also instituted a suit for libel—thinking thus to save his reputation with the voters. This action apparently suited the *Chronicle*, and it hastened to bring proof of the charges it had made. With such dispatch was the matter pushed through, that within two days the complainant was nailed to the "cross of public opinion;" and on the morning of the fourth day, the *Chronicle* had the pleasure of announcing the defeat of the candidate, by a large majority vote. This persistence has made the journal what it is to-day. It was never a respecter of persons. If satisfied that it had hold of the truth, it came out with it, no matter what the protest, or the standing of the parties involved.

During the session of the State Legislature of 1875-6, on a question of principle and free criticism, it braved the wrath of the combined body of law-makers; and when its reporters and correspondents were expelled from the Senate Chamber for offending sensitive senators, it still continued to give full detailed reports and criticisms of the proceedings of the angered body. Furthermore, it had the satisfaction of being in greater demand at the capital, and particularly in the halls of the Legislature, than any other paper on the coast—more copies of it being taken in the Senate and Assembly than of all the other San Francisco dailies together.

CIRCULATION AND MANAGEMENT.

To-day the *Chronicle* is prosperous beyond even the sanguine expectations of its proprietors. It boasts of a circulation of 41,150 on Sundays, and 40,275 for the daily edition. Contrasting the population of San Francisco with that of the great Eastern cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore—the only places in which newspapers of greater circulation than the leading San Francisco journals are published—it will be seen that the *Chronicle* has relatively a larger circulation than any other newspaper in America. In an official statement of the circulation of all the great newspapers of the United States, it stands eighth on the list, those above it being the *Journal* and *Herald*, Boston; the New York *Herald*, *Sun*, *News*, and *Times;* and the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and *Public Record*.

The *Chronicle* establishment is now, perhaps, the most complete of any newspaper's on the Pacific coast. Everything is thoroughly systematized, and the working is as smooth and steady as clock-work. As to the number of employees, the following figures, showing the numerical strength in each department, will be of interest: Carriers in the city, 40; mail clerks and assistants, 12; superintendent of circulation and assistants, 8; cashier, bookkeepers, collector, clerks, etc., 7; editors, reporters and correspondents, 29; printers, 42; pressmen, 8; stereotypers, 4. Besides, there are agencies in 480 towns, which require for the delivery of the paper 515 persons, with nearly 1,700 interior agents acting solely on commission. The *Chronicle* can be found on file in nearly every city in the United States, and in all the large cities of the world. Its advertising patronage is something immense, and space—particularly in the Sunday issue—brings prices that if stated would not receive credence. Moreover, the *Chronicle* advertises itself thoroughly—another secret of its great success. On the great overland route, at every station, and on every prominent point of rock, from Omaha to Oakland, can be seen blazoned forth the words "*San Francisco Chronicle*, the leading newspaper of the Pacific coast;" and throughout the city, on boxes, boards, and walls, one is ever confronted with "The *Chronicle* has the largest circulation."

CHARLES AND M. H. DE YOUNG.

Mr. Charles De Young, one of the brothers who own the *Chronicle*, came to California in 1854, when nine years of age, and two years afterward obtained employment in a wire factory, at four dollars per week. His next move was to make cigar boxes, but disliking this trade apprenticed himself in a job printing office. So quick was he with "the art preservative," and so soon did he become proficient, that it was not long before he was foreman of the type-setting room itself.

His first venture on his own account was the printing of the *School Circle*, a miniature journal containing contributions from pupils in the public schools. The venture was a success, in a small way, but Mr. De Young had an uncongenial partner, and after something of a dispute, was forced to sell, he having no money to buy. He then worked at job printing again, but in less than two years came in conflict with the restrictions of the Typographical Union. Although he was a first-class printer, he was too young to become a member, being then but sixteen years of age. The Union allowed but one apprentice to five compositors, and as the office had its allotted number, he was compelled to quit.

Mr. De Young next went to Sacramento, and started there a daily theatrical programme, distributed gratuitously throughout the city in the daytime, and used as a "house bill" at night. The enterprise prospered seemingly, but again there was trouble with the partner, who, it was discovered, appropriated all the profits to himself. A rupture ensued, and Mr. De Young, with the assistance of one of the theatrical managers, purchased the partner's interest in the concern. Left alone in the business, he was compelled to overwork himself, spending the day in the business management, and the night in getting up the mechanical part of the paper. At the end of the year, the theatrical programme was changed into a regular daily paper, at twelve and a half cents per week. But competition with the old established journals was too great, and at the end of a month the paper was discontinued. Every debt was, however, paid, and not in the least discouraged, Mr. De Young set out for Virginia City, Nevada, which was then in the height of the mining excitement. Thence he went to Carson City, and set type on the *Independent*, did book-binding, and nearly lost his life at the hands of a desperate printer, whom he had superseded in the foremanship of an office, and who came very near shooting him, while he was bending over the forms.

Soon after this perilous episode, De Young heard that a newspaper was wanted at Dayton, fourteen miles from Carson. Accompanied by a printer friend to assist him, he visited the place and talked with the prominent citizens—Adolph Sutro, of Sutro tunnel fame, among the rest—as to the feasibility and the probable support of the enterprise. The outlook was apparently a good one. Mr. Sutro accompanied Mr. De Young from place to place, until some $1,300, in sums of from $25 to $200 had been subscribed. But an unlucky occurrence suddenly turned even this substance into shadow. Just as the two men had succeeded in interesting a citizen in the enterprise, and as he was about to subscribe $100, a cry was heard in the street, and soon the whole population were out in the one thoroughfare of the place, to see what was the matter. What they saw was the man "Doc." Barnes, who had accompanied Mr. De Young from Carson, and who had been introduced to them a short time previous, as one of the editors and proprietors of the new newspaper, in a desperate fight with some gamblers, and being kicked and beaten in a shocking manner. Barnes had become drunk on drugged liquor, and had been robbed. He was shouting profanely, and denouncing the citizens of Dayton, collectively and individually, as a set of accomplished scoundrels. Mr. De Young rushed to the rescue of his friend, and was compelled to use a revolver to protect himself from the knives of the gamblers.

This incident so elongated the faces of the subscribers to the subsidy for the new newspaper, that Mr. De Young, in their presence, deliberately tore up the subscription list, and declared that if he started a newspaper in Dayton at all, it would be with his own money. That same night he left Dayton in an open wagon. It was bitter cold, and losing his way, he halted the horses on the very brink of a precipice overlooking the rapid Carson river. A moment more, and he would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. In attempting a short cut, he drove by Carson City, and when he at last retraced his steps and reached his destination, he was nearly frozen to death. The next day, he went to Virginia City, and the same night set type on the *Enterprise*. The fearful strain and exposure he had undergone, settled a terrible cold upon him; for six months he was blind, and when he did get to work again it was with impaired eyesight. It was then Mr. De Young returned to San Francisco, and the rest of his history is told in the first struggles of the *Dramatic Chronicle*.

Mr. Charles De Young has charge of the editorial and news departments of the *Chronicle*, and it is to his executive ability, indomitable energy, and keen appreciation of news, that the paper is indebted for its present standing and influence. In this specialty he perhaps has no equal on the Pacific coast.

Mr. M. H. De Young, a younger brother of Charles, became connected with the *Chronicle* during its infancy; first, in the capacity of carrier, when the business was running on a small scale, and finally at the age of nineteen as partner and business manager. He is a man of superior business enterprise, and has set the business department of the *Chronicle* on a firm and enduring basis. Both the editorial and business departments, conducted by the brothers, while working together in perfect harmony, are nevertheless independent. Each sub-department has its supervisor, and through him receives instructions from the managers. Therefore there is nothing cumbersome nor conflicting. Thus, in brief, the reader is given an insight into the exciting career of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, together with that of its proprietors. It is a series of remarkable successes—the outgrowth of perhaps as many misfortunes. It is of more than ordinary interest, and as instructive as it is interesting, inasmuch as it abundantly proves the truth of the proverb, that "tall oaks from little acorns grow."

LXIX.

CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.

"THE ARGONAUTS OF 'FORTY-NINE"—SOCIETY OF PIONEERS—THE TERRITORIAL PIONEERS.

THE ARGONAUTS OF '49.

IF there was wanting an example to prove the fallacy of the theory that the discovery of the precious metals in large quantities produces an injurious and demoralizing effect upon mankind, it might be found in the results to the world which followed the discovery of gold on the banks of the American River, California, in 1848. Its effect upon the civilized nations of the earth was like a universal tonic. The dormant energies of the people were awakened. The toiling hands, the restless brain, the courageous heart, were quickened everywhere, and saw hope for the future in the Dorado of the West.

From sunny Italy; from the vine-clad hills of France; from the shores of the Rhine, and from the workshops of England, came the fortune hunter. The swarming millions of Asia were stirred, and from them came pilgrims to the land of gold. The lawyer left his briefs, the physician abandoned his patients, the preacher stepped down and out from his pulpit; and from every clime came representatives of every race to join in one grand object—to wrest from mother Earth her long-locked treasure, which was to give to man that which was to help elevate him from misery to happiness, from poverty to affluence.

And what was the result? New demands for labor and capital were created; new enterprises were undertaken; new cities and towns sprang into existence, and finally a gem, with possibilities illimitable in their magnificence, was added to the coronet of States. And what of the spirits who accomplished these things; and who, while they built their own fortunes, added so much to the comforts and glory of their fellows? The men of '49, "the Argonauts," as Bret Harte has christened them, were a peculiar class, in this, that the dangers and privation which they had undergone, made them brave, and it brought out the finest qualities of head and heart. Their generosity and nobleness have been the theme of the orator and the poet wherever unselfish deeds have been spoken. Though they came to seek gold, sacrificing home and society, and every comfort for its sake, they did not bow down to it when found. There were other things, honor and courage and free-heartedness, that they placed above the sordid metal. The change in life effected a change in their beliefs—they found the difference between true worth and "make believe." Their acquaintance with the pure ore made them tell at a glance the base-metal—they had no mercy for hypocrisy. They did not pretend to be good; there was in their hearts a lingering idea that the good people were behind them; that they dwelt in the land across the mountains or beyond the seas, where the church bell was heard, and where school-houses flourished. But their new modes of life developed traits of character which a refined civilization would not have done, and they became bound together as a band of brothers. It would seem that California, with its salubrious climate—of all describable temperatures; its soil of unsurpassed fertility and boundless mineral wealth; had been kept in reservation for the occupancy of all nationalities and races. Here they were brought together and impressed by the redundant vigor of the climate, developed into a race of men, exceeding in physical and mental powers.

THE SOCIETY OF PIONEERS.

This feeling of brotherhood soon expanded into a federation, and in August, 1850, one month before the admission of California to the Union, as a State, the Society of California Pioneers was organized in San Francisco. Only those who arrived in California prior to the first day of January, 1854, were entitled to membership.

The avowed objects of the Society of Pioneers, is to cultivate a more perfect union among its members, and create a fund for charitable purposes in their behalf. The constitution further provides that its objects are:

"To collect and preserve information connected with the early settlement and subsequent conquest of the country;

"To form such libraries and cabinets, and to pursue such literary and scientific objects, as the Board of Directors may, from time to time, determine, and in all appropriate matters to advance the interests and perpetuate the memory of those whose sagacity, energy and enterprise induced them to settle in the wilderness and become the founders of a new State."

The Pioneers, soon comprehending as its scheme of organization did, the membership of the leading men of the State, began to be a flourishing organization, and to-day numbers nearly 2,500 names.

To be a Pioneer is to assert a claim to aristocracy, as absolute as attaches to a descendant of the Knickerbockers in New York, or to a resident of Boston who traces his ancestry in the passenger list of the *Mayflower*.

The Society of Pioneers occupies a handsome three-story, mansard-roof building, with brown stone front, on Montgomery Street between Jackson and Pacific. The interior is elegantly furnished, containing a library, reading, billiard, and refreshment room, hall for meetings, rooms for the use of officers, etc.

Here are gathered some interesting relics, connected with the early history of California. In what is known as the museum is the small cannon which used to be mounted in Capt. Sutter's fort near where the first discovery of gold was made. In the assembly hall hangs the original bear flag, first raised by the American settlers at Sonoma, on the 12th of June, 1846.

The occasion for the raising of this memorable banner was this: Mexico had just lost Texas, and was fearful that California would follow her example. The native Californians, of course, sympathized with the mother country, as Mexico might be called, and were very jealous of the influx of American settlers from across the plains, who were arriving in considerable numbers. This feeling resulted in a determination on the part of the Mexican officials, aided by the Californians, to drive the Americans from the territory. The latter, however, in conjunction with Fremont's party, organized, and a small company under Captain Ide made a dashing attempt, and captured the Mexican garrison, including General Vallejo, at Sonoma.

After taking this post, they noticed the Mexican flag flying from the top of the flag staff. It was at once hauled down, but what was to go up in its place? They must have some emblem. Finally a piece of cotton cloth was procured, and one of the party proceeded to paint a star, in red paint, in one corner. Before he had finished, another member of the company proposed to add the effigy of the grizzly bear. It was agreed to, and a grizzly, with snarling countenance and bloodshot eye, was painted facing the star. This banner was carried by the settlers until the news reached them that Commodore Sloat had arrived at Monterey, on the 7th of July, 1846, and taken possession of the territory in the name of the United States. Then the bear flag was hauled down, and the stars and stripes elevated in its place.

James Lick is President of the Society of Pioneers, and takes a lively interest in their welfare. He has donated to the society a most eligible lot, in the center of the city, on the corner of Market and Fourth Streets, upon which a building will be erected for its use. He has also provided a large sum of money to aid the society in advancing the cause of science, letters, and benevolence.

Among the honorary members of the Pioneers, are to be found the names of Gen. John C. Fremont, Gen. Ord, and Henry W. Bellows. Wm. H. Seward, Commodore Shubrick, Governor Geary, Admirals Farragut, Winslow, and Stockton, were also honorary members.

On Admission Day, the 15th of September, in each year, the Pioneers parade in a body, and pass the day in celebrating, at some suburban resort, where an address, poem, and speeches, appropriate to the occasion, help to enliven the participants and awaken memories of "the days of '49."

THE TERRITORIAL PIONEERS.

The Territorial Pioneers, although a society of comparatively recent origin, includes as members some of the leading citizens of San Francisco. All who reached the coast prior to the admission of California to the Union, are eligible to membership. Many of the members reached the State prior to 1850.

The officers are energetic and public-spirited, and have accomplished considerable good in the community, by acts of benevolence. Their meeting rooms, which are on Montgomery Street, corner of Sutter, are handsomely furnished with everything conducive to ease and comfort.

The Territorial Pioneers also celebrate Admission Day, generally by a public reception, when an address and poem are delivered. These occasions are always sure to call out a fashionable audience, who feel assured of being regaled with a truly intellectual treat. The President of the Society of Territorial Pioneers, is Captain James M. McDonald.

LXX.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

LIBERALITY—MANAGEMENT AND CLASSIFICATION—THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS—THE TEACHERS—THE COST OF MAINTAINING THE SCHOOLS—PIONEER SCHOOLS.

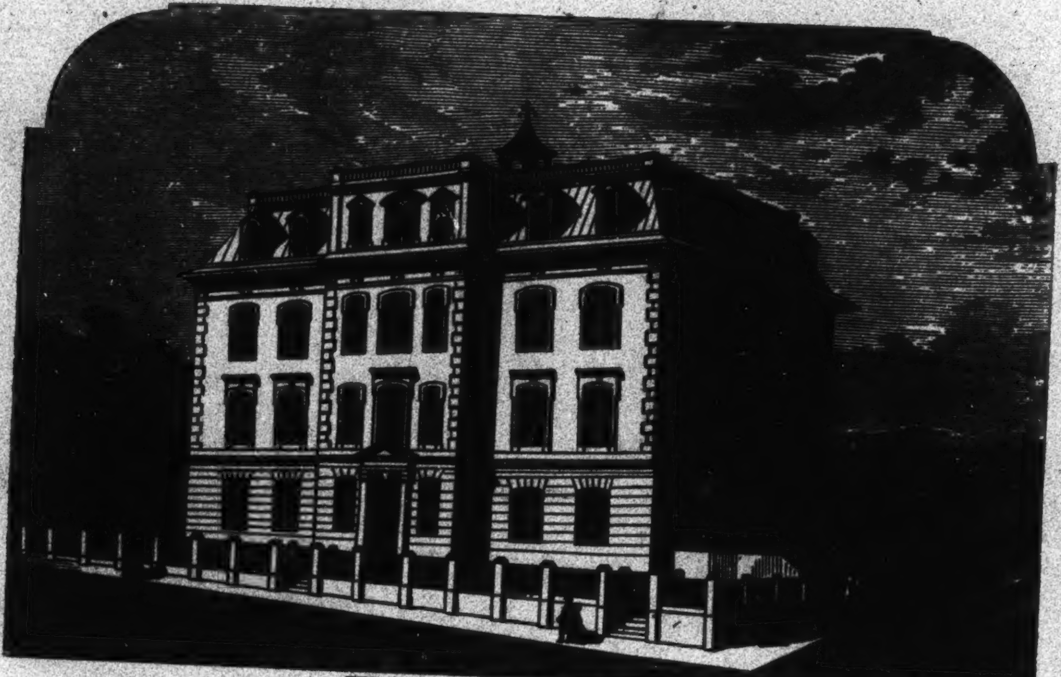
LIBERALITY.

SAN FRANCISCO expends more, in proportion, upon her public schools, than any city in the Union. No matter how much opposed to taxation for municipal purposes her people may be; how they will frown upon any attempt to make them bear the expense of a street extension; to experiment with a new pavement; or to enrich private corporations at public cost—they will vote money for educational purposes without stint. To afford their children unexcelled school advantages, they are really profuse in their liberality.

MANAGEMENT AND CLASSIFICATION.

The public schools of San Francisco are divided for the purpose of classification, into three divisions: The Primary Department, the Grammar Department, and the High Schools. To complete the entire course of study under this system, requires eleven years—three years for the senior, middle, and junior classes of the high schools, and eight years for the light grades of the grammar and primary departments. Annual examinations in each grade determine whether the pupil shall be advanced in the regular order, or remain another year.

A class of schools, known as Cosmopolitan Schools, are in operation, where pupils are instructed altogether in German and French. During ten months of the school year, evening schools are in operation, where competent teachers give free instruction to all who attend. The evening schools accomplish a vast deal of good, by educating those whose circumstances in life compel them to labor during the day. The pupils are of all nationalities, and of all ages—the boy of



THE DENMAN PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING.

twelve, and gray-haired men and women, here take their first lessons in reading and writing.

The city has heretofore supported separate schools for the colored population, but now the distinction is removed, and they sit together in the same schoolroom, and pursue the same studies, with the children of white parents.

A good deal of attention is given in the public schools of San Francisco to what are generally termed the ornamental branches of education—music and drawing. In the former department six special teachers are employed, at an annual expense of $10,500. The principal of drawing receives an annual salary of $2,400, while his assistants are paid $1,800 each per annum.

The public schools are under the control of a Board of Education, consisting of twelve members, chosen at the general election from the city at large. The Superintendent of Schools is also elected.

THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

The school buildings are nearly all constructed of wood. They are more pleasant, and, from the nature of the climate, more healthy than brick ones. There is also less fear of panics from earthquakes, in wooden buildings than in brick or stone, which is an important consideration in San Francisco, where these convulsions of nature are so frequent.

Many of the buildings are quite pretentious in design, and add largely to the architectural beauty of the city. The Lincoln Grammar School—named in honor of President Lincoln—is a magnificent brick edifice, on Fifth and Market Streets, near the United States Mint, and was erected in 1865, at an expense, including grounds, of $125,000. It contains twenty-one large and pleasant class-rooms, and a large hall for general exercises. There are generally about eleven hundred pupils, all boys, in attendance.

Among the finer buildings lately completed is the Boys' High School, on Sutter Street, which cost nearly $40,000.

The High School is the crowning story of the edifice of the city's educational system. Here the youth is fitted for the business of manhood, or is given sufficient educational polish to admit of his at once entering the University, or any Eastern College. It is, however, the aim of the Board of Education to make the High School, as near as possible, a finishing school for all the practical purposes of life. It is intended to furnish the young mechanic with those tools which will enable him to hew his way through the thorny future. A well grounded knowledge of the elementary branches is assured a graduate of the High School. Each school has connected with it, a library of books suitable for the pupils. There are about twenty thousand volumes of reference and text books, and books on miscellaneous subjects, connected with the department.

THE TEACHERS.

It is a matter of pride with San Franciscans, that the teachers of their public schools stand in the very front rank, in regard to culture and literary attainments. The gentlemen are polished in manner, and proficient in all the departments of learning.

The ladies are well bred, well educated, and many of them possessed of rare personal accomplishments. In fact, the San Francisco "school marms," as a class, are the blue stockings of the Pacific coast. Many of the most charming sketches, the sagest home advice, and the sweetest poetry, that have graced the pages of our magazines and newspapers, were written in intervals of school work, by the lady teachers in the public schools of the city.

The salaries paid teachers are liberal, and by some might be deemed magnificent. The Principal of the Boys' High School receives an annual salary of $4,000. The Principal of the Girls' High School, $3,000. Special teachers of Latin and Greek, $2,400. Special teachers of French and German, $2,100. Special teachers of Natural Science, $2,400. Principals of the Grammar Schools, from $2,400 to $2,700. The salaries of teachers in the Primary Schools range from $600, for those holding second grade certificates and having no experience in teaching, to $1,800.

By a rule of the department, teachers in both Primary and Grammar Schools are entitled to an increase in salaries as follows: At the end of four years' service, $60 per annum; at the end of seven years, $90; at the end of ten years, $120. The total number of teachers is 515, receiving an aggregate of $525,820, for their services. The highest salary paid is $4,000; the lowest $600; average salary per teacher, $1,021.13.

THE COST OF MAINTAINING THE SCHOOLS.

There are sixty-nine school buildings in the city, and the average daily attendance of pupils is nearly twenty-five thousand. The estimated expense of the school department for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1876, is $800,000.

No expense or labor is spared to perfect the school system of the city, and make it superior to that of any other in the country. The present excellence of the public schools has, however, been reached only by a gradual development. As the city has extended its bounds and increased in wealth and population, its educational advantages have been augmented, and from an attendance of less than five hundred pupils, whose young ideas were taught how to shoot, at an expense of $23,000 in 1852, the first year of the adoption of the free school ordinance, the increase has been steady and rapid, until it has reached the present satisfactory condition.

PIONEER SCHOOLS.

An interesting chapter connected with the school history of San Francisco, is that respecting the immediate predecessors of the free public schools—the Pioneer Schools. As early as 1847, while the white population of the city numbered but 375 persons, of whom 107 were children under the age of fifteen years, a schoolhouse was erected on the Plaza, and a school opened there in May, 1848, by Thomas Douglas, a graduate of Yale College, with an attendance of less than forty pupils. The discovery of gold, and the almost entire depopulation of the town soon after, was fatal to the school enterprise, and it was discontinued. It was not until December, 1849, that a permanent school, under the management of John C. Pelton and wife, of Boston, was opened.

This gentleman brought with him on the tedious voyage around Cape Horn, a full set of school furniture and apparatus, books, desks, etc., donated by prominent friends of education, in Boston and New York. The school of Mr. Pelton was continued with varying success until the adoption of the free school ordinance and the inauguration of the public school system which is in such successful operation to-day.

LXXI.

THE AMERICAN DISTRICT TELEGRAPH.

HOW OPERATED—A CONVENIENCE AND PROTECTION—THE SAN FRANCISCO COMPANY.

HOW OPERATED.

THE object of the District Telegraph is to effect, by a simple apparatus, telegraphic communication between the business offices and residences of a city, and a central district office (where are constantly on duty a sufficient number of reliable messengers and policemen to meet the requirements of the district), so that a messenger, policeman, or even the fire patrol, may be summoned at any moment, day or night, to perform any service that the caller may desire.

A small signal-box is placed in the house or office of each subscriber, and is connected with the office by a telegraph wire. The box has a small crank, that is easily turned around; upon the face of the box, and in the radius of the crank, are four points or stations, marked respectively, "messenger," "police," "fire," "*."

At the office, the line connects with a register, that records the number of the box, and on which is noted the name of the subscriber, and location of his office or residence. A regularly operated telegraph line connects the fire patrol station with the district telegraph office, and when a signal indicates that the firemen are wanted, an operator immediately telegraphs to the patrol, and without delay they respond to the call.

A CONVENIENCE AND PROTECTION.

It is very obvious, from the object and manner of operating the District Telegraph, that it is of great value to a city, both as a means of protecting person and property, and as a convenience.

The messengers are active and reliable boys, and will perform any reasonable service with accuracy and dispatch.

The charge for this service is moderate—fifteen cents for the first half hour, and five cents for each additional ten minutes. The rent of the instrument, placed ready for use, is $2.50 per month. Many persons keep boys, hired by the week or month, with nothing to employ their time, except an occasional

THE FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

errand, but yet they keep them constantly, so as to have their service when they do want them. To these, and to almost every store and business office, the District Telegraph is a great convenience.

The services of the policemen and fire patrol are free. This feature of the company is certainly very valuable. Experience in many cities proves that the system has saved from destruction by fire, much property, and many times, human life. In nine cases out of ten, some one discovers a fire while it is yet so incipient as to be easily extinguished; they lose their wits from fright and excitement, and recover, only to find that it has gained such headway that much loss will result. Yet almost any person, however disconcerted, would retain sufficient power of reason to turn the signal crank that would call out the fire patrol. Protection from robbery, assault, and various petty annoyances, is also had, both day and night. Many saloons, eating-houses and places where boisterous and reckless characters frequent, avail themselves of the advantage this affords for preserving order.

THE SAN FRANCISCO COMPANY.

In June, 1875, the American District Telegraph Company established an office in San Francisco. The citizens at once perceived the advantages it offered, and gave it patronage. Two districts are now operated, and others will, no doubt, soon be established.

Mr. Jas. Gamble, well known in connection with telegraphy, is president of the company, and Mr. Greenwood, formerly superintendent of the fire alarm telegraph, is superintendent.

Sixty boys are employed as messengers, and six regular telegraph operators are engaged in the offices. The value of the system to a city depends entirely upon the dispatch with which signals are answered, and therefore every facility for the accomplishment of this, is had.

The company is very judicious in selecting boys for messenger service, and are responsible for their honesty, in a fixed sum. For every eight boxes, one boy is generally required. The strict discipline under which they are kept, together with the business association, does much toward educating and fitting them to fill more important positions, when they shall have attained to manhood. They are all dressed in uniform, and display a badge with the name or initials of the company.

LXXII.

*THE TURF.**

THE HIGH-METTLED RACERS—THE RACING REGISTER—TROTTING HORSES—THE CALIFORNIA TROTTERS' RECORD.

THE average Californian is a being whose chief delight is in backing his opinion. It is not enough that his mine yields thousands upon thousands of the glittering ore; he must divide it up into shares, and gamble upon its fictitious value. And the same spirit pervades the grain market, and every branch of trade in which speculation is rendered possible. Hence, it is beyond special wonder that the Californian takes to horse-racing with the same avidity that young ducks resort to the natural fluid of our Mother Earth.

THE HIGH-METTLED RACERS.

Thoroughbred horses were brought here from Kentucky and Ohio, for racing purposes, as early as 1852; also the celebrated mare Black Swan, from Australia, in the same year. This mare ran a six-mile race for ten thousand head of cattle, against the Mexican horse Sarco, in 1854, and won it handsomely. But the first great heat-horse in this State was foaled in Colusa County, in April, 1855, and called Langford, after his grandsire, a stallion imported from England, by Commodore Stockton, of the United States Navy. This California-bred colt was matched against a horse called Ashland, bred by a near neighbor of the great Commoner of Kentucky, and owned by the "Sage of Napa," Hon. Nathan Coombs. This race was for $10,000, and took place at Sacramento, in 1860, when upwards of two hundred thousand dollars changed hands. The race was four-mile heats, and was won in a canter by the California colt, which has since become famous as the sire of Thad Stevens and Waterford. The former of these two colts has a record of a second heat of four miles in 7:30, beating the best exploits of Fashion and Boston; while the latter won the only two-mile race ever run, in which three heats were run below 3:40.

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* Contributed by Thos. D. Merry.

In 1864, Judge C. H. Bryan, of Virginia City, Nev., purchased the celebrated black colt Lodi, and brought him to this State. Here he defeated a very ordinary field of horses at San Jose, and was wholly untested for speed by any trial given him here. The same year, Theodore Winters, of Solano County, went east, and purchased the Crown Prince, of the illustrious Lexington family, the son of a sire as sightless and grand as Milton himself. Mr. Alexander, the owner of Lexington, had been sneered at for paying fifteen thousand dollars for a blind horse, but said he would yet sell one of his sons for more money. That boast was made good the day that the enterprising Californian paid him *fifteen thousand and one dollars* for Norfolk. The enchanted horse, that never felt whip nor spur, and never lost a heat, reached California safely, and the next year beat Lodi three races, the last of which was the fastest three-mile race on record—5:27½ and 5:29½—at Sacramento; a struggle so brilliant that the vanquished horse was not disgraced. All offers to repurchase him for the eastern turf were declined, and the gallant old steed will end his days on the sunset shores. Since his retirement from the arena, his sons have done battle for the family honor.

Woodburn, another son of Lexington, was brought out about the same time as Norfolk, and though an inferior performer himself, his stock have shown great speed. One of these, the gallant and ill-fated Thornhill, won two consecutive heats in 1:43–1:43, the next three heats being taken by the indomitable Thad Stevens. A daughter of Woodburn, the filly Rosewood, ran three quarters of a mile in 1:17, and could have done it in 1:15 had she been driven to her best pace by an equal competitor.

Since that time, the following valuable importations have been made: Katie Pease and Hubbard, brother and sister, by Planet, the former of which sold at auction for $3,800, when hopelessly broken down; Wildidle, Joe Daniels, Rutherford, and Leinster, by the English horse Australian, and Wildidle ran four miles in 7:25½ at the Bay District course, beating a splendid horse called Gristeand, also a grandson of Lexington. A grandson of Lexington, also, is the horse Monday, whose progeny are distinguishing themselves on the turf. One of the most valuable horses ever in the State was the old horse Belmont, not from any performance of his own, but from the fact that his progeny not only ran well but trotted also. Many of the best trotting horses on the coast had daughters of Belmont for their dams; and from 1859 to 1867, the get of Belmont won over half the running races which took place on the coast.

The mild climate of California admits of growth in the winter season, hence colts attain good size and greater substance here than at the East; and we look forward to the day when California shall export running horses, as she now does trotters, to the Atlantic seaboard. We append the pedigree and performances of some of the fastest California-bred racers:

THE RACING REGISTER.

Name.	Sire.	Dam by.	Miles.	Time.
Thad. Stevens	Langford	Glencoe	4	7:30 a 2d heat.
Thad. Stevens	Langford	Glencoe	2	3:36¼–3.37.
Thad. Stevens	Langford	Glencoe	1	1:43½ a 3d heat.
Waterford*	Langford	Lexington	2	3:36¾–3.37–3.39.
Thornhill†	Woodburn	Belmont	1	1:43–1.43.
Tom. Atchison	Norfolk	Ashland	2	3:37½–3.41.
Ballot Box‡	Norfolk	Revenue	3	5:35½.
Alpha§	Hercules	Lexington	1	1:45 a 5th heat.
Nell Flaherty‖	Rifleman	Belmont	1	1:44½ a 3d heat.
Rosewood	Woodburn	Knight St. George	¾	1:17.
Camilla Urso¶	Lodi	Lexington	1	1:44½.

* First heat won by Woodbury, brother to Rosewood.
† Race won by Thad. Stevens.
‡ Won by over 80 yards, in a canter.
§ Second heat won by Joe Daniels in 1.43½.
‖ Race won by Phil. Sheridan in 7 heats.
¶ Race won by Alpha.

From the above it would seem that with but twenty-two years of experience and capital in turf-breeding, the young State of California compares favorably with Kentucky and Tennessee, and surpasses the best time ever made in Virginia, which State stood at the head of the turf for nearly a century.

TROTTING HORSES.

But if California has produced running horses capable of giving the State great renown on the turf, she is entitled to still greater credit for her splendid trotters. The wonderful progress made in the breeding and training of trotting horses in the Golden State, may be defined by the fact that up to 1869 not a single native-bred horse had trotted below 2:30. In the past seven years, therefore, has all the progress been made, by which we note one that has beaten 2:20, several that have gone below 2:25, and dozens which have beaten 2:30, and can do it again.

The most valuable importations of horses for breeding purposes were those of S. B. Whipple and Wm. Hendrickson. The latter gentleman, in 1861, brought out the brown stallion, George M. Patchen, so famed for his contests with Dexter. This horse, though coarse and ugly, has left his mark on the trotting stock of the State, as he has imparted his great substance and fine trotting action to all his progeny. The best of his get is the stallion Sam Purdy, who beat Occident and Blackbird, and has a record of 2:23½. The stock of S. B. Whipple was more extensive, embracing the stallions Guy Miller (known here as Hambletonian Jr.) and Speculation, together with the dams of Ajax and Harvest Queen.

While several horses in this State have beaten the time made by the scions of this importation, yet there are more from these families having record below 2:30 than any other on the coast. Many of the fastest trotters we have are isolated cases, and have no relatives of any prominence. Among these we may mention Governor Stanford's horse Occident, the fastest horse yet foaled west of the Rocky Mountains; Abe Edgington, a son of Stockbridge Chief, owned by the same gentleman; Defiance, reconstructed from a pacer, at which gait he reeled off two miles in 4:47½; and May Howard, by the little phæton pony, Paddy Magee. These have rendered good service on the turf, and can be considered good goers in any country. Purdy, Edgington, and Nerea, have won races at the East over the very best of their class, and our opinion is that (aside from Smuggler, perhaps) there is not a stallion in America to-day that can beat Purdy two-mile heats to wagons. We append a list of the most noted native-bred trotters of California, together with their parentage, ownership and record:

THE CALIFORNIA TROTTERS' RECORD.

Name of Horse.	Sire.	Owner.	Time.
Occident	Dock, son of St. Clair	Leland Stanford	2:16¾
Sam Purdy	G. M. Patchen, Jr.	C. W. Kellogg	2:23½
Defiance	Chieftain	Chas. Hosmer	2:24½
May Howard	Paddy Magee	G. F. Jacobs	2:24½
Nerea	John Nelson	In Cleaveland, O.	2:23¼
Abe Edgington	Y. Stockbridge Chief	L. Stanford	2:26
Dan Voorhees	Gen. McClellan	A. E. Swain	2:23¾
San Bruno	G. M. Patchen, Jr.	W. Hendrickson	2:28
Sisson Girl	McCracken's Black Hawk	A. Hayward	2:28½
Lady Blanchard	Hambletonian, Jr.	A. Hayward	2:26½
Moscow	Unknown	A. Hayward	2:27

Name of Horse.	Sire.	Owner.	Time.
Aurora	John Nelson	L. Sanford	2:26½
Governor Stanford	John Nelson	W. L. Pritchard	2:27½
Lou Whipple	Speculation	I. N. Killip	2:27
Oakland Maid	Speculation	J. Sessions	2:24½
Harvest Queen	Hambletonian	S. B. Whipple	2:29
Ajax	Hambletonian	S. B. Whipple	2:29
Goldnote	Contraband	M. D. Townsend	2:27
Geo. Treat	David Hill	A. F. Smith	2:28½
Jerome	Keokuk	Geo. Jacobs	2:28
Prince Allen	Y. Ethan Allen	W. Hamilton	2:29½
Mary Davis	Young Rattler	E. M. Skaggs	2:26½
Ella Lewis	Unknown	C. W. Kellogg	2:28
Westfield	Hambletonian, Jr.	E. McCarthy	2:26½

In addition to the foregoing we may mention that the California bred mare, Mattie Howard, owned by George Treat, trotted twenty miles inside of an hour, carrying a driver whose weight was about 190 pounds. William H. Seward, a horse bred in the San Joaquin Valley, trotted a race of ten miles in 28:29¼, and another of eight miles, 23:42½. Such wagers are downright cruelty, and should be "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

The money invested in breeding turf horses in California is very large, and we may remark that Hendrickson's Patchen, and Whipple's Hambletonian, have each earned a handsome fortune for their respective owners. The grit and enterprise which distinguishes all other undertakings in California, is also noticeable in the breeding of trotters and racers, which are rapidly bringing the Golden State into world-wide renown. The Bay District Course, near San Francisco, is equal to any on the continent for speed and comfort, and was built in 1874, at an expense of $70,000, by J. R. Dickey, C. M. Chase, I. N. Killip, and H. R. Covey. The club-house and hotel are sumptuously furnished, and all improper characters promptly excluded therefrom. Since it has been the scene of four-mile races, for purses of over twenty thousand dollars, and the attendance has not been less than fifteen thousand people at each race, a trip to San Francisco is incomplete without a visit to this beautiful arena by the borders of the sounding sea.

LXXIII.

CLUBS.

THEIR PREVALENCE AND OBJECTS — SAN FRANCISCO CLUBS — THE UNION, PACIFIC, CALIFORNIA, TURN-VEREIN, CALEDONIAN, BOHEMIAN AND OLYMPIC.

THEIR PREVALENCE AND OBJECTS.

A FEW decades past, clubs were rare organizations in America; now they are the rule. London and Paris will soon be outstripped by the more pretentious cities in the United States.

The club has many attractions for the well-to-do American. Men in this country, no matter what their pursuit or profession, are generally so driven by business that they naturally take to the club-rooms to escape, for awhile, their cares. It is a relief, a breathing-spell, to them; a rest for both body and mind. In this respect, there is no doubt but that the existence of clubs, and the many comfortable conveniences they provide, are a real benefit to those who are members, and therefore entitled to the privileges of the club-rooms. But with all the harmonious association of the members, the seclusion and quiet repose in the well-conducted club-rooms, the influence the club exerts on society is perhaps disastrous. Any rival of home, whatever may be its objects, is an encroachment that should be challenged. We refer, of course, only to those organizations that are exclusively devoted to careless amusements and enjoyment, and that maintain all the accessories to personal ease and comfort that are provided in the best appointed homes. And such are the most prominent clubs in cities to-day.

The aristocratic club-rooms are temples of luxury. The members are generally men of wealth, able and willing to share with each other, any expense that is necessary to add to their comfort. Besides the offices, reading, and reception rooms, there are a bar-room—stocked with choicest wines, liquors, and the milder beverages—a billiard room, gaming rooms (where, in some of the organizations, there is reason to believe heavy gambling is indulged in), music room, restaurant, and numerous lodging rooms; all furnished in costly elegance. There are servants and waiters, constantly at call, and every convenience is had that the first-class hotels afford, with the additional superior privilege of the utmost freedom and retirement.

It is therefore not strange that so many of our family-men are prevented from dining at home by "press of business;" for even in the families, of which they are the acknowledged heads, there are certain observances that seem restrictions to liberty of speech and action, when compared to the entire *abandon* in the club-room.

SAN FRANCISCO CLUBS.

The Clubs of San Francisco embrace organizations whose objects are both general and special. They are numerous. Among them are boat clubs, chess clubs, yacht clubs, military clubs, and literary, scientific, art, gymnastic, musical, dramatic, and social, clubs. Some are permanently organized and incorporated, while others are only temporary and of brief existence. Few of them, however, are prominent organizations—the greater number serving only as the centering point, or focus, about which the select members of a "clique," "set," or "class" of society gather, to exchange greetings, hold social intercourse, and engage in the exercise, sport, or performance, that the particular organization has for its object.

The more select—inactive, though influential—are the Union, corner Montgomery and California Streets; the Pacific, corner Webb and California; and the California, No. 212 Sutter Street. These are the aristocratic clubs, having for their objects the maintaining of rooms for the convenience, comfort, amusement, and general benefit of their members; or, in a word, take-it-easy-resorts. They make no pretensions to secrecy, yet there are few outside the guild who know of the ceremonies and observances that obtain in these club-rooms. And simply for this reason—because of their seclusiveness—they are regarded as being more important organizations than they really are. The initiation fees and current expenses in them are so great, that none except persons with a considerable income can afford to avail themselves of the benefits a membership bestows.

The rooms occupied by these clubs are numerous, and luxuriously furnished. Many of the bachelor members have no other home than the club; and (be it said to their discredit as respectable American citizens) there are many men who have interesting and devoted families, who pass the greater part of their leisure time in the club-rooms.

The Union was organized and incorporated in November, 1865. It has a membership of two hundred and fifty persons, and perhaps has the highest society rank. Its members represent much of the wealth of San Francisco.

The Pacific is the oldest in the city—organized in 1852—though the number of its members is nearly a hundred less than that of the Union. It is more exclusive.

The California is a recent organization, having existed only since 1873. It, however, lacks not of that quality to give it high social distinction.

It is not improbable that the exclusive association of persons of wealth, for no apparent object, other than the pursuit of pleasure and personal enjoyment, tends to widen the gap between labor and capital, and increases the difficulty in solving that much discussed problem. There is a sort of selfishness in it that does not impress the laboring masses favorably, and no doubt causes their bosoms to rankle with feelings of envy. Indeed, it seems contrary to the spirit of the age—ungenerous and unprogressive. The closing quarter of the nineteenth century demands work—not sluggish, inactive easetaking; and it is hard to reconcile such a life with the time.

The clubs having objects of physical and intellectual improvement, produce visible healthful results. Of these, the San Francisco Turn Verein is most flourishing. Its principles are so liberal, and so well adapted to the age, that it is very popular. This society was organized in 1852, and has a membership of about three hundred. Its objects are, "the cultivation of gymnastic exercises in general; to encourage morality; to improve health; to cultivate music; and to entertain and cultivate free, religious, and political sentiments." There is a school for boys and girls, numbering in the aggregate, two hundred and seventy-five pupils, in connection with this society.

The Caledonian Club, as its name suggests, is a Scotch organization. The "Scots" are a numerous class in San Francisco. This club numbers nearly five hundred members, and is in a prosperous condition. The promotion of a taste for her literature and music, the encouragement and practice of her games, and the preservation of the manners and customs of Scotland, are the objects of the Caledonian Club.

A city with a population as great as San Francisco, and possessing, as she does, a great surplus of that class of unfortunates known as "bohemians," would not seem consistent in her make-up without a Bohemian Club. So San Francisco, that she may not appear eccentric, has one.

The Bohemian Club is perhaps the most interesting organization of all. It was organized April 1, 1872. Its membership numbers over two hundred and fifty persons. The badge or motto of this club is very suggestive. It consists of a shield, upon which an "owl-eyed" owl, perched upon a grinning, brainless skull, stares ominously around; across his breast is traced the apt inscription, "Weaving spiders come not here." The inference might be drawn—it were better to have no brains at all, than to have webby brains.

The first article of the constitution says: "The organization shall be known as the Bohemian Club. It is instituted for the association of gentlemen connected professionally with literature, art, music, the drama, and also those who, by reason of their love or appreciation of these objects, may be deemed eligible." So, therefore, its members are necessarily journalists, authors, artists, actors, and musicians—professions requiring intellectual advancement. Their intercourse is very pleasant and instructive. The entertainments given monthly (which the club terms "High Jinks,") are exceedingly interesting, and sometimes develop into real intellectual brilliancy. A subject is chosen, and socially discussed—the members of the histrionic art, employing their professional talents and acquirements in their style of argument; the orator, his flights of eloquence; the writer, his finished rhetoric; the artist, his crayon and brush; and the musician, restoring harmony to the whole by touching his sweetest chords. Most of the artists, actors, and writers in the city are members, besides many amateurs, and persons of other professions who have an appreciation of, and taste for, art and literature.

The Olympic Club is exclusively devoted to athletic sports. The present Olympic Club was formed in 1873, by the consolidation of the San Francisco Olympic Club, which was organized in 1860, and the California Olympic Club, which was organized in 1871. The number of members exceeds five hundred. The classes for exercise in gymnastics, boxing and fencing, are well attended. Many of the business men whose occupations do not require bodily activity or labor, daily attend the exercises at the club rooms, and receive much benefit from their practice. There is also a ladies' class, that attracts a goodly number of the gentler sex. As a rule, however, ladies do not seem to appreciate the benefits of vigorous bodily exercise, unless, perchance, when clinging to the muscular arm of a gallant supporter in the mazy whirlings of the ball-room. Then they can

"Dance all night—till broad day-light."

LXXIV.

KEARNY AND MONTGOMERY STREETS.

FASHIONABLE THOROUGHFARES—SHOW-WINDOW DISPLAYS—KEARNY STREET AT NIGHT.

FASHIONABLE THOROUGHFARES.

THE most extensive retail establishments in San Francisco are located on Kearny and Montgomery Streets. From their junction with Market Street to Clay they are lined on either side with shops and stores well stocked with every kind of merchandise that the tastes or necessities of modern humanity demand.

Before the opening of Wade's Opera House on Mission Street, the only first-class theatres were between or adjacent to these streets. California Theatre, Maguire's Opera House and New Theatre, and Platt's Hall nightly attracted vast throngs of amusement-seekers through these thoroughfares. Excepting the Palace and Grand (and these are situated just across Market from the southerly terminus of Kearny and Montgomery) all the principal hotels are on Kearny and Montgomery streets.

The style of architecture observed in the buildings that wall these highways varies much, but is nevertheless harmonious and highly ornamental. Toppling cornices, suggestive of danger in "shaky times," supported by brackets of apparently frail though exquisite design; the inevitable bay-window jutting from the upper stories; high-reaching flagstaffs on almost every building; impending awnings that threaten danger to life and limb on windy days, are all objects that attract the eyes of an observer as he mingles with the promenaders.

The streets and promenades are well kept, and with the exception of street cars, there are comparatively few public vehicles to obstruct pedestrian travel. From ten in the morning until eleven o'clock at night a constant stream of restless life pours through these thoroughfares. During the early part of the day all is activity and bustle. Every one seems in a hurry. Private up-town equipages dash up to the curbstone in front of the stores, the occupants spring to the walk and quickly enter, make their purchases and hasten to the next door for another kind of goods, or again mount their carriage and drive rapidly away. Street-car travelers, when opposite their favorite shopping-place, jostle out of the car, and press through the obstructing throngs, as if fleeing a pursuer.

In the afternoon, the elite are abroad, and the walks on either side of these streets are even more ornamental than the gorgeous displays in the show-windows. Much of the wealth from the mines of California and Nevada can be seen on Kearny and Montgomery streets on a fine afternoon, transformed into wearing apparel. The real "California girl" has the genius of an artist in choosing her costume both for the street and drawing-room. Even the New York belles or the *beau monde de Paris* do not surpass our San Francisco beauties in the style of their toilets.

Kearny and Montgomery Streets of an afternoon are the promenades upon which this elegance of dress is displayed. The "colonels" and "captains" (a baron, duke or lord is seldom met in San Francisco), "retired stock brokers" and popular and handsome actors—those gentlemen of elegant leisure—are to be met there on afternoons. These thoroughfares are the most convenient promenades for "glances of recognition" and "casual meetings," and hence are frequented by the belles and beaus of the town. There are so many little wants that call one out "shopping."

SHOW-WINDOW DISPLAYS.

There is wonderful taste displayed in arranging the show-windows on Kearny and Montgomery Streets. Each store of any pretensions has its broad plate-glass display window, and also a particular artist to decorate it.

Attractive windows are good stock in trade, and the work of arranging them is reduced to a science. About the principal dry-goods houses there is constantly a throng of curious persons, gazing with much interest at the beautiful fabrics that deck the windows. Everything is arranged for effect. The light and shade is utilized—tints and colors that admit of varying degrees of light being placed where the best effect is had. There is a fold here, a puff there, and then a crumple; a pleat and gather is necessary to bring out the richness of this, and a loop and festoon shows the beauty of that; this gauzy fabric must half conceal the folds of that brilliant drapery—all of which in detail lacks beauty, but as a whole is wonderfully attractive.

The windows of the notion stores are a scene of harmonious confusion. The art galleries' windows are at once a landscape, a stormy sea, a Mexican fandango, and a dairy yard. Elaines, from the small cabinet size, daubed over in gaudy colors, to Toby Rosenthal's or Tojetti's full grown creations, awaken the sympathy of the looker-on.

The mantua-makers and milliners turn the heads of the ladies, by the tempting suits or bonnets they show; and the ringlets, curls, and silken tresses that ornament the chalk craniums at the hair stores are objects of their admiration.

The hatter, the toy-dealer, the druggist, the florist, the clothier, and the grocer, all vie with each other in style of display; but the jeweler surpasses them all. His brilliant wares and sparkling jewels secure for him the attention of all. The wife of the wealthiest banker sees something that is specially attractive to her, as well as the rustic group that gazes upon the dazzling scene in gaping admiration. If it be not gold, it has the glitter; if it be not diamond, it has the sparkle—whether sham or real, the attraction is the same, if displayed artistically.

A business street in any important city furnishes an ever-changing panorama of marketable commodities, and Kearny and Montgomery Streets in San Francisco present such a scene, in all its varied splendor.

KEARNY STREET AT NIGHT.

After the gas is lighted, Montgomery Street is almost deserted, but Kearny is gayer than before. Those who have been confined in the workshop and office during the day, seek recreation on the street at night. The stores are brilliantly lighted, and look more gorgeous than in the light of day. Thousands of pedestrians move slowly through the street—a motley stream of humanity.

There is not much business done on Kearny Street at night; Market Street and Third, receive the patronage of the nighttraders. The laborers and mechanics do most of their shopping after dark, but they do not buy on Kearny and Montgomery Streets. A fashionable thoroughfare makes valuable property, and valuable property calls for high rents; hence the merchants on these streets charge higher prices for their wares than do those on the less fashionable highways.

On almost every corner is observed one of the numerous curbstone dealers, crying out his business to the passing throng—"Pea-nuts, pea-nuts, fresh roasted pea-nuts, five cents a glass!" "Oranges, sweet oranges, two-bits a dozen!" "Peaches and apricots, ten cents a bag!"—accompanied by the piping tones of the hand-organ, as the "Marseillaise," "America," or "Star Spangled Banner," are ground slowly out in measured staves; while, in the middle of the street, perched upon a box, the patent medicine dealer delivers his well-learned lecture. Aside from these criers there is little noise on the street. The army of promenaders pass and repass, and only a low hum of voices is heard. A sound of revelry may break forth from the brilliantly-lighted saloons, or subdued notes of music may be heard as they float up from the concert cellars, but there is seldom any boisterous outburst to grate upon the ear.

Until ten o'clock there is no perceptible diminution in the number of persons on the street; but soon after that hour, aching limbs and tired feet begin to call for rest, and gradually the throng disperses; and when the noise of the theatre-goers in returning to their homes has died away, there are but few of the vast concourse remaining upon Kearny Street. The lights no longer burn in the stores, and the tramp of the lonely policeman, as he treads his weary beat, echoes in the stillness of the night.

LXXV.

THE CHURCHES.

PROTESTANTISM—CATHOLICISM.

PROTESTANTISM.

THIRTY years ago, the first Protestant church organization was effected in California. During the year 1846, a few families of San Francisco formed themselves into a religious society, under the pastoral charge of Rev. W. Roberts, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The timbers and shingles for a church building were hewn in Oregon, and in 1849, were framed into a house of worship, occupying the site of the present First Methodist Episcopal Church of San Francisco.

Previous to the erection of this building, however, the First Baptist Church had been organized, under the labors of Rev. O. C. Wheeler; a lot had been purchased, and a neat house built thereon, wherein to worship. This was the first church *building* erected in California by a Protestant religious denomination.

About this time, a Congregational Society was organized, under direction of Rev. T. D. Hunt, Rev. A. Williams assisting, and met for worship in the "First Schoolhouse," on the Plaza. Meanwhile, the Presbyterians had organized a church, with the Rev. A. Williams as minister. This latter society underwent many vicissitudes during the first few years of its existence; having worshiped first in an ordinary tent, then in a store-room of the Custom House, and again in the Superior Court-room, and still again in the City Hall, in possession of which, as a place of worship, it was unmolested, until the completion of its church edifice, in January, 1851. Five months had not elapsed, however, until the memorable fire of June 22nd, 1851, had destroyed this building. Another, though very modest, was reared on its ashes, and was occupied by the society until 1857, when it was vacated in the preparation for the erection of a more handsome house of worship.

In the latter part of 1849, the embryo organization of the Episcopal Church—the pioneer members of Grace Church, now considered the most aristocratic congregation in the city—was effected, with Dr. J. L. Ver Mehr as rector, who preached his first sermon in San Francisco at the residence of a Mr. Merrill. On the last day but one of that year, the first Grace Church was dedicated, having been built at a cost of $8,000.

In 1860, the number of Protestant church organizations was twenty-nine, owning property with an estimated value of $400,000. The numbers of church organizations of different denominations, with approximate membership, were: Baptist, three, with membership of two hundred and seventy-five; Congregational, two, with membership of three hundred; Episcopal, four, with membership of three hundred and seventy-five; Methodist Episcopal, eight, with membership of five hundred and fifty; and seven Presbyterian Societies, with a membership of over six hundred. Besides these, there were a Swedenborgian Society, a Unitarian, and a Methodist Episcopal South, with estimated membership, respectively, of twenty-five, one hundred and fifty, and twenty—showing the total number of persons belonging to all the different Protestant Churches, to be not quite twenty-two hundred. There were twenty-two Sunday Schools, conducted by these churches, whereat were engaged four hundred and forty-two teachers, giving religious instruction to twenty-two hundred and eighty children.

Comparatively speaking, this was but a moderate advance in matters pertaining to religion, for a term of eleven years—indicating that a very small proportion of the eighty thousand people that composed the population of San Francisco, were inclined to take active interest in things spiritual, as regards the Protestant faith.

But up to this time, San Francisco society had been in a chaotic state, little attention having been given to anything except dollars and cents, or their various representatives. In later years, after the gold excitement had, to a degree, subsided, many of the adventurers whom it had attracted hither, quit the country, and a more civilized class of people took their places. These were persons fresh from older and more advanced communities, and they brought with them the civilizing influence that had obtained at their former places of abode. Thus, by degrees, the religious element increased, until now San Francisco has a proportion of religious people, equal, perhaps, to other cities, whose population is of a similar cosmopolitan character. To-day, there are in San Francisco over sixty Protestant church organizations, most of which are in a very flourishing condition, with large memberships, and, with a few exceptions, owning and maintaining separate church buildings, some of which are monuments of architectural beauty.

Besides the elegant and valuable church edifices occupied by the different societies of the Baptist denomination, three of which are fairly estimated to be worth, in the aggregate, $200,000 dollars, including grounds, work is progressing upon another, that, when complete, will have cost not less than $150,000. The number of communicants belonging to the different Baptist societies, is estimated at seven hundred and fifty. There are some able and eloquent preachers in these pulpits.

The First Congregational Church, commonly called "Dr. Stone's Church," is an ornament in church architecture, beautiful and substantial, and finished in great elegance. It has a spire rising to a height of two hundred and thirty-five feet—massive at the base, but, as seen from the ground, terminating with a needle point in mid-air. The furniture, and, when assembled at worship, the congregation also, possess a harmonizing elegance. The cost of this building exceeded $50,000. The pastor, Rev. A. L. Stone, D. D., was installed June 14, 1866, and has filled the pulpit ever since. Many of the wealthy San Franciscans are members of this church, and many more are regular attendants at the services who are not united with the society. The membership is about six hundred. There are four other Congregational Churches, with large memberships, and in a thriving condition.

Grace Church, of the Episcopal denomination, although it has a similar society rank to its New York sister of the same name, is not an imposing edifice. It is situated on California Street, at a considerable elevation, but it does not appear prominent nor attractive. It was erected at a cost of $125,000. Trinity Church, also Episcopal, is a more attractive structure, and occupies a more favorable site. Both of these churches are very popular, as, in fact, are all the Episcopal Churches in the city. The Right Rev. Bishop Kip, D. D., has presided as rector at different times over the congregations of both Grace and Trinity Churches. He is much esteemed for his great ability and Christian virtues, by not only his own people, but the general public as well.

The Methodist pulpits in the city are occupied by able and earnest ministers. The church buildings of this denomination are, as a rule, more modest and less costly, than those of some other denominations whose wealth and membership are, perhaps, inferior. But we believe Methodists are not, in principle, ostentatious, and this perhaps accounts for the apparent lack of show in their church buildings. Yet they have a number of good comfortable houses of worship, costly enough, and sufficiently elegant for all practical purposes; and this, after all, seems the more consistent.

Those holding to the Presbyterian faith, are perhaps more numerous in San Francisco than the accepters of any other of the Protestant creeds. The value of the property belonging to the Presbyterian Church, is great. The total membership of the different Presbyterian societies, is twenty-two hundred. There are fifteen separate church organizations of this denomination, nearly all of which are provided with separate church buildings. Calvary Church, both for location and edifice, is the more popular. It is a handsome building, massive, elegant within, and well arranged for the comfort of the congregation. Its acoustic arrangements are excellent, requiring no extra exertion on the part of the preacher, to be heard in every part of the auditorium. The pastor in charge of the Calvary congregation, Rev. John Hemphill, though a young man, is one of the finest pulpit orators in the city, and withal a very devoted follower of his chosen leader. His eloquence is simple, yet almost sublime.

Indeed, we might say of San Francisco, that there are few cities, perhaps none, whose pulpits are occupied by a more able corps of ministers than hers. In this essential particular she has been, apparently, providentially favored. As for their co-workers—the church members—it has been said of them, by almost every one who has written about them, that they are not so faithful, nor so earnest in their religious duties, nor so conscientious, as are Christians in other and older cities. This verdict appears, at first thought, to be true. But when we consider that the influences surrounding them, emanating from the non-religious element in San Francisco society, is very powerful, and, while not directly opposed to churches and religion, is, by its utter indifference, the more subtile and irresistible, it does not seem just to them that such an opinion should obtain. When the outside influences are against them, it certainly proves that they have voluntarily and honestly chosen to try to be religious, for no other motive than the simple benefits that Christianity bestows. There are no inducements to breed hypocrisy.

CATHOLICISM.

The Roman Catholic influence is very great in San Francisco, though not so preponderating as might be thought, when we recall the fact that California was at one time entirely controlled by the Jesuit priesthood. This, however, furnishes no criterion by which to judge of the religious status of California to-day. Perhaps none of the native Californians accept any other religious belief than that taught by the Catholic clergy, but the native Californians are fast disappearing from the stage of action; they are passing away. They had not in them the spirit of progression that has characterized the history of California for the last thirty years, and is still strong in the rapidly increasing population.

But many of those who have aided in wresting from the well-disposed natives their title to their mother territory, are strong adherents to the Catholic faith. Particularly is this true of the foreign population. It constitutes the principal strength of Romanism in San Francisco.

The Fathers in the Church, who have long resided in San Francisco, estimate that nearly one half of the population are either members of the Catholic Church, or favor that faith.

The Most Rev. Joseph Sadoc Alemany, O. S. D., is the Archbishop of the diocese. He was consecrated Bishop of Monterey, June 30, 1850, and translated to this see, July 29, 1853.

In San Francisco there are fourteen Catholic church organizations. There are also fourteen colleges, convents, and schools, which are attended by nearly five thousand pupils of both sexes.

Some of the church buildings are exceedingly spacious, and finished and furnished in the most elegant and appropriate manner. St. Mary's Cathedral, St. Francis' Church, St. Patrick's, and St. Ignatius' Church and College, cost respectively, $175,000, $100,000, $175,000, and $160,000. The number of worshipers at these churches is very large. St. Mary's, perhaps, has the wealthiest and most aristocratic congregation. The only chime of bells in the city hangs in the tower of St. Patrick's. The interior of St. Francis' is finished in superior elegance, its architecture being considered the nearest approach to perfection in the Gothic style, in San Francisco.

The Mission Dolores building is important in the single particular that it has a history extending back to antiquity, according to the American notion of the term. It is an example of architecture that should certainly be preserved in San Francisco. But its primitive rudeness has long ago been concealed from view by repeated repairs and modifications, so that now its exterior presents scarce a trace of its original appearance.

The first friar who had charge of the Mission Dolores was Francisco Palou. He was assisted by Benito Cambon, and for the protection of the mission a company of fifteen soldiers were stationed at the Presidio.

The Catholic Church supports numerous benevolent and charitable institutions.

St. Ignatius College, for boys exclusively, is a very fine educational institution. It is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, which order is the most flourishing Catholic society in the city. The number of pupils in attendance at this school is 600. St. Ignatius Church, connected with the college, is presided over by Rev. James Buchard, who is considered the ablest Father in the church, in San Francisco. The most influential and the wealthiest priest is the Rev. Hugh P. Gallagher, pastor of St. Joseph's Church. He has been on the Pacific Coast for a long time, and his experience and acquaintance with matters pertaining to Catholicism is varied and extensive.

There is a very contrasting difference in the salaries paid to the clergy of the Catholic and the Protestant faith. Many of the ablest Catholic preachers having charge of large congregations receive scarcely enough pay for their services to secure them a comfortable living; while the Protestant ministers are enabled to live in luxury off their salaries. This is true the world over.

In San Francisco the Catholic priests receive from $800 to $1,200 per annum, and the Protestants from $1,200 to $6,000.

The general public, when called upon, extend liberal support to the churches of all denominations.

LXXVI.

EARLY REMINISCENCES.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINE, A. D.—A HUNDRED YEARS AGO—THE JESUIT DYNASTY—YERBA BUENA—GOLD! GOLD!!—SUPERLATIVE—DESPERADOES AND THEIR ANTIDOTES—DUELING—"STEAMER-DAY."

FIFTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINE, A. D.

NEARLY three hundred years ago Captain—afterwards Sir—Francis Drake, was cruising in southern waters for the then very laudable purpose of capturing the richly-laden Spanish ships that carried such hordes of treasure and valuable merchandise from the "New Spain" to Europe. In this expedition he drifted through the Straits of Magellan into the Pacific Ocean—more by accident, perhaps, than intent. Having captured and ransacked the Spanish towns and settlements along the western coast of the Americas, wherever he touched, he was soon freighted with a valuable cargo, and was ready to steer for "Merrie old Englande," his protector and home. He, however, feared to retrace the path he had come, lest he should fall a prey to the fiery Spaniards, who had been aroused by his depredations, and doubtless lay in wait for him, expecting his early return. He undertook to sail westward with the hope of reaching England by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Opposing winds prevented this, and he therefore steered to the north. Here the cold was so intense as to be intolerable, and again he turned his face to the sun and sought a more temperate zone. "And he was driven upon a coast, which, from its white cliffs, they called Nova Albion." This was California.

It is popularly believed that the bay Admiral Drake entered was that afterwards called the Bay of San Francisco. This will ever be a question of dispute until the "pillar" erected by the admiral has been unearthed and identified by its inscriptions. It is, however, a matter of little importance, as the knowledge of it would be of no particular historical value.

The Spaniards have ancient records, stating that some of their navigators had touched the northern coast of California, as early as 1526; but these do not seem to be entitled to credence. It is sufficient that we have learned somewhat of the character of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country from Sir Francis Drake.

For the reverence that anything ancient or "antique" is entitled to (or at least receives), we will assume, for the benefit of this chapter of reminiscences, that Sir Francis Drake and his crew actually trod the sandy shores of Yerba Buena; that he walked the streets of San Francisco—that was to be; nay, more! does not tradition tell us that he even cast a prospective glance across the trio of centuries that were yet to pass ere the pristine civilization he then beheld would be supplanted by the enlightenment of the nineteenth century. The same legend tells us that he had a dream: "I saw about me a waste of country with herds of wild animals roaming fearless across broad valleys or over barren hills; a cluster of rude huts or bowers, fashioned in ignorant simplicity, within and around which the naked males and half-clad females (whom I had need to recognize as brothers, because they were like unto Him who made man in His own image) reposed in savage peace, and to me offered kindly greeting. At my feet the virgin waters of the bay sparkled in the bright sunlight, yet with swelling bosom, restless and turbid from waiting for the wooing of Commerce; while in the prospect, so distant as to be almost hid by the haze of obscurity, there stood in the place of this artless band of barbarians, a people of a superior civilization, clad in the habiliments of progress, skilled and enlightened, though guileful and savage withal. In place of the primitive huts that stood with ever-open doors, were walls of wood and stone, massive and symmetric—temples wherein to worship God, and monuments to Mammon, all barred and bolted, lest the evidences of the perfect civilization of the inhabitants should be too strikingly manifest. Instead of the peaceful quiet of the aboriginese, their harmonious intercourse and good fellowship, I discovered wrangling and dissension, clamoring for place, riot and disorder. O'er the plains no longer roamed, secure from danger, the sporting herds of wild animals; and the hills and valleys were dotted

THE MISSION DOLORES—RESTORED.

THE OLD MISSION DOLORES.

with the white-painted habitations of man, and were fertile of fruits and grain. The bay still sparkled under the glow of a friendly sun, but Commerce had wooed and won, and the fruit of the union was so numerous upon the bosom of the water that its heaving and swelling was scarce discernible. The small column of smoke that rose in such graceful curlings from the sleepy Indian village of 1579, and like a web of illusion, was lightly wafted out to sea, or rolled inland before the ocean breeze, tracing the course of untrodden valleys, I saw fade away, and then, as if by magic, the gloom and smoke of a populous and busy city settled over the peninsula like a storm-cloud upon a mountain—and the flame-belching furnaces rivaled the lightning of the heavens." This was San Francisco, then; that indicates San Francisco now. We give this tradition for the contrast it shows, and for the reason that in it may be discovered the earliest historical reminiscences of the bay and peninsula of San Francisco.

For two hundred years succeeding Drake's discovery, that part of California about San Francisco remained undisturbed. The rude state of barbarism in which the natives dwelt, apparently so well content, continued uninterrupted. They were so stupid and mentally inactive, that even the memory of the jollification they made at Drake's arrival, is almost obliterated from their traditional history.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

"Que! No tiendrá nuestro querido Padre San Francisco una Mission para el?" Thus spake the holy father Junipero Serra—a monk of the Order of St. Francis—as he sat by his camp-fire meditating upon his missionary work in California. He had founded the Mission of San Diego, and in company with other of the missionary fathers was proceeding up the coast in "Alta California" in search of other sites favorable to locating more missions. He had previously received instructions from the *visitador*, or inspector-general of the Spanish Government, as to the names he should bestow upon the missions they established. In reflecting upon these, he suddenly bethought him that his patron saint, the holy Francisco, was not among the number to whom altars were to be erected; and hence his remark: "What! is not our own dear Father, St. Francis, to have a mission assigned to him?" To this, the practical and worldly-minded visitador replied: "Si San Francisco desea una mission que le enseñe a Vd. un buen puerto, y este llevarà su nombre."—"If St. Francis wish a mission, let him show you a good port, and then it shall bear his name." Afterwards, when they had journeyed northward as far as the great water (San Francisco Bay), at sight of it the good father held up his hands as an acknowledgment of divine guidance, and joyfully exclaimed: "Este pues es el puerto al que refiere el visitador, y al que el santo nos á conducido—Bendito sea su nombre!" "This, then, is the port to which the visitador referred, and to which the saint has led us—blessed be his name!" And they named the body of water San Francisco Bay. This was more than a century ago. They took formal possession, set up the customary cross, turned their faces southward, and retraced their steps to San Diego, where they made the necessary preparation for founding the San Francisco Mission. Their arrival in San Diego after having performed this journey, was on January 24, 1770. The mission at San Francisco was not established until 1776.

THE JESUIT DYNASTY.

The period between the founding of the mission and the year 1845—extending over more than half a century—was San Francisco's halcyon days. Although the Mission fathers were perhaps devout men and godly, they were prone to lethargy. They had not within them the spirit of progression, nor were they promoters of civilization. Contrast the two sides of the continent during the time of their undisputed possession of California! On the one side a nation was conceived, born and advanced almost to maturity; while upon the other, with perhaps equally favorable circumstances at the outset, there was no sound of active life nor tumult of progress; but the drowsy population were lulled into a deeper sleep day after day, by the matin chimes and vesper tolling of the mission bells, and the bleating and lowing of lazy herds.

The ostensible object of the mission was to convert to Christianity the native Indian population. The mode adopted for performing this religious duty was certainly original, and appears to us who have imbibed the liberal spirit of more modern times, as peculiar, and perhaps as involving the enslavement of the conscience as well as the body, of the ignorant and credulous heathen natives. New England puritanism had embodied in its tenets, liberty and freedom, when viewed in comparison with the practices of the Jesuit priesthood in the missions of California.

Visitors to San Francisco during the Mission dynasty tell that those of the Indians who were slow to "receive the spirit," or be converted to the faith, upon the arrival of the religious embassy in their villages, were sometimes lassoed like wild beasts, bound hand and foot, and subjected to such severe treatment that they were only too glad to experience a change of heart, if, by so doing, they would escape further persecution. Converts who were derelict in their religious observances, were reminded of their sinful neglect by various punishments. During mass and prayers, those who, from downright perverseness, or through ignorance, were boisterous or irreverent, were kindly flogged into silence and attention by the sympathetic beadle. "Thus," says the faithful chronicler of the Mission Dolores, whose manuscript is rendered almost illegible by the accumulated dust of threescore years, "did the cause of Heaven prosper; and the choir of holy angels, who stand in the tower of the Temple of Sanctification in the New Jerusalem, struck their harps again, and joined their seraphic voices in a new song of praise, as they watched, with joyful countenances, the awakening of each soul, under the renewing and gentle ministrations of the pious Fathers."

Our Mission Fathers! Where are they now? Rapidly and surely the remnant of their Indian convert slaves are passing away; their flocks and herds have been slaughtered, or driven to perish among the mountains; their fields are overrun by blooming and fruitful orchards and purple vineyards; their rude huts have shaken off the decay of years, and grown up into magnificent palaces; their sanctuaries—even they, have been desecrated by the renovating hand of the modern progressionist; the walls of their *presidios* are fast crumbling back to original earth; and they—we again exclaim—our Mission Fathers! where are *they?*

The answer comes from the drowsy past, solemn and slow—"They have passed from the dream of time into the sleep of eternity! Let their slumbers be as undisturbed in death as they were in life; let a halo of reverence surround their memory! They are dead! and on the cross that marks their resting-place is written, '*Descance en Paz.*'"

The Mission San Francisco Dolores enjoyed the highest degree of prosperity about the year 1825. The *presidio* of San Francisco maintained a body of two hundred and fifty soldiers, who formed, perhaps, as crude a military organization as have ever shouldered arms during the nineteenth century. They were the cause of much anxiety to the fathers, and were even less disposed to conform to the religious requirements than the barbarous native savages.

Until 1834, the Mission Dolores was continnously prosperous, though not in so flourishing a condition as it had been during the preceding decade. After this time, however, the process of decline was more rapid. Mexico, the mother country, had determined to wrest California from the control of the Missions, and, as a result, the Mexican Congress gradually restricted the authority of the fathers—and finally, in 1845, not only the mission at San Francisco, but the whole mission system of California, was supplanted by a more temporal power. Since then they have only lingered as sacred landmarks, telling of the certainty of all things to decay; and, by the contrast with their present surroundings, impressing a lesson of real prosperity and civilization.

Shortly after the American occupation of California, the old Mission Church at San Francisco was restored, and during the earlier years of the "modern" San Francisco, by reason of its antiquity and former associations, it was the chief object of interest to visitors to the city, as well as to the resident population. To-day it is a fifth-rate chapel; and although more than two miles distant from the principal business part of the city, around it, and extending far beyond, are the dwellings of a restless and enterprising people. The quietude that so long reigned supreme in the little settlement has departed forever, and beside the mouldy walls of the old church, overgrown with rank weeds, and apparently forgotten, are the graves of many of the old Californians, long since fallen asleep with their fathers.

YERBA BUENA.

It is very possible that there are a few, if not many, persons who are ignorant of the fact that San Francisco *town* did not exist until 1847. Previous to that year the few straggling huts that stood upon the site now occupied by San Francisco were called by the Spanish and Indian residents on the peninsula, *Yerba Buena*. The origin of this name (which is the Spanish for *Good Herb*) was from a small, protected cove in the bay, upon which grew luxuriantly an herb of medicinal value, and therefore called *good* herb. The island now bearing the poetical title of "Goat" situated in the bay about midway between San Francisco and Oakland, and which every incoming train on the Central Pacific Railroad attempts to reach by thundering down "Long Wharf" at a fearful speed, apparently intent on leaping the intervening space and claiming the island by "squatter's" right—this Goat Island that was the subject of dispute between the "people" and the railroad, and inspired to eloquence or cutting sarcasm many indignation-meeting orators, was also called Yerba Buena for the same reason, as was the little cove. And this is how, and why, the name was changed from Yerba Buena to San Francisco.

On the 30th of January, 1847, W. A. Bartlett (first Alcalde of Yerba Buena) made proclamation as follows, through the columns of the *California Star*:

"AN ORDINANCE."

"*Whereas*, the local name of Yerba Buena, as applied to the settlement or town of San Francisco, is unknown beyond the district; and has been applied from the local name of the cove on which the town is built; Therefore to prevent confusion and mistakes in public documents, and that the town may have the advantage of the name given on the public map,

"IT IS HEREBY ORDAINED, that the name SAN FRANCISCO shall hereafter be used in all official communications and public documents, or records appertaining to the town."

"WASH'N A. BARTLETT,
Chief Magistrate.

"Published by order
J. G. T. DUNLEAVY,
Municipal Clerk."

Previous to this date the Mission, only, had been known as San Francisco, and it was in those days considered almost an inland settlement, so wild and barren and difficult to traverse, were the treacherous sand-hills that intervened between the two places.

The first tenement that graced the shores of Yerba Buena cove, was built in 1835, by Capt. W. A. Richardson, who was occupied in the management of two schooners on the bay,—one belonging to the Mission Santa Clara and the other to the San Francisco Mission. This house (if house it could be called), was simply a large tent; four redwood poles were set up perpendicularly and over the tops of them was stretched a ship's foresail.

Mr. Jacob Leese was the next settler. He erected a *real house* of considerable dimensions, to be used for storing merchandise, etc. This building was completed on the Fourth of July, 1836, and in and about it, these two pioneers, with many invited natives, duly, loyally, and right royally, celebrated the anniversary of American Independence the first time in California.

Among the guests present were Gen. M. G. Vallejo and family and others, from the neighborhood of Sonoma; the Castros, Martinez, and numerous other distinguished native Californians. The celebration was a grand success. The stars and stripes was spread to the breeze, for the first time in Yerba Buena, and beside it waved the Mexican banner. All the bunting from the few ships that lay in the harbor was brought ashore, and utilized in the display.

A banquet was spread and eating, drinking, and merry-making was the programme of the day (or rather days, for the party ceased not their convivialities nor dispersed until late in the evening of the *fifth*). Toasts were drank,—the first of which was, "The union of the American and Mexican flags." The respective nations to which the guests belonged were not forgotten, nor were the guests themselves. Gen. Vallejo, with that true gentlemanly courtesy, and liberality of opinion, for which he has always been distinguished, paid the honors to the "Father of his Country." The ignorant Indian guests were astonished at the display and overjoyed at being permitted,—nay, invited, to partake of the many "good things to eat and drink," and join in the sports and amusements. So happy were they, that they would shout aloud at short intervals, in joyous tone, "*Que buenos son los Americanos!*"—What good fellows are these Americans.

Perhaps the friendly feelings that this social union engendered in the hearts of Mr. Leese and the Vallejo family, resulted in the kindred relations that shortly afterward were consummated between them. Anyway, on All Fools' Day, of the following year, it was agreed upon between Mr. Leese and General Vallejo's sister, that a week hence a marriage should take place; and so, on the 7th of April, 1837, there were wedding festivities, and the two persons whose hearts were lightest, and whose tones were softest, at that merry gathering, were none other than the parties to the aforesaid agreement—Jacob Primer Leese and his Spanish bride. A year passed, and to them a child was born—Rosalie Leese, the first-born of the town of Yerba Buena.

A season of quiet now followed in Yerba Buena—nearly a ten year's stand still, in which the little town, day after day repeated itself, neither advancing perceptibly, nor declining—simply a monotony of existence. In 1846, however, a breeze of life sprang up, and swelled into almost a gale of activity; and when in January, 1847, the name of Yerba Buena was mercilessly sacrificed for the more pretentious San Francisco (like modest worth for brazen notoriety), the population numbered more than three hundred, and the village was rapidly advancing in importance and increasing in prosperity.

GOLD! GOLD!!

Who could write a book about California, without telling of the excitement that the discovery of gold created? The recital is stale. The incidents that transpired at that time, have served as texts and inspiration to almost every pen that has touched upon the golden history of the Golden State. Poets have sung them, and we therefore have their poetical phase; humorists have turned to our view their droll and comical aspects; moralists have evolved startling examples and illustrations from them, by which to impress important truths; bohemians and "special" correspondents have used them separately, collectively, distinctively, and homogeneously, as seasoning to their rehash contributions; would-be authors (like ourself), have found in them their most remunerative stock in trade; and shabby "pioneers," who delight to be called "49ers," (many of whom never lifted a pick or thrust a shovel) have entertained, do entertain, and will continue to *try* to entertain other bar-room loafers, by the rehearsal of these incidents, (they generally having discovered the richest diggin's, and were friz out by thar pardners) so long as the skeleton of the subject will hold together.

For these reasons, we forbear telling that the first announcement of the discovery of gold, appeared in the *California Star*, published at Monterey, on the 12th of March, 1848, as follows: "Gold has been discovered in the northern Sacramento Districts—in Coloma Valley—about forty miles from Sutter's Fort;" that "James Marshall, a mill-wright, picked up the first glittering specimen;" that said specimen was not generally believed to be gold, by the majority of James' friends, and was therefore subjected to the chemical action of a kettle of ash lye that was boiling in the back yard, preparatory to being converted into soap; that said nugget resisted the destructive action of the lye, and came out shining all the brighter; that after various other tests, it finally succeeded in proving to the doubting population that it was the genuine metal; and that this identical first discovered nugget, that survived the "lie," passed through a super-heated furnace into a chlorine-charged retort, is now in the possession of seven (magic number) different persons, each of whom have proven the identity of said specimen, by a series of historical and scientific reasonings, occupying in all, the space of fourteen columns in the leading San Francisco daily papers.

Elsewhere, in this volume, we have stated that San Francisco soon caught up the rumor, and "the town was depopulated as if by a plague." We therefore desist from repeating that the school was closed, newspapers suspended, shops and stores vacated, pulpits abandoned, and all the able-bodied people, with one accord betook themselves to the mines. Neither will we weary the reader by going into details and giving the prices of the various mining implements that were so suddenly in demand—butcher knives, for instance (they being the favorite tools in the "dry diggings") suddenly advancing from $20 to $30 each, and scarce at that. For the very just reasons already given we decline to recall those days when laudanum sold for $1 a drop or $40 a dose, and a pill or purge was a luxury that only $10 could obtain; that doctors' opinions were suddenly transformed into valuable mining property, medical advice being sold by the foot—a single prescription costing a round $100; that in the mines men were gathering fortunes, some at the rate of $500, $1000, $5000, and in a few instances, $8000 a day, while one man had the good fortune to pick up a single "chunk" of pure gold, weighing thirteen pounds, and worth about $35,000; that in the city the few remaining men who could perform ordinarily hard labor, received for a day's work from $12 to $30; that the carpenters "struck" because they were receiving only the pittance of $14 a day, and that for washing a dozen pieces, $12 to $20 were charged; that the returned miners who had met with success, generally parted with their "dust" about as fast as they obtained it, and that the favorite way of getting rid of it was over the gaming table; that disappointed miners, if ever they smiled, smiled sadder than any other unfortunate persons; that after the news of the discovery of the rich gold fields had become widespread over the world, there was a great rush from the four quarters of the earth, and all classes and conditions of humanity flocked to San Francisco; that then was inaugurated the most exciting era of modern civilization, in its every phase (except peace and morality), its business excellence, thrift and prosperity; its harmonizing and equalizing influence on different classes and nationalities; its riot and debauchery; its crime, vice and blood-shed; to be brief, its general extravagance of principles and property, and of life itself. Indeed, we might mention many exciting incidents that then transpired, but to be true to our repeated declarations, we will take back what we have said, and say no more.

SUPERLATIVE.

In San Francisco, during the decade from 1849 to 1859 (and even extending to the present day), there were no positive or comparative degrees of anything. Everything was *superlative.* Life was an ecstasy. There was no moderation. There was mediocrity in nothing. Existence was extreme.

Were we to state that on one evening of the year 1849 the population of the town numbered only two thousand, but on the next morning it had increased four-fold, it would be thought an extravagant assertion. Yet it is true that in the first months of that year, there were less than two thousand inhabitants, and on the Christmas following, more than twenty thousand persons were in the city to celebrate the day. Of this number the women and children could be counted by the tens, while the men (none in their dotage, but nearly all in the first fullness of manhood) were enumerated by the thousands; and these were all excessively busy. Every ship that arrived brought more, and not only did the passengers land to add to the population, but the sailors deserted and hurried off to the mines, or mingled in the bustle of the city.

Four hundred large, full-rigged ships, lay tossing on the waters of the bay, deserted by their crews. Many of these never leaned before the ocean gale again; some were drawn up the shore and beached at high-tide, and used as lodging places and restaurants, while many were left undisturbed at their moorings, only to finally fall to pieces from neglect.

The elements presented their extreme aspects. The poorly sheltered population was sorely vexed by the volume of sand and dust that rolled in upon them in dense clouds from the sun-parched sand-hills. Then again, a forked tongue of flame would be seen darting from the roof of some tinder habitation, and almost before the terror-stricken inhabitants could flee the danger, their rude shanties and tents would have vanished in flame and smoke. But a week hence there would remain no marks of the desolating breath.

Floods of rain followed in the last days of that eventful year, drenching the town, and in some instances almost drowning the people. As if to add to their misfortunes, the ground became treacherous from excessive rainfall, and the streets (being yet unimproved) were rendered almost impassable. Heavily-laden teams could not travel the length of a block, without settling into the mud and slush to such a depth, as to make it exceedingly difficult to extricate them. One mule team, wagon and all, entirely disappeared beneath the quicksand, and were never recovered; while many times men would become mired, and could be rescued from their extreme peril only by prompt and vigorous aid from their fellows.

During this mud plague, anything and everything was used to bridge the walks and crossings, that it was necessary to travel. Brushwood and the limbs of trees from the surrounding hills were cut and carted to the softest places; but these were not sufficient to stand the constant travel, and gave only temporary relief. Boxes, bags of rice and beans, caddies of tobacco, barrels of stale provisions, sacks of coffee, and everything possessing solidity, that was valuable, were used to build secure footing. Even three barrels of revolvers, were dumped upon the crossing, so pressing was the need. One of these was afterwards recovered by a zealous antiquarian, and can now be seen among the curiosities, at the rooms of the Territorial Pioneers.

What a wild whirlpool of life was San Francisco during this, and the seven succeeding years! Everything was intense. The city was like a boiling cauldron of inharmonious chemicals, crackling violently, turbulent, uproarous, conflicting, yet powerful. The people, as a community, had run riot in everything. There was no apparent unity among them. But individually, each was at work, desperately in earnest; and out of this chaotic life, though not yet perceptible, were springing order and true prosperity. This human ebullition developed that impetus that has carried San Francisco so irresistibly onward to her present status.

In those days there were no homes in San Francisco. (Even now, there are very few *Homes.*) Woman, the domestic queen, had not then been enthroned. Although, among the few women that had arrived in those earlier years, were some noble mothers, wives, and daughters, the greater number were of that adventurous class whose influence is more demoralizing than ennobling. And these latter were the vilest of their kind. Upon the arrival of the first women, the men—who had so long been absent from civilization—who had not had a glimpse of a female face, for months and years—would gather about them, gaze earnestly upon them, and give utterance to some joyous exclamation, so pleasant were the recollections, the sight awakened. A baby was a real curiosity. Brawny, stalwart men, with shaggy beards and unshorn locks, would press forward to get to touch the tiny soft hand, and some would even snatch the child from its mother's arms, and toss it up, or kiss it, in an ecstasy of joy.

Gambling! It is not strange that, to-day, San Franciscans are so fond of speculative sports and businesses. Twenty and twenty-five years ago, they *all* gambled. The finest and most substantial houses in the city were the "gilded palaces of chance." Faro, roulette, monté, and rondo, were all favorite games. Gold was so easily obtained, and so abundant, that everybody had money to stake on the game. Sometimes these stakes were enormous. Twenty thousand dollars were risked on the turn of a single card. Such large bets were, of course, rare; but one thousand, three thousand, and five thousand dollars were nightly lost and won as single stakes.

So popular was the game, that men who had quit the pulpit, the deaconship, the sabbath-school teacher's place, to come to California, as naturally drifted into the gambling houses and took their turn at play, as the most hardened gamester. The gambling houses were the only places of resort. Every lodging house was full and overflowing; hotels were alike crowded, and as there were no homes in this strange community, the restless people must needs seek shelter in the bar-rooms where the games went on. These places were comfortable at least; they were well lighted at night, and besides, there was that other subtle attraction there, that exciting and intoxicating amusement that once indulged in with success, becomes fascinating.

Masquerade balls or parties were frequently given in the larger gambling halls. This added to their popularity. Any kind of amusement was welcomed and participated in, by all that could gain admittance. Occupying a prominent place on the bills of the masquerades, was, "no weapons admitted; a strong police will be in attendance." Everybody carried arms, and if any one denied having a weapon, he was searched by the doorkeepers, who were greatly astonished if they failed in discovering either a bowie-knife or revolver. Wines and liquors flowed freely at such times. Orchestras were in attendance discoursing lively and sweet music—and amid dancing and singing and drinking and smoking and swearing and gambling, the men (with a few of the *demi-monde* females to make up the party), of San Francisco, in California's golden days passed many a night, nor ceased their carousals 'till the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevadas was tinged with the morning's glow. And still farther beyond, past the towering crags of the Rocky Mountains, on and on across sandy plains and verdant prairies, on the other side of the turbulent Missouri, and still on and beyond,—the early sun was peeping into chambers disturbing sleepers in their dreams; and we know that in those dreams a father, husband, brother or son, who had long ago left happy homes to win a fortune in the new Dorado, had returned; for as they slept they smiled.

A few years before this (in 1847), when the town of San Francisco was the home of only a few hundred people, such a keen sense of propriety had the municipal authorities, that they passed an ordinance imposing a fine of $5.00, on any person letting hogs run at large in the streets; and for discharging fire-arms within one mile of the public square, $20.00 fine was the penalty. Even the newspapers at that time were likewise disposed to frown upon every encroachment of barbarism, for they seriously commented upon the disastrous influence and vulgar practice of smoking cigars and pipes in the magistrate's office, and other public places. Wonderful change, those few years wrought! In 1848, this spirit had not yet died out. The town council passed a resolution, authorizing the proper authorities "to seize all the money found on a gambling table where cards are played." But so rapidly was public sentiment changing that at the next meeting the ordinance was repealed.

The various municipal offices appear to have been as eagerly sought and as stoutly contested, as in the later history of the city. In January, 1849, the citizens were in quite a dilemma, as they had to rule over them, three separate town councils, neither of which bodies, was disposed to harmonize with the others. Happily for the people, these factions were so occupied with their party disputes, that little or no legislation was effected. San Francisco's Court of *final* appeals—the meeting of indignant citizens *en masse*,—convened, and every member of the rival councils was requested to cast off his official robe, and let another election be held. The advice was heeded and the newly elected officials were acceptable.

In 1850, the office of alderman was deemed so exalted and dignified by the persons holding that position, that they decided among themselves that it was just and proper for them to display upon their persons an appropriate badge of office, or (perhaps to better express its significance), a medal of merit; the value of which outside from its ornamental use and the distinction it gave, was one hundred and fifty dollars. These were to be donated by the city, as a token of gratitude for the kindly services they had performed for the people for the small salaries of four or six thousand dollars a year. Had not the people shown so much familiarity with these dignitaries as to ironically ask *why the city* should pay for this regalia, it is very possible that ever after, San Francisco would have been governed by a plumed and ribboned gentry. We believe one of these famous medals is preserved in a private cabinet of relics, in the city. The others were ruthlessly cast into the melting pot and are now possibly displayed as virgin specimens of the mineral resources of Cali—of the city treasury. But this was only a "pocket," compared to the *bonanzas* that some of the later officials have "struck."

During those years, rats and fleas were so numerous and annoying as to be a real plague. The influx of population was so sudden and continued that it was impossible to keep the city free from filth. The only wonder is that an epidemical disease did not prevail, and thin the population to more comfortable proportions.

All kinds of offal were scattered about the streets, or heaped upon vacant lots, and odorous cesspools collected in the gutters and depressions. Rats thronged the sidewalks, chased each other through the stores and saloons, played rat in my lady's wardrobe, superintended the transportation of flour and various other staple articles, from the larder, trespassed upon the sacred precincts of the chamber, playfully nibbling at toes and noses of heavy sleepers, and indulged in every cunning prank that these pests so well understand,—*rat*ifying beyond doubt the growing opinion that they had become an intolerable nuisance, and a "mass meeting of citizens" should be called at once, to consult upon and adopt measures to exterminate them. A facetious reporter significantly remarked at the time, that "fleas and *other vermin* should likewise be included in their deliberations." They doubtless were there.

DESPERADOES AND THEIR ANTIDOTES.

All countries that are suddenly peopled, and all cities that spring into existence so magically as did San Francisco (if there have ever been any) are, during their earlier history, almost lawless. The attracting cause of their rapid settlement receives the attention of the greater number of those who flock to them, to the exclusion of any other thing. Hence the machinery of government is not adjusted nor set in motion, until the first objects that attracted the people to the country have been accomplished. Then the population settle down to less exciting pursuits, and adopt the manners and customs of their former civilization.

So, therefore, during that period of San Francisco's history when "gold many hunted, sweat and bled for gold," gold was the only object that was sought, and if men were not successful in the mines, they *would have gold*, even though they had to murder and plunder to obtain it. Besides, there were among those attracted to the rich California gold-fields, many desperate characters, ex-convicts, rowdies, and the most vicious criminals from every country on the globe. This class, who were averse to honest toil, had favorable opportunities to ply their former occupation among a gold-absorbed population; and they were quick to take advantage of the circumstances.

Robbery and murder were of daily occurrence. No man was safe. Even in the broad light of day, and in the most populous parts of the city, theft and murder were committed; and at night the glitter of steel, and the sharp report of the pistol, in the hands of desperadoes, was seen or heard in every direction. In the spring of 1849, an organization of ruffians, calling themselves "The Hounds," began this open course of violence.

Among the population of the city were many simple-minded and ignorant Peruvians, Chilians, and Mexicans. They were, it is true, a shiftless, immoral, and worthless set of vagabonds, vicious themselves and villainous, though comparatively harmless from utter imbecility. They lived mostly in tents on the side hills, above and beyond the principal part of the town.

For the apparent purpose of exterminating these people, were the Hounds organized; and they went about the accomplishment of this object in the full spirit of the time. Under the leadership of the most heartless and reckless member, a score or more of them would attack these helpless foreigners, tear down their tents or habitations, demolish all property they could not conveniently carry away, club, and beat, and cut the victims of their assumed rage, and often fire among them with their revolvers.

Such outrages as this became notoriously frequent, and although the peacefully disposed citizens were so intent upon their individual pursuits, as to be oblivious of what in ordinary civilized communities would be considered a general riot, their attention was finally diverted to the violence of the Hounds, and the inevitable "mass meeting" on the plaza was held. A police force was organized, that at once undertook the arrest of the principal actors in these murderous plays. They succeeded in capturing a large number, some of whom were tried, and very severe sentences passed upon them; but for some reason, all were finally released.

This action of the citizens created some alarm among the desperadoes, and many of them fled the city, fearing arrest and strict justice; but the lenient treatment their more unfortunate brothers received from the *pro tempore* authorities, was an invitation to them to return, and emboldened them to commit more appalling crimes. And thus it continued, only increasing constantly, until they carried the robbery, incendiarism and slaughter to the very doors of the best citizens in the city.

Conflagration after conflagration swept over the town, leaving it in ruins, the people unprotected from the elements, and business disabled or checked. At such times bands of these plunderers would scour the town, robbing and murdering as they were inclined. Where "Barbary Coast" is to-day, there it was then, and among its low gambling dens and dance-houses did these cut-throats take refuge, and defy the regular authorities to follow after them. Arrests were seldom made, and judges and juries alike, either from timidity, or because of the time it took them from their other money-making pursuits, hurriedly passed over the cases without convicting the criminal. The law was inadequate, and was not understood by those who should have been its executors.

But justice lurked in the hearts of the people, and after two years of such peril to life and property, as they had just passed, they were in a mood to administer it—perhaps to transcend it, and in their holy wrath succeed to crime themselves.

Thus did the time demand the action of the Vigilance Committee of 1851. That they went about their business understandingly, and with determination, was shown in their future actions, and indicated in the preamble of their Constitution:

> "WHEREAS, it has become apperent to the citizens of San Francisco, that there is no security for life and property, either under the regulations of society as it at present exists, or under the law as now administered:
>
> "*Therefore*, the citizens, whose names are hereunto attached, do unite themselves into an association for the maintenance of the peace and good order of society, and the preservation of the lives and property of the citizens of San Francisco, and do bind ourselves, each unto the other, to do and perform every lawful act for the maintenance of law and order, and to sustain the laws when faithfully and properly administered; but we are determined that no thief, burglar, incendiary, nor assassin, shall escape punishment, either by the quibbles of the law, the insecurity of prisons, the carelessness or corruption of the police, or a laxity of those who pretend to administer justice. And to secure the objects of this association, we do hereby agree, etc."

To this constitution was appended a long list of signatures, among which were the names of many of the most influential, honorable and wealthy, men in the city. The organization was not to be of a passive character. Action was wanted, and it did act, wisely and well. Its work was not done in the heat of excitement. Although its members sometimes hastily performed their ungracious, though self-imposed duties, it was not without legal formality, close investigation and patient hearing that extreme penalties were inflicted. But they were bitterly opposed by the city authorities. Judges threatened, and lawyers (whose services were not required in the counsels of the committee rooms) mouthed and talked of *illegality* as if *they* were the only interpreters of justice; *as if the true and good man, whoever he may be, has not in his heart the principles of justice.*

Soon all the law-breakers were trembling at the uplifted hand of vengeance, that threatened to smite them ere they could escape. And soon the city was as peaceful as a rural village.

During its active reign the committee executed three notorious criminals by hanging. It drove from the city all other of the more daring and desperate villains, and by its positive action created a public sentiment that forced the legal authorities to be more vigilant in their respective capacities, and more particular, in attending to the demands of justice. The committee ceased to act only when crime ceased in the city, but its members were not formally disbanded until after the more exciting times wherein they figured so prominently five years later—during the reign of the vigilance committee of 1856, a brief history of which is given in the first chapter of this volume.

The Vigilantes of '51 organized more especially to rid the city of common thieves, incendiaries, burglars, and assassins; while those of '56 struck a more direct blow at corrupt officials, bribery, ballot-box stuffing, and the higher crimes, although they included in their sweep, all classes of criminals, from the petty sneak-thief to the daring bank-robber and assassin.

There have been, since the disbandment of the Vigilantes of 1856, many occasions of wild excitement, and much apparent need for similar action to that they engaged in, but the people have at such times manifested a coolness that was commendable; and, although temporarily furious or revengeful, have shown themselves quite content to let the law take its course, and punish or acquit. They have evidently had enough of such responsibilities as they then assumed.

DUELING.

To-day be it said that dueling is unknown,
Perchance because chivalry with *honor* has flown.

But for ten years succeeding the discovery of gold in California, wounded honor knew no healing balm, save blood. The old Mission grounds were, in early days, rendered even more attractive to the hot-blooded San Franciscans by the numerous duels that were fought on that consecrated soil, than the exciting and keenly relished bull-fights that the swarthy natives were wont to indulge in. Although everybody was professedly opposed to the "barbarous" practice, he who considered himself aggrieved or insulted by his fellow—whether friend or foe—seldom failed to send a challenge; and the challenged, seldom hesitated to accept.

Those keenest for the "sport," were journalists and politicians; but so common was the practice, that persons of every rank and occupation crossed swords in conflict, or exchanged shots to settle petty disagreements. Scarce a week passed without a hostile meeting of this character, and at more epidemic times, each day, the papers gave display to the tragic particulars of "affairs of honor."

"Honor" was then a tender thing, susceptible of the slightest prick—but life was valueless, and death had no sting. And many "died of 'honor'"

The rules to be observed by the duelists were simple, and generally followed. The weapons commonly used were rifles or navy revolvers, though in a few instances, where the real chivalrous Gallic blood was hot, and anxious to be spilt, the glittering rapier and sword were employed. The distance between the principals, ranged from ten to forty paces, twenty paces, however, being the general choice. Sometimes the arrangements permitted but a single shot from each, but frequently rifles were emptied and reloaded three and four times, or every charge of a navy revolver was exploded, before outraged honor felt appeased. At meeting on the field, courteous salutations were exchanged by the principals—and then, to their deadly work!

When a duel was announced to take place between gentlemen of prominence, large numbers of the population would hasten to the meeting place to witness the tragic scene. And sometimes, when the favorite principal "winged his game," or felled him to the ground, perhaps a corpse, a savage shout of approbation would arise from the eager spectators. The wounded, dying, or dead (or the unscathed, as it frequently transpired that burnt powder and flying balls proved a remedy for injured honor, and both parties escaped without loss of blood), were gathered up and borne to the city amidst a lively throng, when each of the spectators betook himself to his daily pursuit with no particular thought of the tragic scene he had witnessed.

"STEAMER-DAY."

No calendar for the use of San Franciscans is complete, without the special mention of the "Steamer-days" in each month. It is considered of more real importance than any of the National holidays. It is to the business community here what the "First" of the month is in all the Eastern States. It is the modern *Ide* and *Kalend*. Every "unlearned" stranger, stopping for a time in San Francisco, in his intercourse with the citizens, often hears the mysterious word "Steamer-day" spoken in such a way as to cause him to wonder what it can mean — whether it be a day of celebration, or a day devoted to some particular religious observances or ceremonies. By referring to the calendar, he finds that on the 13th and 28th of each month (if those dates do not occur on Sundays) is printed in display type and color, simply — "Steamer-day," and only by inquiry, does he learn the significance of the term.

In tracing the origin of many things, especially of dates or periods of time, the name by which the thing is commonly known generally furnishes a clue to its origin. So, in this instance, by following the rules of nomenclature, it would naturally lead us to investigate or inquire whether, or not, *Steamers* had to do with this christening of these particular days.

On November 15, 1847, the first steamboat that ever parted the waters of the Bay of San Francisco made a trial trip around "Wood Island." It had no name other than "Steamboat." It being the only "breathing" vessel on the bay, it was not likely that any one would mistake it for a "sailer." The "steamboat" was but a small, frail craft, having been brought from Sitka by Mr. Leidesdorff. It was greatly admired by the secluded population for its wonderful capabilities, but in three months from this time, in an extraordinary display of its acquirements, it lost its balance during a sharp Norther, and went down. On the 28th February, 1849, the steamship *California* entered the Bay, she being the advance vessel of a line of mail steamers on the coast. On the last of the month following, the *Oregon*, a steamer belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, arrived, bringing with her some three hundred passengers, and the first regular mail from the Atlantic States that had reached San Francisco direct. After this a mail line was established, and soon the arrival and departure of the mails was a regular monthly, fortnightly, and finally bi-monthly occurrence. In the latter part of 1849 three small steamers were making regular trips to different points on the Bay and up the Sacramento River. These were the *Pioneer*, *Mint*, and *McKim*. Previously, the journey to Sacramento, by schooners and other small sailing craft, required from eight to ten days, and even the trip across the bay would often consume a whole day. With the steamers, however, the time was shortened to a few hours. All these vessels were small and crude, but were more in accord with the spirit of the people than the slow and uncertain sailing craft. When the success in working the mines had fully assured the business men in the city that the interior population was permanent, larger and more commodious steamers were put upon the bay and rivers, and by them, commercial and social relations were permanently established between City merchant, and Mountain miner. And soon, on the bay, and passing in and out, through the Golden Gate, were numerous steam-driven vessels, busily engaged in commercial traffic, riding down many of the difficulties the people had so long contended against, and leading them into a new era of progress.

Much of the foregoing paragraph is irrelevant, but as it revives particular memories of eventful years in San Francisco's history, it is allowable in this connection. In it we also have glimpses of the origin of "Steamer-day." The day of departure of the first mail steamer from the port of San Francisco, was San Francisco's first Steamer-day. The hurry, confusion, bustle, and excitement that the event occasioned, were re-enacted on similar occasions, month after month, and year after year, until the "Iron Horse" came thundering down Sierra's abrupt slopes, snorting out fresh tidings from the other side of the continent, at sight of every human being, habitation, hamlet and village, that lay in his careering course. Since then, steamers have arrived and departed daily, but the messages and human freight they had been accustomed to bear away, have been transferred to fleeter carriers, and scarce a ripple is seen on the human tide, as the echoes of their greeting or parting salutes reverberate in softening rumblings among the hills of the Peninsula.

Steamer-day *was*, therefore, the day upon which the mail steamer left port. When the ocean commerce had increased to large proportions, the arrival and departure of the mails were more frequent, and finally this event occurred regularly twice a month—about the thirteenth and twenty-eighth days, and Steamer-day *now*, is only an illustration of the maxim: "How use doth breed a habit in a man!"

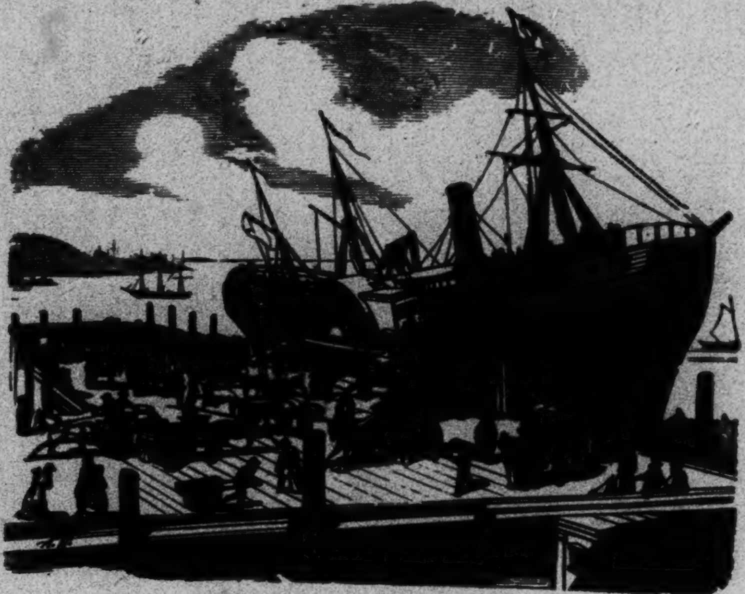
It was custom for all the business men in the city, a few days previous to the sailing of a mail steamer, to prepare their orders, business and friendly communications, and collect or borrow sufficient money to make necessary remittances to their Eastern creditors. Notes and bills that were not yet mature, would be due before the next mail would reach its destination, and many matters that could not be delayed for another fortnight, had to be attended to. Many parties also took passage on the outgoing vessels, some of whom would purposely leave neglected creditors behind; and such persons had to be looked after also. Thus by general consent did Steamer-day become a regular collection day, and although the emergencies do not now exist to warrant its continued observance as such, it is yet characterized by the army of coin-laden collectors that hurry to and fro on the streets.

Steamer-day was the only oft-recurring occasion that called out the whole population. The ordinary routine of business was suspended, and the city was in a commotion. All, with one accord, a short time previous to the departure of the vessel, hastened to the wharf. In the excitement that the event occasioned, there were always some who had forgotten or delayed the preparation of some important message to the last hour, and in their haste to yet perform the duty, they rushed hither and thither in extreme agitation, adding ferment to the general confusion. As the great walking-beam of the steamer began its irksome task of counting the strokes of the engine, and the cables were loosed from their fastenings, there were uttered many hurried "God bless you's;" many "So Long's" were exchanged across the gradually widening space between ship and pier, and hats of every pattern, and handkerchiefs of every hue, were tossed upward or waved frantically in air, and a wild shout rose up from the multitude on shore—an ecstatic shout of joy and sorrow intermingled—and over the water from the fast receding steamer came back in thundering violence, a solitary response from the brazen mouth of the ship's gun—boom-oom-boom!

With all the excitement of Steamer-day, its hurry and confusion, the anxiety of the people was not nearly so intense as at the arrival of a mail steamer. When the day came upon which it was expected that the vessel would appear, all eyes were anxiously watching the great arms of the signal on "Telegraph Hill," that would announce its approach to the entrance to the harbor. Should the night fall upon these waiting and watching people, their suspense was so great as to banish rest and sleep. Everybody expected letters or tidings from far-off homes and friends, and many knew that friends themselves had taken passage, and should arrive on the looked-for steamer. They had therefore reason to bemoan the delay, and overstrained imaginations would picture, during that long night of anxiety, vivid and horrible scenes of ocean disaster, in which a most loved one, perhaps, had perished beneath the wave. But when the sable arms on the signal pole were seen to slowly descend and open out, and ceasing their movement remain wide extended, then did every person in that isolated city breathe a sigh of relief, and a joyful thrill was felt in every heart.

Those who were expecting friends, hurried off to the landing place, while those whose cup of joy would be full, did they only receive a token of love and remembrance—a letter—hastened to fall in line before the post-office window, to be among the first to know their fate.

Although in those days it was only the natural order of things, it would to-day be an interesting and amusing sight, to witness the long lines of eager humanity that radiated from the sacred precincts behind the post-office windows. If the mail was announced to arrive in the morning of the day follow-



DEPARTURE OF STEAMER. (Steamer-Day.)

ing, men would get up at midnight and take their positions in the "post-office row," and patiently await, through fog, or wind, or rain, their turn to ask in only half-assured tones, "Is there anything for me?" And what a look of disappointment, what an almost deathly pallor, would o'ermantle the faces of some, when they heard the curt reply from within—"No." And how they almost leaped for joy, when one, two, and sometimes more, bright, plump, sealed packages, were handed out by the clerk whose sympathies and fellow-feeling were dulled by having so often witnessed just such demonstrations, and whose only word of congratulation or condolence was—"Next!"

Men would stand in these lines hour after hour, or (having anticipated the time they would be compelled to wait, had brought chairs or stools upon which they sat), would hitch up the one after the other, as the line in front gradually wore itself away—meanwhile they would encourage their patience by drinking, smoking, and play at cards. Some, who were of a speculative turn, and expected no letters, or cared not to wait until the rush was over, would hie early to the scene, choose a favorable position and sell it out, to some one more eager to be away. Places were thus disposed of for ten, fifteen, and sometimes twenty, dollars.

Since we have learned the importance of these events, to the earlier inhabitants of our "Queen City," we can no longer wonder that the present population cheerfully concur with that fast lessening number who witnessed and participated in those scenes, in perpetuating by its continued observance, the memory of Steamer-day.

The Future of San Francisco is full of promises, the fulfillment of which might be anticipated by the aid of a lively imagination. It might be painted in more pleasing colors than have been its Past and Present. But we lay no claim to a gift of prophecy, and we therefore are content to be among the number of those who look forward, hopeful of great results, gazing eagerly into the prospect, but whose keenest vision cannot penetrate the dark vista of the future, the outlines of which may be visible to a few, but to ordinary mortals will forever remain a ———.